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WILD JACK;

OR,

THE STOLEN CHILD:

AND

OTHER STORIES.

INCLUDING THE CELEBRATED

MAGNOLIA LEAVES.

BY

CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,

AUTHOR OF "RENA," "LINDA," "MARCUS WARLAND," "MAGNOLIA VALE," ETC., ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

A. HART, LATE CAREY & HART,

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WILD JACK;

OR,

THE STOLEN CHILD.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

PART I.

"Think not the heart in ebon mould
To nature's softest touch is cold,
Or that the negro's skin contains
No bright or animated veins,
Where, though no blush its course betrays,
The blood in all its wildness plays."

"We might call this Elliottville," said Mrs. Elliott to her husband, as they wandered about the grounds of the habitation which he had just rented, and which were beautiful in vernal bloom. "I have counted at least several houses in this single green enclosure."

"Each about as large as a humming bird's nest," answered her husband laughingly. "This white building, with green blinds and broad piazza, is our parlour. The one on the right, with low, slanting roof, containing three rooms, will accommodate us with a sitting room, dormitory, and refreshment room. Yonder, under the shade of the chestnut boughs, is my library, and study. Every building has its appropriate office; and dotting, as they do, this smooth green sward, have quite a novel and picturesque effect."

"What a singular taste the architect must have had!" said the lady. "These little cabins remind me of a watering place, and far down in that wild-looking glen, behind the

buildings, I hear the murmur of a gushing spring. How charming! But there is a house quite remote from this cluster, embosomed in a grove of young oaks. It looks as if it might be a chapel, from its devout, sequestered appearance."

"You can convert it into one, if you please. But here comes our darling Bessy. She will revive here in this pure, sweet air. It is almost like living in the country."

A young black girl approached, bearing in her arms an infant of about nine months old. The child was exceedingly fair and delicate, and the clear blue of the heavens was painted on the mirror of its soft, smiling eyes. It was lovely, but wanted the rosy charm of health, the spring, the bound that belongs to vigorous infancy. The child seemed to have inherited from its mother, extreme delicacy of constitution, for Mrs. Elliott's cheek was pale as the white rose she had just gathered, and her figure was slender, even to fragility.

"Have you succeeded in your search?" she asked in a tremulous voice, of her husband, casting a tearful glance at little Bessy, who, now seated on the grass, by her sable attendant, looked round with a pleased and wondering expression.

"I have," he replied, "and think you will be perfectly satisfied. She is a young mulatto woman, of the name of Dilsy, with a little boy, about one year old. She is free, and lives by herself, taking in sewing and washing. Her husband is dead, and there seems to be no obstacle to her accepting the situation in our family you are anxious to have filled."

"I cannot bear the idea of her having a coloured nurse," said the mother, gazing anxiously on the sweet pale infant playing in the grass, "but I would make any sacrifice for our mutual health. I should like to see this woman."

"Yonder she comes now, leading her little boy," exclaimed Mr. Elliott, pointing towards the gate. "I told her to come immediately, thinking she would recommend herself better than I could do it for her."

"She has a very prepossessing countenance," said Mrs. Elliott, watching with interest the advancing figure of Dilsy. "I think I could trust her."

Dilsy walked slowly, accommodating her movements to those of her little boy, who waded through the long grass by her side, his black, woolly head popping up and down, with marvellous quickness, as if his journey were more upward than onward. Dilsy was tall and well formed, and moved with the native grace of an African. Her complexion was a clear

golden brown, and, what was very remarkable in one of her colour, her lips had a tinge of redness which beautified her whole face. She wore a party-coloured handkerchief round her head, but her hair was visible below it, and the crispy wool of the African was straightened and burnished in her, into Indian glossiness and length. She had an indolent, reposing countenance, exceedingly pleasant and rather handsome. Though, as we have said, her own complexion had a bright golden tint, the child whom she led by the hand, was as black as ebony. The white of his eyes and the ivory of his teeth gleamed dazzingly from the little shining, sable face they enlivened. His very short frock exhibited to the fullest advantage his round, glossy, and well proportioned limbs. As he came near, he broke from his mother's hand, and began to make somersets in the grass, with inconceivable rapidity, and to the delight of little Bessy, who clapped her waxen hands and laughed outright.

"Behave yourself, Jim!" said his mother; but he was too much engaged in his antics to heed her rebuke, and Mrs. Elliott told her to let the children amuse themselves, while she questioned her on the subject nearest her heart. Her own health, and that of her infant, were so feeble that the physician had urged upon her the necessity of transferring her child to another nurse, as the only means of restoring either. Mr. Elliott had been for some time in search of a proper person, when Dilsy was recommended, who seemed to possess every necessary qualification.

"We can give her the *chapel* for her room," said Mrs. Elliott; and Dilsy and little Jim took possession of the cabin, shaded by young oaks, and the little fragile Bessy soon derived health and strength from the veins of the handsome mulatto.

The only objection Mrs. Elliott could make to Dilsy was, that she seemed deficient in sensibility. She never lavished on Bessy any of those endearing caresses which negro nurses usually bestow on their masters' children, thus breaking down, as it were, the dark wall that separates the races from each other. She was kind and attentive to her charge, but as soon as she had fulfilled her duty, she would transfer it without any demonstration of affection to its other nurse, and occupy herself calmly with her accustomed work. Neither did she manifest any tenderness for her own child. She took great pride in dressing him neatly, and when the ladies, who

visited Mrs. Elliott, noticed the boy, praising his intelligence and sprightliness, she would look pleased, but she was singularly undemonstrative; and it is not strange that Mrs. Elliott, whose heart was always gushing forth in the warmest expressions of love to her child, should think Dilsy cold and unfeeling.

"Do you love Jim?" asked she of her one day.

"Yes, mistress. To be sure I does. He's my own child, and I'm obliged to love him."

"But you are not very fond of children, are you?"

"I never cares about hugging and kissing 'em as some does. I thinks and feels though, and would do as much to keep harm from 'em, as anybody else."

This was a great deal for the quiet mulatto to say. She was that rare, and some believe fabulous character—a silent woman.

Spring, summer, and autumn glided away, and little Bessy frolicked with Jim about the beautiful green enclosure, the picture of rosy health, as she was of angel loveliness. Jim had grown wonderfully. He was stout, strong, and brave as a little lion, and as full of mischief and pranks as a monkey. He could jabber and dance for the entertainment of Mrs. Elliott's guests, and cut more capers for the amusement of Bessy than necromancer ever taught.

Dilsy's mission was ended, for Bessy, as the cooler season advanced, was gradually withdrawn from her nursing cares. Mrs. Elliott, however, who had become attached to her, in spite of her cool, unimpassioned manners, gave her permission to remain in the chapel (as she always called the shade-embosomed cabin), and continue her usual occupations.

There was a young man of about twenty, whose father resided somewhere in the vicinity, but who was seldom seen at home. Indeed, he seemed to live on horseback, dashing about on a wild, black horse, that no one could venture to ride but himself. His name was John Green, but he was known only by the appellation of Wild Jack. Wherever he went the sound of clattering hoofs preceded him—a cloud of dust followed. "Get out of the way—Wild Jack's coming," was the cry of the children in the street, as they scampered towards the fence. In short, he was the wild huntsman of the country, and as he passed along, like a swift dark cloud, a thrill of admiration was always excited by his matchless horsemanship. It was said he lived by gambling, for he was never

seen to work, yet the glitter of silver sparkled through the meshes of his purse, and its clinking made constant music in the bar-room.

One evening, as Wild Jack was riding rather more slowly than usual along a back road that wound round the grounds of Mr. Elliott, he caught a glimpse of little Jim, perched on the top of the fence, laughing and clapping his hands, at the sight of the black steed, and its shining, flowing mane. Jack reined in his horse and rode directly up to the fence where the child was seated.

"Here, jump on to my saddle, and I'll teach you how to ride, you little black rascal," exclaimed the horseman, leaning forward, seizing the child by the arm and swinging him in front of himself, as if he had no more weight than a feather.

"Me feard," said the child, shrinking from the fierce, bright eyes of Jack, that ran up and down his plump little body, like live balls. It was strange for him to express fear.

"*You* afraid! why I took you for a man. I'll bring you back directly."

Away he flew, and little Jim forgot his terrors in the delight of motion, and the charm of novelty. Up hill and down hill they went, over fields and creeks, and it was not till the gray of evening began to darken the glow of sunset, that the little equestrian returned to the shades of the chapel. Dilsy stood at the fence calling her truant boy, whose absence she had just discovered.

"Here I be, mammy," cried little Jim in a tone of exultation, holding up a large paper of candy, with which the liberality of Wild Jack had supplied him.

"You've got the smartest little fellow here I ever saw," said Jack, giving the child a swing into his mother's arms. "I'm going to make a first-rate horseman of him. Don't you want to ride again, you young harlequin?"

"Yes," answered the delighted child, sucking a long stick of red candy, the seal of his friendly compact with the formidable Jack.

Dilsy was flattered by his notice of her child, and when, evening after evening, he disappeared with the flying horseman, she quietly awaited his return, without any misgivings or apprehensions. As for little Jim, he conceived a most extraordinary and passionate love for Wild Jack. For hours before his coming, he would mount the fence and strain his eyeballs and bend his ear, for the dusty cloud and clattering

hoofs he so much loved to greet. Dilsy became more more reconciled to his new passion, as it kept him still sev hours on the top of the fence, instead of gamboling abou her way, as he formerly did.

Once Jim was gone longer than usual. It grew quite d and yet his little woolly head was not seen peeping in at door, nor was his childish voice heard exclaiming as usual

"Me come back, mammy."

Dilsy had worked hard during the day, and was sitting a warm, bright, lightwood fire. It had been a clear fr day, and the contrast of the cold, bracing atmosphere abr and the glowing heat within, disposed her to a kind of l urious drowsiness. The negro sleeps as comfortably sweetly in a split-bottomed chair, as on a downy bed, Dilsy closed her weary eyes, and slept in happy unconscio ness of the prolonged absence of her child.

That night, before Mrs. Elliott retired to rest, she stood the couch of her sleeping infant, gazing with a mother's and gratitude on its round, roseate cheek, and white, dimp arms. She compared its present appearance of health strength with its former waxen paleness and extreme fragili and her heart swelled with emotions of thankfulness to Dil who had been the instrument, in the hands of God, of darling's restoration.

"Look at her," she cried, turning to her husband, wh she shaded back the soft flaxen hair from Bessy's snowy fo head. "How sweet, how placid, how well she looks! Th was a blessed day you brought Dilsy to me. Had it not be for her, I do not think Bessy could have survived the sumn months. She really is a treasure. I feel as if I wanted do something to prove my gratitude to her."

"Why, you are proving it all the time, my dear. Not a d passes that is not crowned by some act of loving kindness your part, towards this clever mulatto. I am sure *her* lif have fallen in pleasant places. You make almost as great pet of Jim as you do of Bessy. Is that fine dress for him pointing to a gay tunic of brilliant scarlet, trimmed rather fa tastically with black.

"Yes. I long for the morrow to come, to see him dress in this suit. The bright red will set off so well his jetty ski I really think the boy is handsome—he is so black and shi ing and has such an intelligent, merry face. I always wo dered his mother did not show more fondness for him—h

only child, too. I do not think she has much sensibility, but a great deal of principle."

"All mothers are not as foolish as you are, my dear," said he with an affectionate smile; and Mrs. Elliott felt, though he called her foolish, he did not condemn her folly. She fell asleep with the vision of little Jim, arrayed in his scarlet clothes, dancing before her eyes.

She was awakened by a cry so loud, so thrilling, that it seemed as if something sharp was stabbing her ears. It broke on the silence of night with terrible distinctness, and sounded like the wail of a breaking heart.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Elliott, starting from her pillow, "what cry is that? It is in our own yard."

Mr. Elliott sprang from the bed and hastily dressing himself opened the door, letting in as he did so a whole flood of moonlight. Mrs. Elliott rose also, trembling with terror, and wrapping herself in a large woollen shawl, followed her husband into the piazza. The cry arose again more distinctly. It came nearer, and the words—

"My child! my child! They've stolen my child!" were audible amid shrieks of agony.

"It's Dilsy!" cried Mrs. Elliott. "Oh! husband, what is the matter? See her—running up and down the yard. Call her, for mercy's sake, and find what she means."

While she was speaking, Dilsy came rushing to the gate, looking like a distracted creature, with her hair loosely flying, tossing her arms wildly above her head.

"My child!" she shrieked. "Master—mistress—they've stole him. I never see him no more."

Here she wrung her hands, and, bursting afresh into an exceeding loud and bitter cry, was about to run off towards the street, when Mr. Elliott caught her by the arm and forced her into the house.

"Let go!" she cried frantically. "Wild Jack's got him—he never brought him back—he never will bring him back again."

The truth flashed upon Mr. Elliott's mind. He had seen Jim before sunset, mounted in front of the Wild Huntsman, and from Dilsy's broken exclamations, he learned how long he had been gone, how she had awakened out of a long, deep sleep, seated by the cabin's hearth, and how she remembered waiting there for her boy, and wondering that he did not come. She sought him and called him, till she was hoarse—

sought him in every nook and corner of the cabin, shaking the bed clothes as if he were a needle or a pin, that could be hidden in their seams—then seizing a torch, forgetful of the moonlight, and swinging it above her head, rushed to the wood-pile, and hurled the sticks in the air, sometimes imagining the end of a blackened pine knot the head of her missing child. At length came the horrible conviction that he was stolen, carried off, to be sold to the slave-trader, and the cry which had banished the slumbers of Mrs. Elliott, was wrung from a mother's breaking heart.

All that kindness and sympathy could do, was done by Mrs. Elliott, to soothe and comfort the poor, half-distracted Dilsy. The household was roused, a warm fire kindled, and warm covering wrapped round her chilled and shivering limbs. But Dilsy refused to be comforted. The sensibility that had been sleeping in the bottom of her heart, gushed out in an overwhelming stream. Nor was it sorrow alone that stirred the before unsounded depths of her soul. The thirst of vengeance mingled with the yearnings of affection, and infused wormwood and gall into the flowing brine. She threw herself on the floor, and tore her long Indian tresses, calling on her Jim, her baby, her child, in the most piteous and heart-rending accents.

"I accused her of not *feeling*," thought Mrs. Elliott, wiping away her own fast falling tears. "Ah! how little we know of what is passing in the heart. Poor creature—what can I do to comfort her?"

"I will go over this moment and see the President," exclaimed Mr. Elliott. "The villain must be pursued and overtaken. Be quiet, Dilsy—you shall have your boy again—we'll see about it."

"God Almighty bless you, master—will you? God bless you—will you, master?" cried Dilsy, springing up from the floor and shaking back her dishevelled hair, her eyes glittering with excitement. "I thought nobody care for little negro—free, too. Oh, Lordy! Jimmy—little Jimmy! S'pose he come back again!"

Covering her face with her hands, she burst into an hysterical laugh, and picking up a white muslin apron of little Bessy's that had fallen upon the floor, began to wipe her eyes with it, without knowing what she was doing. In the mean time, Mr. Elliott, burning with indignation for the outrage on the poor mulatto, walked over, in the dead of night as

was, to the President's mansion, which was not far from his own. He was one of the Professors of the University, which was situated on the beautiful hill, near which he resided; and when the President was roused from his slumbers by the voice of Mr. Elliott, he naturally concluded that the students had been detected in some midnight depredation. He was a man of surpassing benevolence of character, united to a stern and inflexible sense of justice. He entered warmly into Mr. Elliott's plans for the recovery of the child, and proposed that emissaries should be despatched on the three roads, which led from the hill, in pursuit of the robber and his prey, promising to bear his part of the expense, and pledging himself for the other members of the faculty. Early the next morning, three men, hired by the President and professors, started in three different directions, for the purpose of tracking the human bloodhound.

It has been said that self-interest alone prompts the white man to be kind to the negro race—that he feeds, and clothes, and warms him, because he is his own property, and he himself would suffer, if his slave were neglected or wronged. This may be the case in some instances, but it certainly was not in this. Here was a poor, humble, unprotected mulatto, a free woman, with a free child. She enriched no one, she belonged to no one; her child was her own property, and its loss impoverished no one but herself. And yet, in defence of this woman's rights, for the recovery of her stolen boy, were enlisted the sympathies and influence of the dignified President of a celebrated University, and its intelligent and learned professors. Was this self-interest? No, it was divine philanthropy; it was the acknowledgment of that bond which unites the great brotherhood of mankind, and which is drawn closer and closer by misfortunes and wrongs. Dilsy and her child were of the lowly African race, and yet how many hearts were now throbbing in unison with hers; how many prayers were ascending to heaven for the recovery of her child!

PART SECOND.

"God help me, in my grievous need;
God help me, in my inward pain,
Which cannot ask for pity's meed;
Which has no license to complain;
Which must be borne, yet who can bear
Hours long, days long, a constant weight,
The yoke of absolute despair,
A suffering wholly desolate?"

Two weary days passed away, and no tidings of the lost child. The wild agony of the mother had settled down into a kind of stupor, the result of despair. Mrs. Elliott kept her in the house, and, by giving little Bessy entirely to her charge, tried to interest her feelings and divert her attention from her own sorrows. She did this in kindness, but perhaps it was an error in judgment, for the sight of the beautiful child, blooming in the security of home, reminded her only more vividly of her own wandering boy. She would sit for hours, gazing with a dull, vague look, on the little scarlet dress, so fancifully margined with jetty braid, hanging conspicuously on the wall.

"Some how or other, mistress," she said mournfully, "that looks just like Jim's shroud. To look at it long, it turns all over black."

"You will see little Jimmy wear it before long," replied Mrs. Elliott, kindly. "When so many are interested in his recovery, it is almost impossible that he should not be found."

"Oh, mistress, that black horse goes like the wind. Nobody could catch him. 'Taint like other horses. O dear! O Lord! how I wish I'd never let Jimmy get up with that awful man."

The second night one of the men returned, weary, and unsuccessful. He had perceived no trace of the fugitives, and, convinced they must have taken some other route, thought it best to return. The next morning the other two also came back, but without the child. One of them, however, imparted information of great interest. He had followed in the track of a young man, mounted on a fiery black horse, who had been seen at early dawn, riding along, with a little child be-

fore him. The description corresponded exactly to Wild Jack, and the man was sure of overtaking the robber, but he soon came where four roads met, and knew not which way to turn. In his perplexity, he suffered one of the superstitions of his childhood to guide him, and he directed his course to the rising sun. In the course of the day he heard of a slave-trader, who had passed that way with a large number of slaves, and among them was a little boy, of the age of Jim, who was represented, like him, to be black as polished ebony. There was no doubt that Wild Jack had had an understanding with the man, and sold to him the stolen child.

The emissary, who was not a bold man, thought not of contending with one of these desperate characters, but immediately turned his face homeward, to communicate the facts which had come to his knowledge.

Dark were the clouds that now gathered round the fate of little Jim. While the man was returning, *he* was borne still further from them, on a wild, unfrequented road, and perhaps even then he was transferred to some other master, who might be bearing him away on the wings of the morning.

Mr. Elliott sat with the President in his office, with an anxious and troubled countenance. While they were engaged in earnest conversation on the subject, the door opened, and Mr. Green, the father of Wild Jack, was announced.

He was a meek, sorrowful-looking man, with a stooping frame and downcast countenance. One might look in vain in his pale, dim eyes, thin cheeks, and melancholy mouth, for any resemblance to the bright, fierce, wicked face of Wild Jack.

There was something in his appearance that appealed irresistibly to the compassionate feelings of the gentlemen; and the President, moved by commiseration, as well as by habitual politeness, addressed him kindly, and offered him a seat, by the ample and blazing fire. But he would not be seated. He stood with his hat crushed between his knees, with an expression of conscious unworthiness, and the worn and crushed hat seemed a meet emblem of his crushed and grief-worn heart. The father of a wicked, law-defying son, whom he had in vain endeavoured to "train up in the way he should go," must feel abject and wretched.

"Are there any tidings of your son, sir?" asked the President, breaking the silence, which began to be irksome.

"I've heard of the lost child, sir," he replied meekly,

"and I've come to tell you that if you'll stop the search after him, he shall be brought back day after to-morrow night. Yes, sir, I'll swear on the Bible, if you say so, that what I say is the truth."

The gentlemen looked at each other in surprise. They knew but little of Mr. Green, and, judging of him by the character of his son, as people are apt to do, imagined him to be a man with very dim perceptions of right and wrong. He was considered a poor man, owning a small farm and a few negroes, whose work he shared while he superintended their labours. Jack was his only son, whose birth and his mother's death were simultaneous events. Poor Jack! had he ever known a mother's restraining influence and tender watchfulness, his evil propensities would never have acquired their present rank and poisonous luxuriance.

"This is very strange," said the President, fixing his eyes sternly on his agitated and working features. "Am I to consider you an accomplice with your son in this felonious act?"

The poor man looked up to heaven with an humble, deprecating air, and the President felt something knocking against his heart, painfully and reproachfully. He had no son of his own, but he could comprehend what were a father's feelings, and he knew those of a man.

"I didn't come here to criminate or defend myself, sir; neither did I come to defend my son. It wouldn't do any good, if I did, for you all know him. I don't pretend to deny that he's carried off the child. I know if he's taken, his life will be forfeited. But I don't think he can be. He's got a way that nobody ever had before. I sometimes think an evil spirit is in him—but he is my son, for all that—all that I've got in the world. He's bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, given me by his mother, now in heaven. You can't catch Jack, but you can keep him from coming near me as long as I live. You will advertise him and set a price on his head, and it will be all right."

"To be sure, it will," interrupted the President emphatically, and Mr. Elliott's clear eye pronounced *amen.*

"You can do it," continued Mr. Green, "but with all that, it is very doubtful whether you ever see him or the boy either. But I promise you solemnly, gentlemen, if you'll all keep quiet and say nothing, that day after to morrow night, at about midnight, the child shall be in front of Mr. Porter's

tavern. If he's not there, you may take *me*, put me in jail, and hang me in place of my son."

There was an air of such earnestness and sincerity about the man, combined with such profound melancholy, that they were both deeply impressed. They were beginning to be convinced of the hopelessness of pursuit, and were ready to listen to any proposition which reason might sanction and justice approve.

"If we put faith in your promises and suspend our present efforts," said the President, whose inflexible justice upbraided him for a too easy surrender of his judgment, "and your son should appear again in our midst, we cannot suffer so dangerous an individual to be at large. The law must claim its due."

"He never shall appear among you. He never again shall disturb the peace of this community. We will both seek a home remote from this, where, I trust, he will begin a new and better life."

"Well, then," said the President, looking at Mr. Elliott.

Mr. Elliott bowed his head in token of assent, and Mr. Green was assured that on the faith of his promise, they would suspend the pursuit and wait the coming of the child.

"I pray you," said Mr. Green in departing, "not to allow a crowd to collect round the tavern. Let the mother be there waiting, but say nothing to anybody else. If anything happens to keep the child, you will find me at my farm, ready to give myself into your hands, for imprisonment or death."

It is not strange that Dilsy should not believe the promise of Mr. Green, or that she should consider her boy as lost for ever. Two more long, weary days were to pass, before the appointed hour, in heart sickness and anguish. She could not sit still, but wandered like a restless ghost about the grounds, with little Bessy warmly clasped in her arms, who would fix her soft blue eyes in mute wonder on her dark, despairing countenance, and sometimes wipe away a large tear from the mulatto's cheek, with her snow-white, dimpled hand. She would stand at the gate, and look up and down the road, till her strained and dazzled glance could see nothing in the bright sunshine, but a painful glitter, obscure as darkness.

"You are wrong to give up to despair, Dilsy," said Mrs. Elliott, "when so much has been done for you. You've told me sometimes that you had no friends—that a poor, free mulatto couldn't have any. You see you are mistaken. If my Bessy was stolen away, there could not be more active

measures taken to restore her to my arms. You must not be ungrateful, Dilsy."

"I don't mean to be, mistress—you're too good. I knows it—I feels it—but I can't talk. Ah, mistress, nobody would think of stealing your baby. Nobody would *buy* a white baby."

A flush passed over Mrs. Elliott's white cheek, as she replied—

"White children are sometimes stolen, as many a weeping mother can bear witness. But it is not often the case in this country. But, Dilsy, Mr. Elliott firmly believes Mr. Green's promise, and is sure that Jimmy will come back again. You should put trust in God, if not in man, for his promise never fails."

"I can't think of any promise to comfort me," said the poor mulatto.

"He suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his knowledge, and He feedeth the young ravens when they cry."

"That *may* mean little Jimmy. He's black like the raven," said Dilsy, thoughtfully, "and he's got nobody to feed him now if God don't."

She brought the white muslin apron of Bessy's which she had moistened with tears on the night of Jimmy's abduction, and presented it, nicely washed and starched, to Mrs. Elliott.

"Beg pardon, mistress," said she. "I didn't know nothing of what I was doing, or I wouldn't have used it so."

"You have not hurt it, Dilsy. A mother's tears are sacred. Keep it, and when Jimmy comes back you must dress him in the scarlet tunic, and this pretty apron, and carry him round as a show-boy. They who sow in tears shall reap in joy, Dilsy."

As the night appointed for the child's restoration drew on, Mr. Elliott himself lost his sanguine hopes, and became anxious and restless. He feared that he had been duped by the elder Green, who had probably had recourse to a stratagem, to gain time for his son's escape from justice. He thought he would feel very foolish to wait half the night, as he intended to do, at the tavern, for the fulfilment of a solemn promise, and then find he had been baffled and deceived.

It would be better, perhaps, to let Dilsy go alone, for, should his doubts be confirmed, he could not bear to witness her grief and despair. Yet, when night came on, an irresistible impulse urged him to the spot, where a crowd was already assembled,

and among them was the grave and reverend President. This gathering was "not in the bond," for secrecy had been enjoined, but Dilsy could not keep her own counsel. Her heart was too full not to overflow, and the curiosity of the whole neighbourhood was excited by the information.

The President was obliged to make a long harangue before he could induce the people to condense themselves within doors, so as not to frighten away the being, whoever it might be, whose mission it was to restore the stolen child. His words had the desired effect, and Dilsy was left alone in the piazza, counting each moment of the waning hours by the quick beatings of her throbbing heart. Mr. Elliott had lent her his large, warm cloak, to wrap around her, for the night air was cold and frosty. She did not feel it, however, so great was the tension of her mind. If she walked the length of the piazza once, she did hundreds of times, while the big tavern clock, that great auctioneer of time, kept ringing with its iron tongue, "going, going, gone." Yes! the hours were going, slowly, but surely. Ten, eleven—twelve was near at hand.

It was a clear, cloudless night. The moon shone with the pallid glory peculiar to a Southern wintry night, as sweetly and calmly as if there were no scenes of rapine and anguish passing beneath her holy beams. Large pine-fires were blazing in the chimneys, throwing a red glare upon the window panes, and lighting up, with more than noonday brightness, the promiscuous groups within. It was strange to see the majestic President and dignified professors in such company, especially at that unwonted hour. It must have been a strong motive to induce them to leave their families and homes during the silent watches of the night—to haunt a tavern, too—such sober, pious men, as they were: and this motive was the restitution of the wrongs of a poor mulatto, the restoration of a little negro boy. Verily, there is some humanity, some Christian benevolence, at the South, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts to prove the contrary.

Hark! the clock strikes twelve—that is the appointed hour. Yes! just at twelve, said the elder Green, the boy should be returned. The people rushed to the doors and windows, and would have passed into the street had they not been restrained by the commanding voice of the President.

Dilsy pressed forward, and winding one arm around a pillar of the piazza, for she felt suddenly very weak, leaned out into the moonbeams, that burnished with silver her golden-coloured

forehead. All was still abroad; not an evergreen leaf quivered in the frosty atmosphere. The road was white and sandy, and had a ghost-like look, stretching on, long and winding, into the dark pine woods.

Dilsy stood panting against the pillar, when suddenly her eyes kindled with revengeful fire. "It was all a base sham; they never were going to bring him back; Master Elliott knew it all the time; they were all making a fool of her; there was no truth in white folks, not one of them." While these dark, vindictive thoughts, rolled through her mind, she heard the distant sound of something, she scarcely knew what. The soil was too sandy, along the road that ran along in front of the tavern, for hoofs to clatter, but still she knew that a horseman was approaching. A black speck seemed to be driven swiftly along over sandy waves; it grew larger and larger, came swifter and swifter, till the outlines of Wild Jack and his black horse were distinctly visible; and perched in front of him was a little child, as black as a starless midnight. Dilsy gave a sharp, loud shriek, and sprang, with one bound, down the steps. The people rushed after her with considerable vehemence. Whirling the child by one arm from the saddle to the ground, Wild Jack dashed his spurs into his horse's flanks, and went off with the speed of the whirlwind. One might as well think of overtaking the whirlwind, as this fierce, wild youth. A yell, loud as an Indian warwhoop, rent the silence, and some plunged into the sand, in a vain effort of pursuit.

"Oh! Jimmy, Jimmy!" exclaimed his mother, snatching up the shivering child, and folding him in her cloak—"is it you?"

"Yes, it's me, mammy," answered a little, weak voice. The mulatto burst into tears. Those little, feeble accents told a tale of suffering and privation.

"Bring him in, bring him in to the fire," cried many voices, and Dilsy, staggering like a drunken woman, made her way through the crowd in the door-way and sunk down on a seat near the fire.

Poor little Jimmy did indeed look as if he had endured sufferings, which he was too young to relate. His round fat cheeks were thin and hollow, and his bright eyes had a dim, strange, bewildered look, that it was painful to witness. The back part of his dress was all worn to tatters, and his woolly head was all bristling with burs and tangled with leaves. He

was as cold as an icicle, and when brought near the hot blaze, he began to cry bitterly.

"Remove farther from the fire—it makes his numb limbs ache," said Mr. Elliott; "he must be warmed gradually."

Had Jimmy been a young prince, instead of an unowned negro child, he could not have been treated with more kindness and consideration. He had warm milk and nice warm buttered biscuit brought him to eat, and warm flannel rolled around him, till the painful, bewildered expression of his face changed to one of dreamy satisfaction. They began to question him, but all he could answer was—"Don't know." His dawning faculties seemed obscured by the fright and sufferings of the few past days. He soon fell asleep in his mother's arms, that soft cradle from which the poor little fellow had been so cruelly torn away.

Dilsy's softened heart was now overflowing with gratitude to the white friends who had exerted themselves so energetically in her cause. She was ashamed of her hard, vindictive feelings, and inwardly resolved never again to cherish them. She had a good deal of the Indian in her nature, as was indicated by her straight, shining hair. She was quick to resent and slow to forgive an injury, but the remembrance of blessings conferred was lasting as life.

Mrs. Elliott wept with joy, when her husband returned accompanied by the reunited mother and child, and then she wept with grief over his forlorn and altered appearance. Such a long and terrible journey on horseback, as he must have had with Wild Jack, was enough to kill an older child. Little Jimmy must have been made of tough materials, not to have been shaken and battered to pieces. His flesh was sore and bruised, and in many places his dusky skin was lacerated and worn off. But kind hands anointed him, and the wounds of a child's body are healed almost as soon as those of his heart. After a day's rest and nursing, he was bright enough to be arrayed in the dazzling scarlet suit and white muslin apron. The apron did not look quite in place, but Dilsy said she loved it better than anything she had, and she wouldn't have him leave it off for anything. Jimmy looked really quite magnificent in his royal-hued raiment, and as all the burs were picked out of his head, and his cheeks were already beginning to round themselves, "little Richard was himself again."

Dilsy carried him from house to house, in triu
a younger nurse *toted* the fair blue-eyed Bessy, wh
a satellite to the primary planet. Jim, on this men
casion; Jimmy was emphatically the young Lion o
and great regret was expressed that he could not
adventures. At first, all he could say was, "I don
Now his invariable answer to every question w
Jack." That fierce, bright image was for ever dar
his little mind, and for a time it seemed doubtful wh
other would ever be imprinted there.

The ladies loaded him with presents, and if Dilsy
fered much, she also rejoiced much, and in conseque
much. She was certainly better and happier after t
than before. She had cherished the idea that nob
anything about her or hers. Even the kindness
Elliott she thought selfish, because she was necessa
child. Now, she acknowledged the existence of disi
benevolence, and her heart warmed and expanded
genial influence.

The history of Jim, during his days of absence, w
known. It was conjectured that Mr. Green had bou
back from the trader to whom his son had sold hir
sacrifice of his little farm and possessions; for they
sold, and the master departed to some unknown
probably accompanied by his reprobate son.

The wild equestrian was never again seen, flying
his raven steed, after he had darkened for a mor
moonlight night we have described. Whether he
pented of his evil ways, or keeps rushing on the d
road that leads to death, we have never learned.

The following summer little Jim was playing bli
the green by the side of the blue-eyed Bessy. He se
have forgotten Wild Jack; yet if a horse came gallo
he would jump up and run to his mother, and bury hi
her lap.

There is no romance in the story of Jimmy, but
truth, without any alloy of fiction. We have related i
of many instances of Southern kindness and human
lowly race—whose feelings the Southron is too often
of disregarding and trampling under foot.

BELL AND ROSE.

CHAPTER I.

"O! what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity."—MOORE.

"I AM so thirsty, brother. I must have some of the water gushing from that spring. Oh! it looks so cool and inviting."

Thus exclaimed Bell Raymond, to her brother Frank, reining in her horse as she spoke. They were both on horseback, having taken a long jaunt into the country, to visit some friends; and now on their homeward way, Bell began to be a little weary, and very thirsty, and very warm. She caught sight of a silver, singing spring, flashing through a little thicket of shrubbery, and nothing would serve but a draught of the sparkling water.

"We have no cup," said Frank.

"You can make one of oak leaves."

"I see a nice little cottage, a few yards ahead, where we can borrow a drinking utensil. Who knows but there is some sweet little country lassie there—a rose in the wilderness? Shall I go?"

"Yes; but I will accompany you," said Bell, springing from her horse, and gathering up her riding dress with an impatient gesture.

"I do despise these long, sweeping skirts," said she, tossing the folds over her left arm; "they are so wretchedly in one's way."

"But they are so graceful, Bell."

"What's the use of being graceful, with no or me, but a brother?" said she, laughing.

While they were talking, they were getting n tage, which, though a rough, unpainted, low and building, had still an air of neatness and comfor taste was not wanting—for there were vines train the low windows, and flowerpots were placed again

"There she is, by all that is charming!" whispe as a young girl of apparently seventeen or eightee came to the door, with a very bright blush, and smile, and a very low curtsy, and asked them She looked bashful and embarrassed, but not awk and though her dress was of plain domestic, it fitt fectly to her lithe and slender figure, one would h it exchanged for silk or muslin. A knot of pink ri fastened her hair behind, relieved the plainness of and matched the roses of her slightly sun-burned ch

Bell, to the surprise of her brother, instead of as cup, accepted the invitation to walk in, and followed cottager through a narrow passage, into the plain primitive-looking apartment she had ever entered. lighted with an adventure which opened so auspici lowed her with a number of superfluous bows, int doubt to make a favourable impression on the youn The furniture consisted of a half-dozen plain chairs, stained pine, and an old-fashioned clock, with a n and a startlingly loud tick. The chimney was or with fresh, odorous pine-boughs, and some beaut flowers adorned the mantelpiece. But a still gre ment appeared in the shape of books, arranged on on the right of the fire-place, and which Frank's detected the moment he entered the room.

"I fear we intrude," said Bell, seating herself at time, with a very-much-at-home air; "but we called cup, to dip water from your beautiful spring. I h riding so far, and am so very thirsty—then it is sc ably warm!"

Untying the ribbons that fastened her plumed ri she threw it upon the next chair, and shook her beau back from her moist forehead.

"Really, Bell, you do make yourself very much a exclaimed her brother. "One would think you wer ing to stay hours instead of moments."

"I would not care how long I stayed," replied she

eagerly round her. "This is such a cool, shady, quiet spot —I am perfectly in love with it. But please get me some water—that is, if the young lady will be kind enough to lend us a cup."

"I will get you some, with pleasure," cried the young girl, turning quickly to the door.

"By no means," exclaimed Frank, springing after her. "I cannot allow you to take so much trouble. I am accustomed to wait on my sister, who, I assure you, is a very arbitrary young lady."

"It is no trouble," said she, quietly gliding between him and the door, and stepping across the threshold.

"Well, let me go and assist you," he cried, with persevering gallantry, and was about to follow her, when Bell called after him:

"Don't, Frank. You embarrass her. She does not wish you to go."

"Embarrass her! Why, she has as much self-possession as you have, though not half the impudence. Bless you, Bell, for being seized with a fit of thirst on this identical spot, and for discovering the spring, which entirely escaped my heedless eye. But let us peep into those books, and perhaps we can find out the name of our bonnie lassie. Well done! the Lady of the Lake, to begin with. There is poetry for you—and here's her own sweet name, I am confident—Rose Mayfield. Rose, sweet Rose, flower of the wilderness and blossom of the vale. Was there ever anything so appropriate?"

"Brother! how foolishly you run on. But she really is a nice, pretty girl, and I like her. To think of finding her here alone—she must have somebody living with her, surely —and these books! How in the world came she by those books? There are Plutarch's Lives, and Rollin's History, and Cowper, and Milton, and Thomson. Bless me, what a classic library!"

"She's coming," exclaimed Frank, glancing from the window, "with all the grace of a Hebe, and all the lightness of a wood-nymph. She is a perfect fac-simile of the Lady of the Lake:

"What though no rule of courtly grace
Has trained her mood to measured pace,
A step more light, a foot more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew:
E'en the light harebell lifts its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

Rose—for such was indeed her name—came in while the last line was upon his lips, with a waiter, upon which were two tumblers of the clearest and purest crystal. Bell did not believe the establishment contained such luxuries. Never did water taste so cold and so refreshing. Frank drank it very slowly, looking at the Hebe through the bottom of the glass, whose irregular surface multiplied her into myriad forms.

"You are fond of reading, I see," remarked Bell. "You have some choice books here."

"Yes," answered Rose, "I do love reading very much. I can hardly dream of a greater pleasure."

"When I ride this way again I will bring you some books," said Frank; "you have probably read all these."

"Oh! many times," cried she, so earnestly that she blushed at her own warmth. "I believe I know the poems all by heart."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Bell, "how I envy you. I don't believe I could repeat six lines to save my existence. I love it. It is very sweet. But it is like music. It dies away, and you know not whither it is gone. It is so much trouble to commit to memory."

"I never tried to commit it," said Rose. "It stays in my memory without my knowing it, and comes back to me when I am not seeking to recall it."

"Do you not feel very lonely here?" asked Frank, irresistibly curious to learn something of the inmates of the household.

"Oh, no!" she answered with animation. "I have not time to be lonely during the day, and father is always at home in the evening. Besides, there is an old woman in the kitchen who takes away the feeling of loneliness."

"Your father is a—hem—I presume—" cried Frank, allowing his curiosity to get the advantage of his politeness. "Your father's profession takes him much from home, I suppose."

"My father is a farmer, sir," she said simply, though a smile perceptibly curled her lips. "He goes abroad with the rising, and returns with the setting sun."

"I wish I were a farmer," said Frank, emphatically. "I do believe they must be the happiest men in the world."

"I wish I were a farmer's daughter," said Bell, with a sigh, "and lived in such a snug little place as this. It must be so nice. But come, brother, our mother will wonder what detains *us so long*."

Smoothing back her hair, she drew her cap towards her by one string, with a jerk that ruffled the long, sweeping plumes, and, swinging it round several times, gave it a toss on her head, and, in spite of all, it set there gracefully and becomingly. Then flirting her riding dress over her arm, she rose, and, leaning out of the window, broke off a green twig from an acacia tree, whose branches waved against the house.

"What's the use of all those bewitching airs, Bell, when there's no one to admire but a brother?" asked Frank, laughing.

Without noticing him, she turned to Rose, and thanked her with smiling grace for her kindness and hospitality, begged permission to come and see her again, and left the cottage.

"I shall not forget the books," said Frank, whose movements were more tardy. "There are some poets wanting in your collection, which I shall be most happy to supply."

"I thank you," she replied, with a deep blush, "but I do not think I ought to trouble you. I could not accept so great a favour from a stranger."

"Let me lend them to you, then. You are not too proud to accept so trifling an obligation. You call me a stranger, and that reminds me that we have not introduced ourselves to you—a most unpardonable omission. Your humble servant is ycleped Frank Raymond—my sister, Bell Raymond—names, I trust, you will not altogether forget."

"My name is Rose Mayfield," she replied, with simplicity, believing him entirely ignorant of the fact, and aware that politeness required of her a reciprocal frankness.

"I could have sworn it was no other," ejaculated Frank. "It is in vain to say the Rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

"Frank, Frank, you loiterer, come along," exclaimed the gay voice of Bell, who had mounted her horse and rode directly under the window. As she bent her head and peeped through the acacia leaves, which mingled with her plumes and her light-brown curls, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief and mirth, she made a charming picture, on which Rose gazed with delighted admiration. Never had so fair a vision gilded their humble cottage. Seldom does one so fair adorn the halls of wealth and fashion. Frank watched the countenance of Rose. No shade of envy darkened its sunshine. Its expression was even rapturous, and yet that rapture was inspired by

the beauty and elegance of another, enhanced by all advantages of dress and embellishment denied to herself.

Again Bell repeated her summons, and Frank was compelled to make his parting bow, and though it was one of lowly deference, there was no mockery in it, as in his fashionable greeting salutation.

Bell was in high spirits. Rested from her fatigue, refreshed by the pure draughts from the fountain, and delighted with her new acquaintance, she rallied Frank without mercy on the evident impression which the young cottager had made on his imagination, if not his heart. But when, after their return home, and in the presence of their high-bred and aristocratic mother, she continued her railleries, he did not bear them with so good a grace. Mrs. Raymond never moved beyond the charmed circle of wealth and fashion, and the idea of her children being interested in anything out of their own peculiar sphere, was preposterous and degrading. Frank, knowing so well her views of society, had warned Bell, previous to their arrival, not to shock her prejudices and opinions, but the wilful girl disregarded his injunctions, and amused herself by alarming her mother's pride—

"You have no idea how much Frank admired her, mother," continued Bell. "He lingered on the threshold long after I was mounted for flight, making the prettiest speeches imaginable——"

"Frank Raymond making fine speeches to a coarse, vulgar, country girl, must have been a novel spectacle," exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, in a tone of derision.

"Very coarse and vulgar, indeed, mother," repeated Frank, quietly.

"Why, Frank, it is no such thing," interrupted Bell; "on the contrary, she is quite refined and lady-like, and knows more poetry by heart than I have ever read. Her hands are as small as mine, and almost as white."

Bell held out a pair of the fairest hands in the world, all sparkling with rings.

"She had probably been rubbing them with flour," said Frank, gravely. "Were they not as hard as boards?"

"Oh, no; quite soft and yielding. You know she said there was an old woman in the kitchen who does all the work for the family—I suppose while she reads poetry and cultivates flowers. I wish I could change places with her a little while. She looked so nice and happy."

"Isabel—Bell," cried Mrs. Raymond, reproachfully, "how ungrateful in you to breathe such a wish, when you never knew a desire that was not gratified; when you have been the most indulged, caressed, and petted of human beings!"

"That is the very reason, my own dear, indulgent mother, that I am dissatisfied. If you would only deny me something that I want, throw some obstacles in the way of my wishes, excite me by opposition, it seems to me I should be a great deal happier. Everything is so smooth and monotonous, it is impossible to keep off the demon of ennui."

"Well, Bell, I will try to gratify you in one respect—by forbidding you ever to visit that cottage again, or to renew your familiarity with one so much beneath you."

"But I told her I would call again," said Bell, with animation; "and Frank promised to lend her some books."

"Frank will do no such thing," cried his mother, haughtily. "If he forgets himself so far as to think of cultivating an intimacy so degrading, I shall exercise my maternal authority, and treat him as a boy in years, as he seems to be in action."

"But I am not a boy, mother," cried Frank, gayly, but decidedly; "and I think it hard if a young man of three-and-twenty cannot be civil to a discreet, well-spoken damsel, without being scolded, and threatened with the rod of correction."

"You need not always be telling your age, Frank," said the still young-looking and handsome Mrs. Raymond.

"Please don't call me a boy then, mother."

Bell was roused to full energy by her mother's unexpected prohibition.

"You treat me like a child five years old," said she, pettishly. "I suppose if I am riding and literally dying of thirst, I must not stop to quench it, and I must repay hospitality with rudeness, and politeness with ill-breeding."

"You know my meaning, Bell; why do you pervert it so?"

"I do not like to be treated like a baby."

"Did not you ask me to deny you something?"

"Yes," answered Bell, laughing at her own waywardness; "but I did not expect to meet with compliance."

Bell retired to her chamber, to prepare for an evening party, which she had engaged to attend. She said she did not wish to go; that she would not go; yet she bade her waiting-maid open her wardrobe, and take out, one by one, her beautiful fancy dresses, for inspection.

"Not that pink gauze. I have been riding in the sun, and look too red for that."

"Oh! you have such a lovely complexion to-night," said Anna, the young waiting-maid.

"Let me see the blue, trimmed with silver."

"This makes you look so fair," cried the girl, holding up the glittering tissue in the glancing light.

"Put it away; it is too gaudy; only fit for an actress. I wish I had but one plain, domestic dress, and I would know what to wear. I do think this dressing is the most tedious, annoying business in the world. Bring me that white gossamer over satin—I will wear nothing but white to-night—no jewels. Go into the green-house and gather some white rose-buds and geranium leaves. I will wear no other ornaments."

Bell had a sudden fit of simplicity, and tried to look like a simple cottage-maid, in her white robes and natural flowers; and she did look surpassingly lovely; she was told so at least a hundred times in the course of the evening; but, praises of her beauty were so common, she heeded them not. Her interest was excited by the appearance of a stranger, who, unlike most strangers, did not seek an immediate introduction to herself, the reigning belle of the season. He stood aloof from the crowd which surrounded her, a man of noble person, and dark and striking countenance.

When she first saw him, he was standing by a table looking at some engravings, which he appeared to be explaining to a lady, who listened with delighted attention. He did not look very young, yet no one would think of calling him old. He was certainly the most elegant-looking gentleman in the room; and, as time glided on, and he did not approach her to pay her the customary tribute of homage and admiration, she felt mortified and disappointed—she was sure he was a distinguished personage. He had such an air of dignity and high-breeding, and every one paid him so much deference, and seemed so much flattered by his notice. She would not ask his name, for she did not like to have it supposed she was ignorant of it, but, when her brother came near, she eluded her admirers for a few moments, and begged of him to satisfy her curiosity.

"Why, that is Mr. Urvin, just returned from a five years' sojourn in Europe, Asia, and Africa, for what I know. They call him the distinguished traveller, and he really is a fine-*looking man, with* very elegant and dignified manners."

"I do not see why he should assume such airs, if he has travelled," said Bell, in a tone of pique.

"Ah! I see how it is," said Frank, laughing; "he has not paid tribute to her royal Majesty, the queen of the evening. Do not be angry, but I overheard our hostess offer to introduce him to you. 'Thank you, madam,' said he, with a sarcastic smile, 'but I always shun a belle.'"

"Arrogant!" exclaimed Bell, her cheek flushing brightly as she spoke. "I am sure I do not ask or wish his notice. He shall rue the day he ever made that speech," she added to herself.

"Our little Rose would suit him," whispered Frank. "She certainly is prettier than any of the damsels here, making the usual exception—and then she has so much heart and soul in her face."

Bell scarcely heard what he said of Rose; her mind was dwelling on the remark of the elegant traveller, whose avoidance had made the attentions of all others irksome and distasteful. Taking the arm of her brother, she walked to the opposite side of the room, too much excited to remain in one position.

"There he comes," said Frank, in a low voice; "but, pray, don't look so scornful. Let him see how sweet and amiable a belle *can* appear."

But it was too late. The scornful lip had not time to smooth itself into a smile before they passed him, and Bell could not help giving her ringlets a toss that discomposed her white rose-buds, and brought them down, in a fragrant shower, at his feet. Stooping down, he gathered them up, and presented them to her with a respectful bow. He did not retain so much as a geranium leaf, but handed them to her with as little sentiment as if it were a bonnet she had dropped, instead of flowers. As Bell took them from his hand, she looked up and met his eyes. Never had she seen anything so dark, so piercing, so brilliant, yet so awe-inspiring, as that single glance. With a deeper blush than had ever before dyed her cheek, she slightly bowed and passed on. She had prepared a look of great indifference, bordering on contempt, but she forgot to put it on, and it was well that she did, for it certainly would not have increased Mr. Urvin's admiration of *belles*.

CHAPTER II.

"Graceful and useful all she does—
Blessing and blest where'er she goes—
Pure-bosomed as the watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face."—COWPER.

"I'm weary of the brilliant hall,
Where fashion's votaries throng—
I'm weary of my own vain heart,
Slave of the world too long."—ANON.

ROSE MAYFIELD stood at the door of her father's cottage, watching the setting sun. It was the hour she loved, for she knew her father's steps were then bending homeward. Everything was prepared for his reception—the little table, covered with the whitest and smoothest cloth, was spread in a back porch; old Hannah was milking the cow in the barn-yard, while the odour of warm bread and steaming meat issued from the kitchen. Rose stood, looking toward the corn-field waving beyond, but her eye was abstracted, and it was evident that her thoughts were gone out on a more distant excursion. She was thinking of the fair equestrian and her gallant brother, for their visit was an event in her quiet and sequestered life. It recalled the associations of her earlier years, and a quick, low sigh heaved her bosom. For Rose, though a hard-working farmer's daughter, had passed but a comparatively small portion of her life in her present humble home. A brief review of her childhood will explain the apparent inconsistency of her education and position. When she was a little child she had the misfortune to lose her mother. Just about the time when the heart-stricken, widowed father, was mourning over his own bereavement, and the helplessness of his orphan daughter, a lady was thrown from her carriage, almost opposite the cabin, and brought in for shelter and relief. It was weeks before she was able to be removed. In the mean time the engaging little Rose twined herself round her childless heart, and she entreated the father to allow her to take the child home with her, and cherish and educate her as her own. It was not without many a hard struggle that Mr. Mayfield conquered his reluctance to give up his darling, but he be-

lieved that Providence had raised up this friend to her motherless childhood, and, with mingled gratitude and grief, he suffered her to depart.

Mrs. Chandler resided in a city remote from his little farm, and opportunities of intercourse were few and far between. In the home of her benefactress and adopted mother, she received those advantages of education which her father could never have imparted. Mrs. Chandler was no worldly, fashionable woman; she was a simple-hearted, high-minded Christian, whose influence was as pure, as benign, and as diffusive as sunshine. The emanations of her mind and heart were radiated into the mind and heart of Rose, and beautiful mental and moral flowers grew and blossomed, as the result. Sometimes Mrs. Chandler had a coadjutor, who took a great interest in directing the studies of his sister's protegé, and whose influence was almost as powerful as her own—a younger brother—a man of remarkable depth and reach of mind, as well as benevolence of feeling. The extreme simplicity, humility, and gratitude of the young girl pleased him, united, as they evidently were, with brilliancy of imagination and vigour of intellect. Rose looked up to him with admiration and reverence; and when he departed for a foreign land, with the prospect of being absent for years, she felt as if a pillar of strength, on which she had been leaning, as an anchor to her weakness and youth, were suddenly removed. But a far greater misfortune was impending over her. Her friend and benefactress was taken from her, and the last moments of this noble and excellent woman were embittered by the recently-acquired knowledge that the property which she had intended to bequeath to her adopted daughter, was no longer hers to bestow. The man who had the charge of her business during her brother's absence, proved to be a villain, who absconded with the fortune which she believed secure from treachery or loss. Rose had never thought of being the heiress of her friend's wealth, and, had she been left the inheritance of millions, it would not have softened the blow that crushed her to the dust. She was just fifteen when she returned to her own humble dwelling, and the father who welcomed her as an angel of light. To say that Rose did not feel the change, that she did not sigh for the refined and cultivated society which she had been accustomed to meet at Mrs. Chandler's, that she did not shrink from the homely duties that devolved upon her, would be false; but she struggled bravely, heroically, with her repinings,

and tried to come down gracefully and meekly to the lowly realities of her condition. Then it was so ungrateful in her to murmur. There was old Hannah in the kitchen, to do all the drudgery of the house-work; she had time to read and cultivate all her acquired tastes; then her father was so good, so kind and indulgent, and loved her with such unmeasured idolatry, how could she help being happy?

Mrs. Chandler had always dressed her with elegant simplicity, and she had returned with an ample wardrobe of her own, as well as the gift of her benefactress; but, with a good sense and propriety remarkable in one so young, she felt that such dresses were inappropriate to the home she now inhabited; so she made herself garments of plain domestic; and, when her father came in from his daily labour, in his shirt-sleeves, soiled perchance, and moist with the dew of toil, she did not shrink from his embracing arms, nor fear that her dress would be spoiled by the contact.

She often thought of the brother of her benefactress, wondered if he had returned to his native land, and whether he retained any recollection of the little girl he had so kindly instructed and so wisely counselled. But, as nearly three years had passed away, she gave up the hope of beholding him again, and feared he had found a grave in a foreign land.

It is not strange that the sudden appearance of the beautiful Bell and her brother should have ruffled the calm and uniform surface of her existence, or that the sparkling draught of social enjoyment, of which she had just tasted, should have awakened a thirst the pure waters of her own fountain could not quench.

The moment she saw her father she ran to meet him, took his straw hat from his hand, and sportively fanned his sun-browned face. The smile of grateful and admiring fondness with which the weary farmer greeted her, touched her with remorse for the vague repinings she was conscious of feeling a moment before.

"Oh! dear father," thought she, "let me think more of your comfort than of strangers I may never meet again."

If Frank had thought Rose pretty and graceful, under the cloud of embarrassment and constraint that obscured, in some measure, her natural attractions, how much more he would have admired her, as she flitted round her father, anticipating his wants and soothing him with her gentle caresses! He had compared her to the Lady of the Lake, and certainly she resembled Ellen in her devotion to her father and the grace

and tenderness of her filial attentions. While partaking of their supper, Rose told him of her visiters, and described, with animation, the beauty of Isabel, though she smiled at her affectation and caprice. The farmer looked grave when she told him of Frank's offer of books, which implied an intention of renewing his visit. He wanted his Rose to be seen and admired, yet he was anxious and troubled lest admiration should flow from a doubtful source. He could not bear to damp the pleasure with which she evidently dwelt on this incident, and he knew the modesty and simplicity of her character too well to fear of her being lured by mere fashionable graces. It was for her happiness he trembled, and yet how could he think of immuring her in perfect solitude, and suffering her blooming youth to pass away, like the flower of the oasis, unseen and unappreciated? After the first feeling of alarm had subsided, a pure and honest pride in her beauty and refinement lighted up his countenance. Perhaps the young man was of that noble, honourable class, to which her benefactress had belonged; and, through him, Rose might be restored to the sphere she was born and educated to adorn. While these thoughts swelled his bosom, he laid down his knife and fork, looked earnestly at Rose, then round the little stoup, beneath which they were seated, shook his head, took up his knife and fork, and said, almost unconsciously—

"Who knows? Who knows——?"

"Who knows what, father?"

"But what these young folks may prove very good friends to you, after all?"

"I hope so," replied Rose; "and yet I had better not indulge in hopes that may end in disappointment. It is more likely that they may never think of me again, and it is better that I banish them from my thoughts."

This was more easily said than done; but there is power in action, and Rose was superfluously industrious after the supper was over. She swept the floor after Hannah, though not a particle of dust was left upon it, and wiped over the cups and saucers with a dry napkin, though Hannah had made them shine with all the lustre of neatness.

"Are you never going to be ready to sit down to reading?" said the farmer. "What a bustling little body you are to-night!"

"Oh, yes, I am ready now. But let me brush your hair first, and smooth this rumpled shirt-collar. You know I've

no one to look at but you, and I love dearly to see you looking nice and comfortable. Now, take this old arm-chair, and tell me what I shall read. Suppose I soothe you with a little poetry to-night."

She took down the volume which she had seen in the hands of Frank, and began to flutter the leaves.

"I had rather listen to some of good old Plutarch's Lives. They mean something, and give a body something to think about afterwards. But, as for poetry, it comes in at one ear and goes out of the other. Never mind, please yourself, my darling; your voice will make anything pleasant."

Rose immediately exchanged the books, and cheerfully commenced what she had read at least a dozen times. Mr. Mayfield sat opposite his daughter, in the old arm-chair, with his hair as sleek and shining as comb and brush could make it, and his white shirt collar, relieving the hardy brown of his complexion. He sat gazing on his young daughter, whose fair brow was inclined over the book, while her rosy cheek rested in the hollow of her right hand. Her attitude was graceful, her face surpassingly sweet, and her voice was music itself. He gazed upon her with a fondness so intense that it deepened into sadness. She came out in such bright and beautiful relief, in that dark cabin, her accents glided so gently into his ear and sunk down so meltingly in his heart, that his eyes closed from excess of delight, and his ear grew heavy with its weight of melody. What a luxury for the toil-worn and weary man to leave behind him the labour and dust and burden of his day of care, and in the quiet and comfort of his own home to recline at ease, and look at and listen to such a daughter! It is no wonder such a state of luxurious content should compose the feeling for a deeper calm.

Rose was reading the history of Pætus and the devoted Arria. Her eye kindled and her cheek glowed over the record of her self-sacrificing and matchless love.

"Oh! father," said she, looking up and suffering the book to drop upon her lap, "I never, never can be tired of this. It is sad, but it awakens such exalted sentiments. I remember a beautiful little poem, written on this subject. I think it began thus:

> When Arria to her husband gave the sword,
> Which from her chaste and bleeding breast she drew,
> "Take this," she cried—"My Pætus, do not fear
> Sweet is the wound that has been given for you."

A sudden, loud, nasal sound arrested the poetical reminiscences of Rose. The poor, tired farmer was soothed into a deep sleep, and as his head was leaning backward, he was indulging in a most anti-heroic snore. The enthusiasm of Rose gave a quick, painful rebound to her own bosom. She had often experienced a similar shock, but never had she felt it so acutely. It jarred on every nerve; she could not help contrasting the discordant notes with the music of Bell's gay laugh—the accents of the graceful and gallant Frank. She felt more intensely than she had ever done before, the want of sympathy, the want of congenial youth and refinement, and despised herself for experiencing it. She would not have wakened her father for the world, but she went softly behind him and insinuated a pillow between his head and the chair, thereby closing the open gates from which the sonorous breathings came forth.

Such was the tenor of the life of the young Rose; one evening was the epitome of the next, and the next. How different was the lot of the brilliant and capricious Bell! And yet Rose was the happier of the two; she had a self-sustaining principle within; she looked to God above, and then into her own pure heart, to see His image there.

The paths of these two young maidens widely diverged, and yet, as they may perchance approach more closely, we must follow, first one and then the other, in their different orbits.

Bell had now a new object of interest, that roused her from the ennui that so often oppressed. It was singular, but her admiration of Mr. Urvin was not diminished by his expressed reluctance to her society. It was rather increased. There were many moments when she despised herself for being a *belle*, as much as she did the insipid beings who fed her vanity with the fuel of adulation—when she felt more than willing to barter the incense of the multitude, for the sincere but silent homage of one true and noble heart. She wanted something to look up to and reverence—something to stir the unsounded depths within. She could not reverence her mother, for she had no qualities to inspire veneration—she was "of the earth, earthy." Frank was too near her own age, too gay and mischievous, too much on her own level. She could not look up to him. But Mr. Urvin! how high he seemed to tower above all surrounding objects! So lofty, so dignified, with eyes so darkly eloquent, and mien so cold, yet so strangely attractive! She had now but one thought, one wish—to over-

come his prejudices, to conquer his proud reluctance, and triumph at last in the possession of his admiration.

Mrs. Raymond had an almost insane desire to cultivate acquaintance of foreigners and travellers of distinction. had seen, with pique and resentment, Mr. Urvin's avoid of her daughter, but he was too distinguished to be given without an effort. His reputation for wealth and tal threw a dazzling *prestige* round him, more hallowed in aristocratic eyes than the halo that encircles with golden g the brows of saints and martyrs. She gave a splendid pa for the sole purpose of inviting him, and urged Bell to ap as simple as possible, in dress and manner. But Bell, wi strange caprice, or perhaps from the fear of having her feelings detected, would wear her most glittering attire, instead of flowers, wreathed her brow with costly g She would not have Mr. Urvin suppose that she wished attract his attention, or gratify his pride by subservienc his tastes. Of course, an introduction was unavoidable. was as a *belle*, she was resolved to triumph—as a conque she would bind him in golden chains to her car of vict To his grave, respectful, yet most graceful salutation, she sponded with those bewitching smiles which others had nounced irresistible. To his intelligent, manly, and interes remarks, she replied at first with some of those airy nothi which generally pass for brilliant wit, and had there not b something in her clear blue eye that seemed to shame the f of her lips, and had not the roses, coming and going on cheeks, appeared to blush for her affectation, it is prob Mr. Urvin would have left her side, with his prejud against *belles* deepened, instead of being subdued. As it he felt amused and interested, for there is a charm in yo and beauty, after all, to which the gravest philosophers compelled to bow. She questioned him of his travels, while listening to his eloquent description of foreign la forgot her wish to shine and captivate, and, without know it, appeared as natural as Rose herself. The influence c commanding mind was upon her, and a charm—a spell known before—bound her to the spot. She forgot to her ringlets with that little sportive motion which had b called so graceful. She forgot to pick off, with her white sparkling fingers, the green leaves of her beautiful bouq or to play a thousand fantastic tricks with her ivory f She stood an entranced and eager listener, feeling as if

doors of her understanding were just opening, and sunbeams darting dazzingly in. She longed to ask him the definition of a *belle*, but she dared not do it. She had lost the assumed boldness with which she commenced her attack, and it could not be recalled.

Just before the evening closed, when her spirits were as elastic as the air she breathed, she was passing through the folding doors, within which Mr. Urvin was then standing, conversing with a group of gentlemen. He had his back towards her, and did not see her, though her robes swept lightly against him. He seemed engaged in earnest conversation, and she distinctly heard him utter the name of Rose Mayfield. For a moment her footsteps involuntarily paused, then she hurried on through a side door, nor stopped till she found herself in the garden, in whose shaded walks she was sure of escaping observation. It was astonishing what an electric spark the mere pronunciation of that name had given her. What possible association could there be with this proud, stately, and wealthy gentleman, moving in the very highest walks of society, and the poor and humble Rose? He had probably seen her accidentally, as she had done, and admired the simplicity of her character and the unadorned graces of her person. Had not Frank said she was just the person to charm him? Was she not the very opposite to that object of his abhorrence, a *belle*? In an instant she arrived at the most surprising conclusions. He was the betrothed lover of Rose—those books were his gift—he would raise her to rank and affluence, and they would meet in the social circle, and even her mother would be constrained to tolerate her as the bride of the admired Mr. Urvin.

It was the most unfortunate thing in the world that she had ever heard that name, sweet and simple as it was, for it acted like an evil spell, and banished all her enjoyment. She tried to conceal her feelings, but when she returned to her guests, her cheek was paler, and her manner devoid of animation.

"Bell, my love," said her mother, "what *is* the matter? Are you fatigued? Do try to rally a little. I see Mr. Urvin coming this way. Every one is speaking of the impression you have made on him. It is such a triumph, Bell. I'm sure I wonder you do not exult at your success. There, I am glad to see the colour coming back to your cheeks."

"I am tired, mother—tired to death," said Bell, pettishly. "I do wish every one would go—and as for Mr. Urvin, I

don't see what there is in him to make such a fuss about. I really think him a decided bore."

"Bell!" cried her mother, in a low voice, for she was fearful of being overheard, "you are the strangest girl I ever knew. You are never in the same mood three minutes in succession. You are the most capricious and spoiled of human beings."

"I know that, better than any one else, mother." The conversation was interrupted by the approach of Mr. Urvin, who came to make his parting bow.

"Oh! that I dared to ask him what he knew of Rose Mayfield!" thought Bell. "Yet, that he knows her at all, is sufficient to prove all my fears."

Fears! why should she fear the influence of Rose on this man, so lately a stranger? What was he to her, what could he ever be, even if the farmer's daughter were blotted from the scroll of existence? Again and again she asked herself this question, when, after the dispersion of the company, she sought her chamber, and threw herself wearily on the bed.

"Oh! you will spoil your beautiful dress!" exclaimed Anna, in most distressed accents.

"I don't care," replied her young mistress. "I never will wear it again. I detest all this finery, jewels and all. Take off the dress and keep it, and never let me see it again."

"It is too fine for me," cried the delighted girl. "I could not think of robbing you of it. But how shall I take it off, while you are lying down?"

"Wait, then, till I am ready," said Bell, without thinking of the poor, tired waiting-maid, who could scarcely keep her weary eyelids from falling together. She did not mean to be unkind, but she was so absorbed in her own new and bewildering thoughts, she forgot even her presence as soon as she ceased speaking. She lay for a long time—a strange and radiant figure to be reclining there—when the girl, overcome by fatigue, sunk down upon the floor and bent her head upon the bed-cover. Roused from her abstraction by the suddenness of the motion, Bell's heart smote her for her thoughtlessness and selfishness. She rose and suffered herself to be undressed, thinking how much less trouble Rose Mayfield's simple toilet must be than hers, with all its splendid decorations! Ah! how little did Rose dream of being an object of envy to the vain and beautiful Bell!

CHAPTER III.

"Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
With the bonnie lass o' Ballodomyle."—BURNS.

"If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.
Nae treasures, nae pleasures,
Could make us happy long—
The heart aye's the part aye,
That makes us right or wrong."—IBID.

Is it supposed that Frank submitted to maternal authority, and never more returned to the cottage, where the silver fountain gushed? If it is, it is a great mistake. He had made a promise to Rose, which he felt bound, as a man of honour, not to violate. So, with an elegant pocket edition of Shakspeare, which he had employed at least a day in marking, he started for the farmer's cabin without warning even Bell of his design. As he rode up to the door, he caught a glimpse of the bright face of Rose through the light, drooping leaves of the acacia, and the tree seemed in rosy bloom. The flower exhibited still deeper bloom as he entered. The spontaneous delight which Rose felt on finding that she was not forgotten, illumined her whole face. Frank wondered that he had thought her pretty before, she so infinitely transcended her former self. Her dress, though still the perfection of neatness, was far more becoming. Perhaps Rose herself could hardly analyze the motive that induced her, since the visit of the brother and sister, to pay more attention to her toilet, especially in the after part of the day. She discovered that a modest gingham frock was not too fine for a farmer's daughter, and then her father loved so dearly to see her dressed with care! The hue of her garment was blue—Frank's favourite colour—and a wild flower, dyed in sapphire, was set like a gem in her dark brown hair.

Frank saw that he was welcome, and the conviction that he was so, removed the slight embarrassment he had felt on his

entrance. He had dreaded coldness and constraint, since he came unaccompanied by his sister; he had prepared himself for a refusal of his book; he had thought it possible she could not see him at all. Perhaps the farmer himself might make his appearance, and tell him to keep at a respectful distance from his daughter. After dwelling on the possibility, nay, even the probability of these things, it may be imagined how extremely pleasant it was to meet the bright smile, the kindling blush, that assured him of modest welcome. The volume he brought was illustrated, and this gave him an admirable excuse for sitting down by the side of Rose to show her the engravings. Then he offered to read to her, while she continued her sewing, combining, in this way, the pleasures of literature and industry. Frank was a magnificent reader, and none but such should ever attempt the dramas of Shakspeare. Rose had heard them read before, by the brother of Mrs. Chandler; but his voice, like the organ, was fitted only for the sublime and majestic intonations of the darker passions; it could not play like Frank's, from the light play of Mercutio's wit, to the impassioned breathings of Romeo's love—then again from the insidious malice of Iago, to the terrific ravings of Othello's jealousy. Rose listened with a charmed ear. The work fell from her hands, while her eye, fixed upon the reader, changed its expression with every varying sentiment. It is no wonder that Frank felt inspired, when, ever and anon, looking up from his book, he saw such eyes riveted with unconscious interest on his face.

"Have you never attended the theatre?" asked he, abruptly.

"Never."

"You must go. Of how much pleasure have you been robbed! You must visit the city—you must go to the theatre. You must see something of the world, from which you have been so long excluded. It is a sin and a shame that you should be buried here in this solitude. Are you contented, Rose? Forgive my familarity, but I cannot help calling you so."

"I suspect I have my share of contentment," she replied with a smile, though a shade passed over her brow. "I ought to be happy, I am sure, for I reign absolute Queen of this little realm. My wishes are laws as absolute as those of the Medes and Persians. If I am tempted to sigh for pleasures beyond my reach, I find an antidote for discontent in my

books and flowers, and the music of the singing fountain. Is your sister perfectly happy? Are *you?*"

"Yes! I am perfectly happy at this moment. A rose-leaf could not find room on the brimming cup of my felicity. If I did not look from that window and see the sun sinking lower and lower, and know there would soon be a limit to my happiness, I could defy the philosophy of Solon. Oh! for another Joshua to stay the evolutions of yon golden wheel!"

Frank rose to depart. He felt that he could not, with propriety, linger till a later hour.

"May I ask you to accompany me to the fountain?" said he, glad to find an excuse to prolong his stay a little longer. "I do not understand its mysteries, and I cannot go without a drink of its sparkling waters."

Rose led the way to the fountain, bearing in her hand a silver cup, one of the costliest gifts of her benefactress. Frank thought it was tin till he took it in his own hand, and then he wondered at the pure massive silver, on which the name of Rose was engraven, as much as he did at the silvery refinement of her language and the grace of her manners.

"You were not educated in this cottage, Rose?" said he, in a tone of earnest interest. "Think me not too inquisitive and impertinent, but tell me where you have acquired this mysterious grace and elegance, which contrasts so strangely with everything around and about you?"

"I'm sure nothing can be more graceful than the fall of the fountain," answered she, playfully, "or more elegant than this clustering foliage. But," added she, in a tone of deep feeling, "you are right in your supposition. For more than ten years I was under the guardianship of the best, the purest, the most refined of human beings. All that I am in heart and soul, I owe to her precepts and example. She is dead, but her memory is the polar star of my existence, to which the magnet of my spirit for ever turns."

She spoke with enthusiasm, and tears trembled bright as the spray of the fountain in the soft depths of her eyes.

"Oh! that my mother could see her—could hear her!" thought Frank. "She shall see her—she shall hear her—and her aristocratic prejudices shall be charmed away by the magic of her presence."

Slowly they sauntered back to the cottage, and very slowly did Frank mount his horse for so young and gay a gentleman. Rose stood in the door-way, in the mellow beams of the setting

sun. One of the sapphire-coloured flowers fell from her hair as she leaned against the frame-work. Frank sprang from his horse, and, picking it up, hid it in the folds of his vest.

"When I come again I will bring you some flowers from Bell's green-house," said he, "to indemnify you for the loss of this."

"Will she never come again herself?" asked Rose, pained at having received no message from the capricious beauty.

Frank blushed, remembering his mother's prohibition. He hardly knew what to reply.

"She did not know I was coming. I was selfish, and wished no one to share the welcome I was bold enough to think was in store for me. She has not forgotten you, I assure you."

When Frank returned home he took very good care to keep out of his mother's way, fearing she would ask him where he had been. How often from this time he visited the cottage, she never knew, and perhaps he did not know himself. He learned to measure time by a new chronometer—and that was the old-fashioned hour glass on the farmer's old deal-table.

One afternoon, just as he was turning into the path which led to the farmer's gate, he was surprised by the approach of a gentleman on horseback, coming from the house, and his surprise was not diminished when he recognised the stately bearing, and dark, flashing countenance of Mr. Urvin. A glance of mutual astonishment and dissatisfaction passed between them, as, with rather a cold bow, they rode by each other. Frank's face glowed with crimson as he saw Mr. Urvin look sarcastically at the magnificent bouquet which he had fastened, in some mysterious manner, to his saddle-bow, and at the bundle of books which he carried under his left arm. In spite of all his efforts to resume his self-possession, it was with the air of an indignant and deeply-injured man that he entered the room where Rose was seated, perfectly unconscious of his approach or entrance. She was leaning on the table with her head bowed down upon her hands, while her bosom heaved with suppressed sobs. Frank threw the books upon the table without speaking, but the noise made her start and suddenly lift her head. She smiled through showering tears, and hastily wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, endeavoured to efface the traces of her deep emotion. Frank looked so cross and sombre that her smile vanished, and a pause of mutual embarrassment succeeded

"I fear I am an intruder this evening," said Frank, tossing the flowers on the table, instead of offering them to her with one of his graceful and gallant speeches. "You seem very much preoccupied."

"I must be pardoned if I am so," replied Rose, surprised and wounded by his cold and altered manner. "All the remembrances of my childhood and earlier youth have been most powerfully and vividly awakened by the visit of a friend from whom I have been long separated. I did not know I was so much of a child still."

Again she paused and wiped her glistening eyes. "This friend is Mr. Urvin, I presume, whom I met at your gate," said Frank, in a voice which had lost all its music.

"Yes! the brother of my benefactress—the guide, the counsellor of my youthful mind. I have not seen him since the death of his sister, and we both felt, in all its first force, our irreparable loss. It was mine," continued she, with quivering lip, "to repeat to him the last words of this angelic woman."

It was natural to suppose that Frank would have sympathized in her sensibility, and exerted himself in the task of consolation. But he was possessed of that demon whose name is Legion, and which human reason never yet cast out. Never was a being so transformed. He could not sit still and talk calmly with such a fever burning in his veins. He rose and went to the window, and made terrible destruction among the green leaves that curtained the casement.

"Has anything displeased you?" asked Rose, with inexpressible sweetness of manner, after watching him for some time pulling off the leaves, crushing them in his fingers, and hurling them through the air with a look of determined hostility.

Ashamed of his rudeness, yet unable to conquer the feeling which caused it, he turned round and took a seat. The flush had left his cheek, and Rose was struck by his unusual paleness.

"You are not well," she exclaimed, with sudden apprehension. "How exceedingly pale you look! Let me run to the fountain and bring you some water."

"No, no!" cried he, thoroughly ashamed of the passion which had subdued him. "I am well. It is nothing but a fit of ill-humour. Can you forgive me for being so cross and unamiable?"

"On condition that you tell me the cause of the phenomenon."

"I know I have no cause to be displeased," said Frank, and he had the grace to stammer a little; "but, knowing the perfect seclusion in which you live, you cannot wonder at my astonishment on seeing a man whose splendid endowments are the admiration of the fashionable world, your departing guest. The deep emotions he has called forth are another mystery. I dreamed not of this time-honoured intimacy. I did not know that the being existed who exercises such commanding influence on your sensibilities."

"That is, you find me not quite so lone and friendless as you imagined me to be," said Rose, an unwonted fire sparkling in her eye.

"And yet this friend has been for many weeks in the city," said Frank, as if struck with a sudden thought, his countenance brightening as he spoke. "And, if I understand you right, this is the first time he has visited you. How can you reconcile this with his early friendship?"

"By his total ignorance of my abode. When he left the country I was an inmate of his sister's family; at her death I returned to my own home. He knew not the location of that humble home, and, though he has made constant inquiries, it was not till this morning that he ascertained it. He is too noble, too generous, too great in mind, and too warm in heart to forget those, however lowly, whom he has once honoured with his regard."

She spoke with warmth, and every glowing word fell cold as ice on the heart of Frank. She loved him. How could she help it? Was not the apparently heartless Bell herself enthralled by the fascinations of this man? and what was he in comparison? a mere mote in a sunbeam. He had been indulging in a charming dream, but it was past. He had deceived himself with the idea that Rose liked him; that she regarded him with a growing preference. Her smiles and blushes were so eloquent; and then how often had he imagined he had seen the love-light beaming in her modest, but expressive eyes! Yet he could not accuse her of art or coquetry. He had so far mastered the demon within him as to do justice to her worth, and was magnanimous enough even to justify her choice.

"Here are some books which I have brought you," said he; "you may find something to interest you in their pages.

I hope so, at least, as it is not likely I shall see you again very soon."

"Why not?" ejaculated Rose, in a low voice.

"I do not feel as if my presence here could impart much pleasure, or my absence regret. You have other dearer friends, with whose claims I would not interfere, even if I had the presumption to believe that I had any counter-influence."

"I am not so rich in friends that I can afford to lose one as soon as I have found another," said Rose, giving him a glance of mingled reproach and displeasure. "There are no claims with which your kindness could interfere—there is no influence hostile to your own."

"Ah! but there are some feelings which will not bear partnership," exclaimed he, with a kindling countenance.

Just at this moment a side-gate opened, and farmer Mayfield was seen approaching, with his shirt-sleeves rolled above his elbows, and his gleaming scythe cradled on his shoulder. Rose started and drew back with a heightened colour. Frank bade her a hasty adieu, mounted his horse, and was out of sight of the cottage before the farmer had hung his scythe in its accustomed place. Then he repented the hasty impulse which had led him to avoid the father, as if ashamed of himself, or the honest and hard-labouring man. Slackening his pace, he rode leisurely along, trying to cool the fever of his thoughts. He hung his hat on the pommel of the saddle, so that the twilight breeze could blow upon his fervid brow, and fixing his eye on the evening star—that fairest gem in the resplendent diadem of night—watched the little white fleecy clouds, one by one, glide over it, turning to silver as they passed, then melt away in the soft tranquillity of the azure firmament.

Mrs. Raymond had been so absorbed by her schemes for Bell, and her plans to secure for her the exclusive devotion of Mr. Urvin, that she had, in a measure, lost sight of Frank. As he had said nothing more of Rose, she imagined that there was no possible danger from that source, and Bell had never mentioned that her name had ever been breathed by the lips of Mr. Urvin. Many a time had Bell formed the resolution of speaking to *him* of the farmer's daughter, but an unconquerable dread of having her fears confirmed, always paralyzed her tongue. Though she dared not think he had any peculiar interest in herself, there was no one in her own circle whose rivalship she feared, and she felt sure she had conquered his

horror of a *belle*. He evidently sought her society, and paid her the great and unmistakable compliment of addressing her as a rational, intelligent, and immortal being. Mrs. Raymond grew very impatient at this state of things, and counselled Bell to assume certain airs and graces, which she had the good sense to perceive would only create disgust or ridicule.

The evening after Frank's exciting visit to Rose, as he was lounging on a sofa, near which his mother was seated, while Bell flitted about the room, superfluously busy about nothing, some chord of remembrance was struck which vibrated to the name of Rose Mayfield. It might have been a dried acacia sprig, put as a mark in one of Frank's books, or a withered rose, or the engraving of a cottage, but whatever it was, the image of Rose came, a charming vision before her mind's eye, and forgetting the presence of her mother, Bell suddenly asked Frank when he had seen Rose Mayfield.

Roused from a deep revery by the abrupt question, Frank, unprepared to make an evasive answer, and disdaining it if he were, replied:

"I saw her this very afternoon."

"This afternoon!" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond. "What! that farmer's daughter! that low girl, with whom I forbade you having the least intercourse! Frank, Frank, how basely you have deceived me!"

"I deny the charge!" cried Frank, springing up and looking as brave as a lion. "I have never deceived you. When you laid your commands upon me, I told you I was no longer a boy, nor would I be treated as such. I never promised obedience—I never meant to do so."

"Frank!" cried Mrs. Raymond, pale and trembling with passion. "Is this the respect I have a right to claim? This insolent defiance of my express prohibition—this outrage to propriety—this disregard of your own social position—this shocking example to your sister!"

"In everything else I have tried to conform to your wishes, mother, but I cannot adopt your narrow prejudices, or sacrifice the happiness of my whole life to cold, heartless pride."

"Frank, there is not another gentleman in this city, who would degrade himself as you have done!"

"What do you think of your admired Mr. Urvin—your glass of fashion and your mould of form? Did I not meet him this very afternoon, riding from her gate? He is her most intimate friend; the brother of the lady in whose home

she was educated, and where she acquired that exquisite refinement and grace of manner I have never seen equalled. Ask him the next time you see him, what *he* thinks of Rose Mayfield."

"Mr. Urvin!" repeated Mrs. Raymond, in a raised voice. "I cannot believe he has any interest in her, unless it may be charity. His attentions to Bell have been too marked and exclusive to allow of such a thing, even if he were tempted to stoop so low."

"Mother!" cried Bell, whose face had turned as pale as death, while Frank was speaking, "Mr. Urvin has never committed himself to me, by word or look. He has never manifested for me more than the interest of a friend—never."

"Everybody is talking about his attentions to you, and your admiration of him. Everybody is congratulating me on your brilliant prospects. It is your own fault, if he is not your declared lover—if you charm him one moment, you repel him the next. A girl with half your attractions might have secured him long ago."

"Mother!" said Bell, with a dignity of manner so unwonted, so unnatural, that Mrs. Raymond almost doubted her identity. "I have never tried to secure or captivate Mr. Urvin. I formed the rash design of doing so, when I heard he avoided an introduction to me. But in his presence, every vain and foolish thought dies within me. I only feel his immeasurable superiority, and the scorn and contempt he must feel for every little and low-born artifice. I have never thought myself worthy of him. I believe Rose Mayfield to be so. The first evening he ever was here, I overheard him utter her name in a tone of no common interest, and I felt a conviction that he loved her. I am sorry for it, for Frank's sake."

"Really!" cried Mrs. Raymond, getting more and more angry, "you will drive me crazy, talking about this girl. If I thought Frank had one serious thought of marrying such a one as she—of linking himself to such low connexions—he should never darken these doors again."

"Well, mother, I have had a great many serious thoughts about marrying her, and I have not given them up yet, in spite of my formidable rival. I am determined to enter the lists with him, and he who wins must wear her."

"I suppose you will assist your honourable father-in-law in the work of the farm," said his mother, in a cold, jeering tone.

"I should not think myself degraded by so doing. That

little cabin would be to me lovely as the bowers of Eden, with a Rose, sweet as the rose of Sharon, blooming there for me."

"Ridiculous! absurd! insulting!" cried Mrs. Raymond, traversing the carpet with the true tragedy step. "If you must talk in this outrageous manner, I desire you to leave the room. Your presence is too oppressive."

"Willingly, my dear mother. I was just thinking of taking a walk in the garden. Come, Bell—the star-light is beautiful, and the night-breeze is laden with the fragrance of a thousand flowers."

Winding his arm round Bell, they were about to leave the room together, when suddenly turning back, he approached his mother, and said:

"I am sorry, I am grieved, that I have displeased you, my mother. Forgive me, if I have uttered anything disrespectful or defying. I would not forget my duty as a son, while I assert my independence as a man. Will you not give me your hand in token of reconciliation?"

"I want no hollow professions," replied she, turning haughtily away, and rejecting his offered hand. "Actions speak louder than unmeaning words. There can be no reconciliation that is not founded on obedience."

The brother and sister left their exasperated mother, and sought the balmy stillness of the flower garden. They walked in silence till they reached an arbour of lattice work, literally covered with odoriferous vines. There they sat down, when all at once Bell leaned her head upon his shoulder and burst into tears. He did not ask her why she wept, for his heart told him why. But he was strangely affected by tears falling so copiously from eyes so unused to weep. His own eyes glistened with sympathy, and pressing her tenderly to him, he said:

"If we are both doomed to be unhappy by the same cause, and our mother casts us in anger away, we will only cling more closely to each other, Bell, and love each other with a fonder, deeper, love."

CHAPTER IV.

"Look on a love, which knows not to despair,
But all unquenched, is still my better part—
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,
As dwells the gathered lightning in the cloud."—BYRON.

"Riches, like insects,
Wait but for wings, and in a moment fly."—POPE.

R. URVIN purchased an elegant house, and had it fur-
ed according to his own classic and magnificent taste—a
wed lady, a distant relative of his, presided over the
lishment—and the world said all this was preparatory to
marriage with Bell Raymond. When invitations were
d for a party at this splendid Bachelor's Hall, as it was
d, a thrill of pleasurable excitement went through the
t of the social circle. But the deepest thrill was felt in
Raymond's vain, ambitious bosom.
This," thought she, "will be a decisive moment. Should
istinguish Bell by public attention in his own home, it
be equivalent to a declaration. As for this country girl,
k's jealousy has exaggerated her pretensions. Very
y his sister might have taken her as a companion or an
rling, and if Bell did hear him mention her name, he was
ably recommending her as a chambermaid or a seamstress.
ver saw anything like the infatuation of these children."
ell looked forward to the evening with no anticipations of
nph. A great change had come over her. The light
flimsy materials which had long disguised the naturally fine
ortions of her character, had gradually been burning out
he pure and vestal flame kindled in her heart. Vanity
love cannot exist together, they cannot breathe the same
sphere; for humility, with softening shadow, follows the
teps of love, and the eye, fixed with adoring gaze on the
ections of another, forgets to admire its own radiance.
ell was indeed greatly changed. Her mother scolded and
ed, and said that she was grown dull and stupid, and
ally losing her beauty for want of animation. Bell had
ed to think that beauty was not the only charm that

could captivate the heart of man. The dark, searching eye, whose glance rested upon her with such power and intensity, penetrated far deeper than the surface, and she felt as if there was a kind of omniscience in its beam—as if all her folly and waywardness were laid bare before it, neutralizing the transient admiration that beauty might inspire.

It was late when they entered the crowded rooms, for Mrs. Raymond always liked to create a sensation wherever she went. As they passed along with slow steps through the human waves that divided to make a passage for them, to the lady of the house, Bell started as if a shock of electricity ran through her frame. Through the vista made by the opening, she saw their host, at the upper end of the illuminated apartment, and standing by him, with her arm linked in his, was a young girl, whom she had never before met in the halls of wealth and fashion. And in unadorned white, she was not more conspicuous for the simplicity of her dress, than for her sweet and blooming loveliness. She looked like a rose freshly plucked from the wild wood, in all its dewy fragrance and purity.

"Who is that beautiful girl leaning on the arm of Mr. Urvin?" asked Mrs. Raymond in a tone of wonder and alarm.

Bell looked everywhere but at the right place. She felt a mysterious reluctance to mention aloud a name which would ring as the death-knell of all her hopes. Mrs. Raymond repeated the question impatiently of Frank, whom she had by no means restored to favour. He, for reasons best known to himself, was equally blind and obtuse. He could not distinguish Mr. Urvin, though his stately figure rose above all that surrounded him. He turned his head to the right and left—looked everywhere but straight before him—while his face reddened and his brow contracted. In the mean time, Mr. Urvin said something in a low voice to the young lady, who, withdrawing her arm, drew modestly back from the blaze of the chandelier, while Mr. Urvin advanced to meet his guests. Mrs. Raymond's jealous fears were somewhat soothed by the manner in which he accosted Bell, offered her his arm, and requested the privilege of introducing her to a young friend of his, who was a stranger in the city, and to whom he had promised the pleasure of her acquaintance. Mrs. Raymond's eyes eagerly followed the graceful figure of her daughter, so beautifully contrasted with the tall form of her conductor, and as he bowed his head, evidently conversing with her in a low,

earnest voice, till his sable hair almost touched her lustrous ringlets, her hopes rose from their unexpected prostration.

"There, Frank! you can see her now. She is standing by that flower-stand yonder," repeated she. "What a beautiful profile, and fine-turned head! Who can she be?"

"Do you think her pretty?" asked Frank, in a tone of indifference. "Really, you have a strange taste! Do you not think there is something low and vulgar in her air? I shrewdly suspect she is a *parvenue*."

"I ought not to wonder at your difference of opinion," said his mother in a tone of sarcasm, "since you have lately given such a proof of the refinement and fastidiousness of your own taste. This young lady has a decidedly distinguished air, and must be somebody, or Mr. Urvin would not have honoured her by his attention. See—he is introducing her to Bell. Why don't you go and seek an introduction yourself, instead of looking so red and stupid, and staring at her so strangely?"

"Well, I will go, and then introduce her to you, mother. Perhaps she will look better on a nearer view."

Mrs. Raymond seated herself where she could watch the trio, now standing by the pyramid of flowering plants, which formed a blooming back-ground to their figures, and brought them out in strong relief.

"Frank seems to have made an impression," thought she, noting the radiant blush and smile with which she received his low bow. "He *is* a handsome boy, and knows how to make himself agreeable, too. Perhaps this young lady is an heiress. If she is, Heaven grant that she may cure him of his disgraceful partiality for that farmer's daughter! But supposing Mr. Urvin himself——"

She would not admit the painful suggestion that pressed upon her thoughts. It was not very long before Frank approached her, arm in arm with the beautiful stranger. It is seldom, on a first introduction, especially in a buzzing crowd, that one hears the name distinctly. Perhaps Frank did not articulate as clearly as usual, or her hearing might be a little obtuse. She certainly understood him to say Miss Haymead, and nothing could exceed the cordial politeness of her manner.

Frank had expected a start of amazement, a look of embarrassment and displeasure. He could not account for the smiling ease and suavity which animated her manner, but he rejoiced in it. He soon, however, was made aware of the

truth, by her addressing the young lady as Miss Haymead. Whether Rose (for every one must know that it was Rose Mayfield thus suddenly transplanted among the exotics of fashion) did not notice the mistake, or whether she was deterred from correcting it by the flashing movement of Frank's eye, she suffered it to pass without comment. Mrs. Raymond appeared enchanted by her conversation, and Frank, yielding himself to the joyous influences of the present moment, forgot his jealous madness, and his spirits rose and sparkled and effervesced, till Rose caught the contagion and laughed as gayly as Bell had done in her own cottage home.

Frank was not allowed to monopolize one who was invested with the attractive charm of novelty, and who, rumour said, was a niece of the distinguished host. She was surrounded by admirers, eager to secure her attention, and even the beautiful Bell was eclipsed by the blooming cottage maid.

"Have you ascertained if she is an heiress, Frank?" asked Mrs. Raymond of her son.

"Yes, mother! She has an inheritance richer, by far, than any one in this assembly, and what is more, it is secured by such inalienable rights, that it cannot be taken away from her."

"I trust you will profit by the opportunity," cried the worldly, scheming woman. "She's evidently pleased with you, and I have no doubt you will succeed, if you try. You cannot now bestow a thought on the low girl, whom you pretended to admire so much."

"Nevertheless, mother, she is just as pretty and accomplished as this charming Miss Hayflower."

"Ridiculous! Let me hear no more of this folly."

"But Mr. Urvin—you forget him. How can I contend with such a powerful rival?"

"How do you know he is your rival? I told you before, that the world had given him to your sister, and his attentions have justified the report. Besides, you are much younger and handsomer than he is."

"Thank you for the compliment, mother; but she may not see with your eyes."

Before the company dispersed, she took the most elaborate pains to seek Miss Haymead and inquire her address, that she and her daughter might have the honour of calling on her.

"I reside in the country," answered the young girl, looking down, while a smile played upon her lips.

"Indeed! I shall certainly trouble Mr. Urvin to direct us to your residence."

"Your son has my address, madam," said Rose, with a blush which Mrs. Raymond hailed as the surety of his success. Another circumstance elated her spirits—Mr. Urvin accompanied Bell to the carriage, and wrapped her shawl around her with his own hands—an attention she had not seen him bestow upon a lady before.

"What a charming young lady Miss Haymead is!" exclaimed she, as the carriage rolled over the pavement.

"Miss who?" cried Bell, elevating her voice. Frank gave her arm an admonishing pinch, and whispered, "*hush!*"

"Miss Haymead! The young lady who created such a sensation to-night. I am sure you must know whom I mean."

"Oh, yes! the beautiful stranger. Were you really pleased with her, mother?"

"Pleased! I was charmed—and I am glad the scales have fallen from Frank's eyes at last, so that he can perceive what true beauty and gentility is."

Bell burst into one of her old musical laughs.

"I am glad to see you in such spirits," said her mother. "Mr. Urvin talked with you a great deal to-night. I hope he said something to the purpose."

"He never seems to utter an aimless word," was the reply.

"Precious are the words which the lips of wisdom utter," added she, in a low, soliloquizing voice.—

"They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the blest,
Which thought carefully tendeth, in the kindly garden of the heart.
They be sproutings of an harvest for eternity, bursting through the tilth of time,
Green promise of the golden wheat, that yieldeth angels' food.
They be drops of crystal dew, which the wings of seraphs scatter,
When on some brighter Sabbath, their plumes quiver most with delight."

"Why, Bell, I thought you did not know more than six lines of poetry by heart," said Frank.

"These are the *very six* lines I do know."

"And how came you to remember these?"

"I heard Mr. Urvin quote them."

"I think it was time he was saying something more sub-

stantial than poetry," interrupted Mrs. Raymond angrily. "Tell me, Bell, has he not spoken to you of marriage yet?"

"He has spoken of marriage in general, but not in particular, mother."

"I think he is old enough to make up his mind."

"You forget Rose Mayfield, mother, and what Frank told you about her."

The darkness of night concealed her countenance, and her mother did not notice the tremor of her voice.

"Rose Fiddlestick!" she exclaimed. "Never mention that girl's name in my presence again. It really makes me sick."

"And me, too," repeated Frank, scornfully. "I am quite disgusted with it, since I have heard that of Miss Haymead."

Mrs. Raymond felt as if she could have killed the fatted calf for her repentant prodigal as soon as they arrived at home, so delighted was she with the return of his native aristocracy.

It was well for her that she was unconscious of the terrible blow impending, though when it fell, it crushed—almost annihilated her—and she lay a miserable victim beneath the ruins of wealth and pride. The ——— Bank, in which all her property was invested, failed, and hundreds who were rolling in affluence, were reduced to sudden penury. The brother and sister were at first stunned and dismayed, and then Bell wept and sobbed like a heart-broken child. But after this ebullition of passionate regret, it was astonishing with what calmness and fortitude she looked the future in the face, dark and threatening as it seemed. Her mind, with elastic power, rebounded from the pressure beneath which her mother impotently groaned, and she exulted in the consciousness of new-born energies. Frank, too, was grave and thoughtful, but not despairing. It was for Bell he trembled, not for himself; but when he saw her so brave and self-relying, it made him doubly strong.

"I am not going to shed another tear, Frank," said she. "I feel now, that I shall have an aim for which to live. I remember a remark of Mr. Urvin's, *that labour was the great sacrament of life.* Is not that a noble sentiment? I am sure I shall feel happier to be doing something, than leading such a useless, idle, and selfish existence, as I have hitherto done."

"Yes, it must be very noble to labour. But what can *you* do? I can work—I can toil—I can do either head-work or hand-work; but what can you do with those fair, feeble hands, and that little girlish head?"

"I can do a great deal, sir. I can teach a school, give music or embroidery lessons. Drawing and painting I understand. I am willing to do anything but take in sewing. I believe that would kill me."

"*I* shall be able to support you and mother both. *You* shall never toil for a subsistence."

"We must give up this beautiful house," said Bell.

"And get some neat little cottage in the country," cried Frank, "with a small farm and a dairy."

"Oh! that will be delightful," exclaimed Bell; "but poor mother! I fear she will never be happy again. It is dreadful to hear her bewailings and murmurs. What shall we do with her?"

Yes, what was to be done with Mrs. Raymond? That was the question. She was the most refractory and unmanageable being in the world. While her children were bravely wrestling with their destiny, in all their youth and inexperience, appealing to her for counsel and encouragement, she gave herself up to frantic and impatient grief. She would not hear of giving up the house she inhabited, with its costly and elegant furniture, and live in some little mean hovel, which *they*, with their grovelling tastes, might be satisfied in. *She* was not sunk so low as that. Bell should never degrade herself by teaching school or giving private lessons. Frank should never perform a hireling's duty, or accept a hireling's wages.

"But what shall we live upon, mother?" asked the son. "How shall we pay our daily expenses?"

"How do other people live, who have failed, I should like to know? I know many a family which has kept up the same style as before, only more elegant and luxurious. We can do as they do."

"Oh! mother, how can you speak in this manner to your children, who are willing to do anything for themselves and you?" cried Frank, his cheek burning with the hue of shame.

"There is certainly no need of raising all this hue and cry at present. No one is going to turn us out of house and home. A family occupying the rank which ours does, will be treated with more consideration. As for you, you have nothing to do but to address Miss Haymead immediately, and secure her fortune; and as for you, Bell, a very little manœuvring will bring Mr. Urvin, cold and haughty as he is, to your feet."

"Oh! mother!" it was Bell's turn to exclaim, "will you

never understand me? When I first saw him of whom you now speak, I was vain and bold enough to meditate the conquest of his noble heart, willing even to stoop to artifice and manœuvring, to effect my design. But now, since I know him, and know myself better, I should as soon think of alluring the sun from his central throne, as to dream of winning him by those light and meretricious acts his influence has taught me to loathe and to scorn. No, mother," continued she—and her blue eye lighted up with the enthusiasm she had long kept down in her bosom, as something too sacred for show, and shed a sudden glory upon her face—"were he freely and unsought, to offer me his love, and were I worthy of such a gift, a long life were all too short to prove my gratitude and joy. But never, never speak of it again. It is humiliating to us both."

Without waiting for her mother to reply, Bell hurried from the room, sighing for the want of that maternal sympathy and support for which her yearning spirit vainly sought.

Mr. Urvin did not desert them in these darkened moments. He came more frequently, was more kind and assiduous than ever. With equal delicacy and generosity, he offered all the assistance which, as a friend, he felt privileged to bestow. Mrs. Raymond would eagerly have availed herself of his *politeness*, as she called it, but the children struggled nobly with her selfish resolve.

"We can never repay him," they said; "we cannot live under the burthen of obligations so painfully incurred. We *must* rely on ourselves, and we never shall be younger, stronger, or more able to cope with our destiny."

In spite of the frowns and reproaches of her mother, Bell unfolded her plans to Mr. Urvin, and frankly asked his advice as to the best course to be adopted. His countenance lighted up with pleasure as she spoke. The glance he bent upon her was full of encouragement and approbation.

"I know your motives," said he. "I admire your resolution. I thank you warmly for your confidence in my friendship and your appeal to my judgment. I will do anything in the world to assist your noble design. I have no doubt you will find in your accomplishments an ample resource, and your brother's talents will enable him to secure some office of honour and emolument."

"Do you advise *my* daughter to advertise as a hireling, for

wages!" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, a hot, red flush spreading over her face.

"I would advise her to follow the noble impulse that urges her to gird herself for the trials and discipline of life, madam."

"But the disgrace, Mr. Urvin!"

"There is no disgrace in the performance of duty. There is honour, there is glory in it. Believe me, madam, your daughter will be far more worthy of admiration, giving lessons in music and drawing, in your present emergency, than as the *belle* of a brilliant assembly, the cynosure of beauty and fashion."

Bell looked towards him, her eyes radiant with gratitude. How strong, how hopeful, how happy she felt! She longed to begin her new life of duty and self-exertion. She talked with animation of the future, which brightened in the sunshine of Mr. Urvin's approving smile. Never had she seen him smile so benignly. Never had his voice sounded so gently in her ear. Did he indeed love Rose Mayfield?

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, as soon as he had departed, "it is all over now. If he ever thought of marrying you, he would never counsel you to take such a course. That is certain. You might have had him if you had followed my advice, instead of turning into such a poor, hum-drum, spiritless thing. Ah, me! who would wish to be a mother?"

Poor Mrs. Raymond!

CHAPTER V.

"She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame."—COLERIDGE.

"Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me."—SHAKSPEARE.

In spite of the opposition of Mrs. Raymond, the proposed plans were carried into operation. The house was given up for one suited to their altered circumstances. Bell, through the influence of Mr. Urvin, who assumed all the responsibilities of her instalment, obtained as many pupils in music and drawing as she desired. Frank accepted the office of clerk in

one of the largest mercantile establishments in the city. The merchant had been a friend of his late father, and was anxious to assist the young man who was willing to assist himself.

Thus the winter months passed away, and they might have been happy were it not for the peevish repinings of Mrs. Raymond. It is not probable that Frank had forgotten Rose, or that he did not occasionally visit the farmer's cottage. When his mother persecuted him about Miss Haymead, he always told her that he did visit and pay court to her, and that when he could hold his head a little higher he intended to propose.

One evening, after Bell had dismissed her pupils, she sat leaning her head on the piano, in a dejected, listless attitude. She felt that sudden subsidence of the spirits, that sinking of the heart which persons of ardent sensibility often experience, and for which they cannot account. The burden of life began to press a little heavier upon her. The excitement of novelty was long since past, and the monotony of her daily task at this moment assumed an aspect of absolute dreariness. She thought how sweet it would be to toil even ten times harder than she was compelled to do, sustained by the love of one whose name, even in thought, made all the pulses of her being thrill. His friendship was the most precious boon of heaven; but his love—Oh! that would be Heaven itself.

"Oh! not for me, not for me!" murmured she to herself, while the tears glided faster and faster down her pale cheeks.

"In tears, Bell!" exclaimed Mr. Urvin, entering at this moment with unusually gentle tread. "In tears!" repeated he, approaching her, and, sitting down by her, he took one of her trembling hands in his. "What has occurred to sadden this brave, resisting spirit?"

"Nothing," replied she, hastily. "I am very foolish—very childish—but sometimes there is such a balm in tears!"

"You are weary. Your life is too monotonous, too sedentary. Your burthen is greater than you can bear. Lean on me—my arm is strong, and my heart is firm. Sympathy, my poor child, is the sweetest privilege of friendship."

Laying his hand soothingly on her head, which bowed beneath his light touch, he drew still nearer to her. Then he talked to her in low, gentle, yet earnest accents, of the discipline of life; of the fire by which the gold of the heart must be purified of its dross; of the clouds of suffering, which, like those that gather round the setting sun, change to golden radiance beneath the rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

"Oh!" thought she, "if friendship is so sweet, so consoling, why should I sigh for love?"

"Would you not like to relinquish your present toilsome mode of existence?" he asked. "Have you never dreamed of happiness which cannot be enjoyed alone? Does your heart feel no dearth, no void, which the consciousness of duties performed, which even the hope of Heaven cannot fill?"

Never had he spoken with such thrilling earnestness. Bell lifted her eyes to bow them again before a glance of dazzling, burning power, when the door opened and Mrs. Raymond entered with her usual imposing air. Mr. Urvin rose from his chair with a slight contraction of the brow, indicative of vexation. Bell, who had felt as if the crisis of her destiny were at hand, when her trembling hopes were to be confirmed, or her haunting fears made truths, never had known her mother's presence so oppressive. Frank entered soon after, and under no circumstances could he be an unwelcome guest, there was something so gladdening and care-dispelling, and, in spite of a little occasional *brusquerie*, and *don't care for anything* kind of manner, so love-creating about him.

"Frank," said Mr. Urvin, "I want you and your sister to take a ride in the country with me to-morrow. You can go on horseback if you please. Close confinement is wilting the roses of her cheek, and the pure, rustic breeze, fresh from the mountains, will do no injury to yourself. Would you like it, Bell?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied, with so much eagerness she blushed afterwards, and wished she could school her feelings better.

"I have promised my young friend, Rose Mayfield, this pleasure long since," said he. "You are mere acquaintances now—I want you to become friends—intimate, life-long friends."

"Rose Mayfield!" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, giving her head one of its old-fashioned tosses. "I assure you, Mr. Urvin, that I have no desire that *my* daughter should form such intimacies. If we *have* lost our fortune, we can at least retain our respectability and self-respect."

"Far be it from me, madam, to endanger either. On the contrary, they will both be enhanced by the intimacy I have urged on your daughter."

"Why, she is nothing but a poor farmer's daughter!"

"Mother!" interrupted Bell, "you forget she is a friend of Mr. Urvin's—the adopted daughter of his sister. Surely you

would not wound his feelings by disparaging remarks upon one in whom he is so deeply interested."

"If Mr. Urvin chooses to form such associations," said the lady, exasperated on account of this depth of interest, which she considered an outrageous injury to Bell, "I am sure it is no business of mine. But in my own family, I might expect some little influence and authority. I do not consider Miss Rose Mayfield a proper companion for my children."

"You appeared to admire her very much, madam, when she had the honour of an introduction to you," observed he, with a sarcastic smile.

"I! I never saw the girl in my life."

"Pardon me for contradicting you, but you met her under my own roof, where she divided with your daughter the admiration of a large and brilliant assembly."

"I remarked no stranger but Miss Haymead," cried she, beginning to look very red.

"Excuse me, mother," said Frank, coming forward. "I introduced her to you as Miss Mayfield. The improvement you made upon her name, was an idea of your own. I suppose you thought it more aristocratic."

"If you have all entered into a conspiracy to deceive and make a fool of me," exclaimed his mother, looking from one to the other with inexpressible displeasure, "I know not which most to admire, the silliness or impertinence of the plot."

"It was pure accident, mother," said Frank. "I intended to correct the mistake, but you seemed so charmed with her, I feared to break the spell."

"You said she was the heiress of a rich inheritance. What a base deception!"

"She is," cried Mr. Urvin, with dignity. "Your son has uttered nothing but the truth. She is the heiress of an inheritance 'incorruptible, undefiled, and that passeth not away.' Nor is this all, she has in reversion, a fortune which you will probably deem of far greater worth. As the adopted daughter of my sister, she would have been splendidly endowed, had not treachery robbed her of her rightful dowry. I shall do her that justice myself, which my sister was prevented from doing. Heaven has blessed me with an ample fortune, which I intend, God willing, that Rose Mayfield shall share. She will be no dowerless bride for the man, who, appreciating her matchless excellence, shall bind her to his heart by those ties which only crime or death can sever; and now, madam," added

he, subduing the somewhat commanding tone of his voice, "I shall deem any remarks derogatory to Rose Mayfield, as an insult to myself, who am proud to consider myself her guardian and her friend."

Mrs. Raymond was too much awed by his manner, and the dark fire that flashed from his eye, to attempt a reply. Unable to suppress her mortification, she abruptly left the room and retired to her own, where we do not believe any one had the least inclination to follow her.

"Rose will share his fortune," again and again sighed the throbbing heart of Bell. "It is as his wife, he means. I though—I knew—yes—I knew it would be so."

"Rose will share his fortune!" repeated Frank, to himself. "Then it is decided, and there is no earthly hope for such a poor fellow as myself. Heaven preserve me from the meanness of envy, and bind up the wound which I fear will be inflicted on the heart of my noble Bell."

"To-morrow!" said Mr. Urvin in departing. "I trust we shall have a happy day."

He looked very happy himself, but he left thoughtful, serious faces behind him.

It was a bright, blue, vernal morning, and when Bell found herself by Mr. Urvin in an elegant carriage, while Frank rode as a cavalier in advance, she felt, whatever life had in store for her, there was joy, there was rapture, in the present moment. Mr. Urvin's manner was so kind and tender, his conversation so fascinating—how could she think of anything else? Then the air was so balmy with the incense of opening flowers, so full of the sweet music of singing waters and warbling birds and rustling leaves, her young heart, liberated from the restraint of daily discipline, throbbed in unison with the great, glad heart of nature. The ride seemed all too short, when they stopped at a large white gate, in front of a handsome new house, built in the cottage style, in the midst of a beautiful green yard, shaded by acacia trees. Bell cast an inquiring glance towards her companion, who, smiling at her bewildered expression, sprang from the carriage, and assisted her to descend.

"Our hostess stands at the door to welcome us," said he. "Do you recognise her?"

Bell looked, but the *hostess* was not standing in the door; she was running down the steps to meet them, and Bell was sure, from her dress and manner, that they were expected

guests. A glow, bright as the morning, dawned on her face. She ushered them into a little parlour, newly and handsomely furnished, containing nothing to remind one of the old room in the cabin, but the hour-glass, which now stood on the mantelpiece, and the boughs of the acacia trees, that shaded the windows.

"You miss the old cabin," said Rose, "do you not? Yonder it is, in the back-ground, and there Hannah presides, the happiest of human beings. Can you imagine what modern Aladdin has built this palace for our abode, leaving us almost without a wish, certainly without a want?"

She cast a grateful, Bell thought an adoring, glance at Mr. Urvin, whose countenance beamed with joy. Yes, the shelves of books were there also, hanging on the wall. Frank, who thought himself armed with sufficient philosophy to think of Rose as a friend, felt his panoply falling away from him, leaving him unhelmed, unshielded, and weaponless. Finding it difficult to talk with ease, he turned to the book shelves, and pretended to be absorbed by their contents. He took up his own Shakespeare. He could not help perceiving that every passage he had read and admired was marked, and as he opened the leaves, rose petals, carefully pressed, dropped at his feet.

"Take care!" said Rose, stooping to gather the faded blossoms. As she lifted her head, their eyes met with mutual embarrassment, and as she dropped the rose leaves between the pages, her hand, which accidentally touched his, trembled. This did not seem like indifference. Frank looked involuntarily at Mr. Urvin, expecting to see a jealous frown, but on the contrary, he wore a remarkably benignant expression, though he was gazing on them.

"He does not seem to be jealous," thought Frank. "I'll try him a little more. I'll ask her to go to the spring, and drink perchance the last pure draught of happiness that will ever refresh my thirsty spirit."

The serene expression of Mr. Urvin's countenance did not change, as they passed out together, unless it beamed with greater satisfaction. Bell was vexed with herself at the embarrassment she experienced, on finding herself alone with Mr. Urvin. She thought it hardly polite in Rose to leave her, and wondered if Rose would have been pleased, if *she* had gone with Mr. Urvin in the same manner.

"How very lovely Rose is!" said she, following with her

eyes, her retreating figure. "I thought her merely pretty when I first saw her—now, she is really beautiful."

"She *is* lovely, and what is more, she is good and true," replied Mr. Urvin. "She is worthy of the heart she has won."

"I believe so. I have always thought, always said so," cried Bell, speaking with warmth, though cold shivers crept through her frame. "I congratulate you on the treasure you have gained. I hope—I trust——"

She thought she would make an eloquent speech, but her voice grew husky, then faltered and died away. Ashamed of her emotion, and terrified at the construction he might put upon it, she rose precipitately to leave the room, when he intercepted her flight.

"Why do you congratulate *me?*" he cried, taking her hand and leading her back to her seat, while a triumphant smile played upon his lips. "Look at me, Bell, read the language of my countenance truly and honestly, and then, if you have faith in my integrity, tell me if you believe that I love Rose Mayfield; that it is of my own heart I was speaking; that I have, even in thought, ever rivalled your brother?"

Bell looked up one moment—the next, her head was bowed, and her cheeks, forehead and neck, were suffused with crimson. Even the hand which he held, caught a roseate tinge, from the sun-burst of happiness that illumined her heart.

"I have never intended to trifle with your feelings, Bell," added he, after a pause of deep emotion, for he actually trembled to perceive the extent of his own overmastering influence. "I have withheld the expression of my own, in spite of almost irresistible temptations, while adversity has been testing and time confirming your long latent virtues. Even from the first, I was charmed by your beauty, and fascinated by the strange mingling of artlessness and affectation, of simplicity and coquetry, visible in your character. But I have passed the heyday of youthful romance, and could not choose as the wife of my bosom, a mere daughter of fashion, a devotee of the world. I resisted the spell, though I still kept within the sphere of the enchantress. It was not till your sudden reverse of fortune, that I knew the extent of my infatuation. Ah! little did you imagine, when I coldly counselled, and cautiously directed your course of action, urging you with the sternness of a stoic, to gird yourself for the battle of life, without offering to guard you in the day of

conflict, how I longed to fold you in my protecting arms, and make my bosom your shield in danger, your pillow in peace. But I saw that God had taken you by the hand, to lead you through the refiner's fire, and I followed His steps, trembling, lest you should sink in the flames kindled to purify your soul. Many a time have I been tempted to speak and shorten your day of trial; but so nobly, so heroically did you bear yourself, it seemed sacrilege to wish to turn you into a different path, though the one you were treading might be strewed with thorns. Bell, I am no young, boyish wooer, raving of love and rapture. I am a man, much older than yourself, and made of far sterner materials; but such as I am, I love you, with a love, strong, and deep, and boundless and enduring."

It is doubtful whether any one ever felt happier than Bell, while listening to this manly avowal of all she ever wished to inspire. But the fervour of his manner was so chastened by solemnity, so subdued by tenderness, that she wept, even while her heart was aching from the oppression of its joy—we should rather say, *because* of that strange fullness and oppression.

In the mean time, Frank and Rose stood by the spring, shaded by the prettiest little arbour in the world.

"Rose!" exclaimed Frank, with all the straightforwardness and impetuosity of his nature, "only tell me one thing. Don't trifle with me. Don't keep me in suspense—for I cannot bear it. Are you going to marry Mr. Urvin?"

"Certainly not, unless he asks me," she replied, with a provoking smile, "but tell me by what right you presume to ask me such unwarrantable questions?" When, seeing the tragic expression of his countenance, she added, with a gentle, earnest gravity—

"I love Mr. Urvin as my elder brother, esteem him as my best friend, and revere him as my generous, my noble benefactor. He regards me with a kind of parental interest, as the adopted child of his sister, whom he most dearly loved. You see what he has done for my father. This beautiful cottage, with all the comforts and luxuries it contains, he presented to me, that my father might receive as my gift, what he would not accept from another hand. I should be the most ungrateful of human beings, if I did not revere him next to my God. But as for love——" She paused, smiled, and stooping down, scooped some of the gushing water in the

hollow of her hand, and scattered it in diamonds over his head.

This playful, graceful act did more to put Frank at his ease, than a multitude of words could do.

"One question more," cried he, emboldened by her gayety. "Could you, do you, will you, love such a poor, good-for-nothing fellow as myself? A little while ago I could have laid a fortune at your feet—now I am poor. I dare not ask you to share my poverty, but if you could only love me one millionth part as much as I love you, I should be inspired to do the work of a thousand giants. I would be a second Midas, and transmute everything into gold, by the divine alchemy of love. I would wait and serve like another Jacob, thinking the days hours, and the hours minutes, for the exceeding love I bear you."

"But, supposing, as we are both poor, we should labour hand in hand, and not wait as long as Jacob did!" cried Rose, with a most beautiful blush.

"Do you say that, Rose?" exclaimed Frank. "Heaven bless you, Rose. I don't deserve—I can hardly bear so much happiness!"

In the ecstasy of his joy, he was about to throw his arms around her, when a fresh shower of diamonds sparkled in his face and blinded his eyes.

"If you would have peace, there must be space between us," said she, laughing at the twinkling of his eyes, as he shook the bright drops from his hair. "Come, let us go back to the house. It is rude in me to leave your sister so long."

"Tell me first, if I must be a farmer, Rose."

"What are you now?"

"A lawyer by profession, a clerk by necessity."

"You had better consult Mr. Urvin."

"But," exclaimed Frank suddenly, with a clouded countenance, "I forgot one thing—you are rich—you are an heiress. Mr. Urvin said he intended to settle half his fortune on you."

"I desire no fortune," interrupted Rose, "I would not accept it if it were offered. I am richer now than my hopes, as affluent as my wishes. I am only poor in words to speak my heart's immeasurable content."

And she yielded her hand with charming grace to Frank, whose usually merry eyes actually glistened as he received it.

Does any one care to hear how well Farmer Mayfield looked, in his Sunday clothes, presiding at the dinner table, and

carving the roasted turkey with his strong brow What delicious curds and cream were served by the of Rose, and what happy faces shone around th hospitable board? Perhaps the farmer did most of himself, as labour creates appetite and sentiment d but no one cares for that.

Does any one care to know how Mrs. Raymon reconciled to the marriage of her son with the daughter? and how she exulted in securing, at last and distinguished Mr. Urvin as her son-in-law?

There is something so repulsive in her character, rather say nothing more about her, regretting that th of Bell's happy home should be marred by so un inmate.

Mr. Urvin, with a delicacy only equalled by his mu settled the fortune on Frank he had intended for R enabling him to return to the profession for which n most eminently qualified him.

There is one circumstance connected with Mrs. which we forgot to mention, or we would not refe again.

Every Sunday, Mr. Urvin invited Farmer Mayfiel with him, and had he been the Chief Magistrate of he could not have treated him with more respectful a On this day, Frank and Rose were also regularly invite It was a happy family meeting, but the farmer's always gave Mrs. Raymond a sick headache, and generally obliged to keep her room, and this necessi seemed to damp the spirits of the household.

Poor Mrs. Raymond!

PERCY;

OR,

THE BANISHED SON.

CHAPTER I.

"OH! that uncle would forgive him!"

Thus ejaculated a young girl, as she sat, with her hands folded over her knees, by the side of a waning fire.

"What a sad, sad evening this has been to me, though all the while I have been compelled to smile and look happy!"

There was certainly nothing in the apartment in which she was seated that seemed congenial with sadness. It was a large and splendidly illuminated room, richly carpeted and furnished, and, from the flowers, which not only decorated the vases, but hung in gay festoons around the walls, it had evidently been adorned for some festive occasion. Rare and beautiful flowers they were, mostly green-house blossoms, relieved by the dark evergreens with which they were entwined, for the flowers of summer were long since faded and gone.

Though the fire, by which the young girl was seated, was now nothing more than a heap of glowing embers, it had lately burned with intense heat, so that every corner of that large apartment was filled with the genial warmth of the tropic latitudes. The dress of the young girl, who sat so lonely and dejected in the midst of those gay garlands, was in keeping with the festive character of the scene. A robe of white gauze, falling in transparent folds over a rich under-dress of satin, gave that gossamer grace to her figure which airy drapery alone can impart. A wreath of white roses—mimic, it is true, but so exquisitely natural one could almost see the petals curl and tremble amidst the tresses they adorned—was bound

around her brow, confining the light-brown ringlets which fell, unshorn and untutored, even to her waist. What a contrast her gala dress and mournful attitude presented! That floral garland, and those sad, dark blue eyes, all swimming in tears! She looked wistfully at the clock. Its solemn, continuous ticking, sounded mournfully in the solitude. It was a machine of elegant workmanship, representing, on its gilded pedestal, one of the most interesting scenes in the history of the Horatii and Curiatii. Directly in the foreground the father of the Horatii was standing with an air of stern majesty, the swords of his three sons grasped in his right hand, which he was elevating towards Heaven. He seemed to be consecrating those warlike weapons to a holy purpose, and calling down the blessing of the gods on the enterprise to which he had devoted his sons. The dignity, the inflexibility of the Roman, spoke in every lineament. One could read on those firm and nobly-formed lips the spirit that dictated the magnanimous expression, "*Qu'il mourut,*" when he believed his last surviving son a fugitive and a coward. There was a fascination in that figure to her, whose eyes were now gazing upon it. The light of the lamps glittered on its surface, and it came out resplendently in its lustre. She thought of Roman fathers—how stern and inflexible they were—of Brutus, the avenging judge of his own sons; of Manlius, condemning to an ignominious death the brave and gallant youth who had come to lay the trophies of his valour at his father's feet.

"Oh! that fathers should be so stern and unforgiving!" she exclaimed, the image of an unrelenting American father resting darkly on her remembrance.

The door opened very slowly and gently—so slowly that it seemed turning on invisible hinges—and a young man, wrapped in a dark travelling cloak, with his hat deeply shading his brows, stood on the threshold.

"Ella," uttered he, in a low voice; and the young girl started as if touched with electric fire.

"Oh! Claude, Claude, is it you?" she cried, and the next moment, regardless of the roses she was crushing, the beautiful gauze folds she was disordering, she was weeping on his shoulder, half-enveloped in the folds of that dark, heavy cloak.

"How pale you are, dear Claude," she at length exclaimed, "and how cold!" and, drawing him gently to the fire, she assisted him to unclasp his cloak; and, then stirring the dying embers till they glowed with cheering redness, she sat down

by his side, and, taking his chilled hand in hers, gazed earnestly in his face.

"How beautiful you are to-night, Ella!" said he; "and how adorned!" he added, in a tone of bitterness.

"This is all mockery—nothing but mockery," cried she, pulling off the roses from her hair, and casting them at her feet. "They dressed me for my birth-day ball, and I was compelled to submit. Uncle would have it so, and I could not help hoping he intended to make this a night of reconciliation and joy. Oh! that he were less kind to me, or less cruel to you. I want to hate him, and he will not let me."

"I have deserved punishment for folly and disobedience—sin, if they will have it so—but banishment from home, banishment from you, Ella—oh! it is hard. I am not a second Cain, that I should be driven, an alien, from my father's house."

And the youth rose up suddenly, and walked about the room, struggling with his wretchedness.

"Yes, I must go, never to return. In little more than an hour from this I shall be wending my way, I know not, care not whither. Disowned, banished, threatened with malediction if I remain longer near the home I have disgraced, I care not what becomes of me. Fool, maniac that I have been, I might have anticipated all this—I might have known that I had a Roman father to deal with. But, thoughtless of the past, reckless of the future, I have rushed on to ruin. Ella, my cousin, my sister, my more than sister, can I, must I part from you?"

"No, no, no," she cried, clinging to him as if her arms had power to shield him from the doom that hung over him, "you shall not go. Your father cannot mean it. He does not will it. I will go to him this moment, and, rousing him from his night-sleep, I will kneel, weep, pray before him, till he relent and forgive. How dares he think of sleep when he has made us both so wretched? Come with me, Claude; kneel and pray with me. He cannot resist our united prayers."

"It is in vain, Ella," he answered, a dark shadow gathering over his face; "I have already humbled myself in the dust before him, and he spurned me. Never again, even to my own father, will I degrade myself thus. I would meet banishment, poverty, suffering, even death itself, before I would expose myself a second time to such humiliation. Nay, Ella, put down that lamp; you cannot avert my doom."

But Ella would not hear. With the lamp glimmering in her hand, and her white silvery-looking robes fluttering like the wings of a snowy bird, she flew rather than ran up the long winding stairs, that led to the chamber of Mr. Percy. In her excitement, she forgot to open the door softly, and it swung heavily on the hinges. Mr. Percy was not asleep. How could he sleep, when he had doomed his only son to banishment? No! his was the restless couch and the thorny pillow: but his was also the unconquerable will—the proud, unyielding temper. The decree had gone forth, and he would not change it, though his heart-strings should snap in the struggle.

Raising himself on his elbow, he gazed with a bewildered countenance on the youthful intruder. A strange apparition in the chamber of that stern, dark man! Rich curtains of crimson damask shaded the bed, and threw a kind of glow on the pale and haggard countenance of the occupant. His complexion looked still more sallow in contrast with the snowy white of the pillow, and under the shadow of the sable hair, as yet only partially threaded with silver, that hung over his temples. Ella threw herself on her knees by the bed-side, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. His conscience told him her errand, and he spoke to her in a harsh, hurried tone:

"What is the meaning of this? I like not to be disturbed. I have tried to make you happy to-night. Go away, child, and let me sleep." Sleep! she could have said:

> "There's a voice in all the house
> Cries, 'Sleep no more—Macbeth has murdered sleep.'"

"Oh! uncle, forgive Claude and let him stay; I cannot see him go; I shall die of grief, if you cast him away from you. You cannot be in earnest, uncle; you are only trying him. Say so, and I will bless you on my knees, till the latest day of my life."

"Do I look like a jesting man?" cried he, drawing away the hand she had grasped in the energy of speaking. "I am indeed in earnest, as that unhappy boy will soon know to his cost."

"Oh! uncle, he has suffered enough already; you know he has. Had he committed murder, forgery, any crime, you might have disowned him; but——"

"Crime!" repeated the indignant father, sweeping back the

curtain with one hand, and with the other pushing away the heavy locks from his brow, while his eyes flashed luridly. "Had he committed murder in the madness of passion, I could have forgiven him, and kept him near my heart, though his hand were reddened with blood. Had he committed forgery in a moment of temptation, I could have forgiven even that. But to go against warning and command—to herd with a company of vile vagabonds—to follow them to their haunts of wickedness—to adopt their profession—to become one among them, heart and soul—to suffer his name, my name—the name of Percy—to be placarded in every corner of the street, for the vulgar to gaze upon, and the wise to sneer at—the author of such a disgrace never shall be forgiven. Away, and disturb me no more."

Ella rose from her knees. The tears seemed frozen in her heart. She had entered the chamber with a wrestling spirit—the spirit that spoke through Jacob, when he said unto the angel, "I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me." Alas! she had no angel to contend with—but a proud, unconquerable man—a man whose family pride had received a deep and immedicable wound. With a look of hopeless dejection, of sullen, passive endurance, she turned from that sleepless bed of down, and descended the winding stairs. She was no longer the bird, winging its upward flight. She was the snail, dragging itself wearily along. The spring of hope was gone, and a leaden weight held back her steps.

"I told you so," said Claude, turning of ashy paleness; for, in spite of his assertion to the contrary, he had cherished a secret hope from her intercession. "I told you, you would plead in vain."

Ella, overpowered by disappointment and sorrow, leaned in tearless anguish on the shoulder of Claude, who pressed her in silence to his breast. She felt that deadly sickness of soul, which precedes the final separation from the object most loved on earth. They had been brought up under the same roof, protected by the same guardian—both were brotherless and sisterless—how could they help loving each other?

"Oh! that I were a boy," she cried; "then I would go with you, Claude, preferring poverty and exile with you, to all you leave behind. I would share all your trials; and heavy ones will they be, poor Claude! Whither will you go? What will you do? But promise me, Claude, whatever you

do, you will never go back to scenes my uncle so much abhors. He will yet pardon and recall you—I feel, I know, he will."

"No, Ella, there is no hope of that; but be assured, to whatever extremities I may be driven, I shall never resort to that expedient. If you ever hear of me again, it shall be with honourable mention. Whither I shall go, what I shall do, I know not. I shall just float along the tide of circumstances, and perchance the wanderer may find some green spot to rest upon. I do not fear want, for my father's son has not been sent away entirely destitute. I shall work out my own destiny, and something tells me, that in manhood, I shall redeem the faults and follies of my youth. Ella, dear Ella, do not weep so bitterly! I am not worthy such tears. In this moment, I feel all the madness of which I have been guilty. I do not wonder that my father disowns me. I deserve to be an outcast."

The clock struck one. Claude started, as if a knell tolled on his ear. It was the signal for his departure—for the stage that was to bear him away, must even then be waiting at the hotel, where his trunks were already carried.

"You will write to me, Claude; wherever you may be, you will write and tell me of your welfare? Remember it will be all I shall live for now."

"Yes, Ella, as soon as I find a home." His voice faltered with deep emotion. "One promise, Ella: be kind, be loving still to my father. Do not resent my banishment; and should Nature resume its empire in his heart, and he remember with sorrow his alien son, then comfort him, Ella, for my sake. Tell him that I love him still, and that my life's struggle shall be to prove myself worthy of the name I bear. Farewell, Ella! sister, cousin, friend, dearer, a thousand times dearer, than all these precious names to my heart—but how dear, I never knew till this bitter moment."

Incapable of speaking, Ella lay sobbing in his arms. Stooping down, he kissed the pale cheek that rested almost unconsciously on his breast, while hot, scalding tears, that could no longer be repressed, gushed from his eyes. To leave the home of his father, the companion of his childhood, to go out into the cold world, friendless and alone, not knowing what ills he must endure, with what storms he must battle, with what enemies he must contend—and to feel, too, that all this was the consequence of his own disobedience and folly—it was a bit-

ter, bitter thought. With a desperate effort, he released himself from the clasp of those fair, clinging arms, placed her gently on the sofa, and rushed from the house. The faint light of the night lamp in his father's chamber, glimmered through the window and streamed across his path. The unhappy youth paused. It seemed that all beyond that ray was darkness and desolation; and yet it threw a solitary gleam of brightness on the parting hour. It might be an omen of future forgiveness. Softened, melted into even womanly tenderness, and filled with remorse at the memory of his disobedience, he knelt on that illuminated spot, and bowed his head in penitence and humility, even as if he were prostrated at his father's feet.

"Father, Ella, farewell," he cried, and starting up, dashed the tears from his eyes, and became a wanderer from his native home.

And what was the offence for which he was thus suffering so severe a penalty? To explain this, we must go back to Claude's earlier youth.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Percy was a man of sovereign aristocracy. He had the three-fold aristocracy of birth, wealth, and talents. The very name of Percy had an ancestral sound, and breathed of noble blood. Called to sit in the high places of the land, and to act a conspicuous part in his country's capital, he had but little leisure to devote to the education of his son, who was the object of his pride, even more than his affection. He was an only son, and consequently the future representative of his name and fame; and, as if Nature, in this instance, was determined to gratify, to the utmost, a father's pride, she had endowed the youth with her most splendid gifts. Of extraordinary personal beauty, brilliant talents, the most graceful and engaging manners, in the brightness of life's morning hours he gave promise of a glorious noon. At college, he was called the admirable Crichton, so wonderful was the versatility of his talents, the ease with which he could master the most difficult and abstruse sciences.

Mr. Percy exulted in the reputation of his son, but he knew nothing of his heart. He had not time for that. Proud, cold, dignified, and reserved, his demeanor repelled the sunny spirit of Claude. It played over the cold, polished surface of his father's character, like sunbeams on steel. The heart was repelled—the light only received. The only person who really knew the heart of Claude, was his young cousin, Ella, the orphan child of Mr. Percy's youngest and favourite sister. The young Ella, too, was the only one who had found the avenue to the warm corner of Mr. Percy's pride-mailed bosom. She, alone, dared to sport with this august personage. As the young vine, frolicking round the ancient oak—the bright, tender moss enamelling the cold, dark rock—she twined herself round the pillar of his pride, and made it beautiful with the garland of innocence and youth. She was so confiding, so loving, and so gay, she must have something to love and play about; and when Claude was absent at college, and her uncle resting from his official duties, it was a necessity of her ardent nature to lavish upon him the tenderness that was welling in her heart. But during the long vacations, when Claude was restored to his home, what a paradise it was to her! To say that she loved her cousin, would convey but a faint idea of the feelings she cherished for him. It was more than love; it was worship—idolatry—which, though indulged with all the innocence and unconsciousness of childhood, and expressed with all the ingenuousness of a sister's affection, had, nevertheless, all the strength and intensity of passion.

During the long holidays, Claude, whose spirits often wildly effervesced, "sought out many inventions" to wing away the hours. One of his favourite amusements was to get up private theatricals, in which Ella and himself acted very distinguished parts. He was a passionate lover of the drama, and, with a wonderful power of imitation, could catch the tones, looks, and gestures of the heroes of the stage. It is not to be supposed that these scenes were enacted in the presence of the stately Mr. Percy—but, after supper, he generally went abroad, and they had ample scope for their dramatic taste. All the old family trunks were ransacked for their stage costume, and most ancestral-looking garments were brought forth, and, with a little modification, converted into royal robes, and the proper paraphernalia of Melpomene and Thalia. Their young friends delighted to gather on these occasions, and never did more spontaneous applause shake with thundering echoes the walls

of Castle Garden, than resounded through the hall they had selected for their theatrical exhibitions.

Ella sometimes objected to Claude's choice of characters, and, though he was rather despotic, he was obliged to submit to her caprice or judgment. He must not take the part of King Lear, as it made him look too old and crazy; he must not be Othello, for it would be too horrible to blacken and disfigure his beautiful face; but Romeo—the handsome, youthful, and impassioned Romeo—that was the character which, more than all others, she loved to see him perform. With his cap, shaded with long, white feathers, drooping over his classic brow, his dark-brown waving hair so romantically arranged, and his eyes beaming with all the poetry of love, nothing could be so graceful and beautiful as Claude.

Ella made a bewitching little Juliet, but she often forgot her character in admiration of Claude; and, even in the vaults of the Capulets, when her eyes should have seemed sealed in everlasting slumber, the dark-blue orbs would furtively open to gaze upon her Romeo. Little did they think that these gala evenings of their youth were to change the whole colour of their destiny.

Once, when Claude was representing Macbeth in all his majesty, and the servants, dressed like witches, with long brooms, were dancing round a large marble basin, which was supposed to a boiling cauldron, where many an "eye of gnat and tongue of toad" were simmering and cooking; and Ella, with a regal-looking turban surmounting her childish head, was peeping behind a long, green curtain—the door opened, and Mr. Percy entered. The Ghost of Banquo, with his gory locks and blood-stained brow, rising up at the royal banquet, was not more appalling than this unexpected apparition. The crimson turban of Lady Macbeth plunged into the darkness of the curtain, the servants scampered away, dropping their brooms as they ran. Claude alone stood his ground, like a king, and confronted, with undaunted mien, his father's wrathful glance.

What a scene for the ultra-majestic statesman! who never deviated from the perpendicular line of formality in the most common affairs of life—whose household concerns were always conducted with the severest accuracy and the most rigid discipline—and who, above all, had the most sovereign contempt and aversion for theatrical exhibitions.

"What is the meaning of this vulgar revelry—this scene

of tumult and chaos?" exclaimed he, in a voice like low thunder. "How dare you, young man, convert your father's hall into a scene of theatrical riot?"

Giving the marble basin a violent push, that, heavy as it was, sent it whizzing across the floor, he approached his offending son, but, forgetting the witches' brooms in the way, the stately statesman nearly stumbled to the ground. This gave the crown to his anger, and it was terrible to behold. But Claude's dauntless spirit quailed not. He was not afraid of his father, or of any human being. He was too ingenuous, brave, self-relying, to know aught of "that dark dweller of the household," so thrillingly described in Zanoni. As well might the sunbeam fear the rock or the ruin on which its brightness falls. He stood, with his royal robes folded over his breast—his brow, which "the likeness of a kingly crown had on," proudly elevated—and his beautiful, resolute, dark eyes, fixed upon his father's face. That look and attitude would have made the fortune of a professed actor.

Poor little Ella could not listen in silence to this denunciation against her beloved Claude. She rushed from behind the curtain, pulling it down in her haste, thus displaying all the mysteries of their craft, and, falling on her knees before her uncle, exclaimed, with true tragic pathos:

"Oh, uncle, do not be angry with Claude. I am more to blame than he is. I urged him to it—indeed I did. But I never dreamed of your coming home, dear uncle—indeed I did not."

"So it is only in my presence you think of conducting with propriety, is it? Go to your room, Ella, this moment: you are nothing but a foolish, little girl, and may, perhaps, be pardoned, if this prove the last offence. But remember the condition—the last!"

Lady Macbeth, gathering up her long, sweeping train, stole slowly from the room, casting a piteous glance at Claude, which changed to vivid admiration as she beheld the bold beauty of his countenance.

The scene which followed was one in which passion and pride struggled for mastery; but pride at length prevailed. Mr. Percy felt that it was undignified to scold, and when his anger was somewhat abated, he condescended to reason with his son. Had he done it more calmly, more gently, he might have exercised more influence. But family pride, the idol he set up for his worship, Claude cared no more for than the

image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream, with its legs of iron and its feet of clay. Mr. Percy commanded him never to enter the walls of a theatre—never again to turn the leaves of Shakspeare, or to have anything to do with dramatic exhibitions, either public or private. He deemed this command sufficient, for the thought that his positive commands could be disobeyed never glanced into his mind. This folly had not been anticipated—therefore, not prohibited; but, once discovered and forbidden, he felt as if a flaming sword guarded the majesty of his law. But, unfortunately, the master passion of Claude only gained strength from opposition. His love of the drama became a monomania, and, in spite of his stern father's prohibition, he not only visited the theatre, but frequented the green-room, and became acquainted with some very dangerous and fascinating characters. One of these, who was about to take command of an itinerant company, having witnessed a specimen of Claude's astonishing dramatic talents, resolved to secure him as the new star of the season. It was not without much hesitation that young Claude consented to take so bold a step, but the tempter was eloquent, and his own misguided imagination was a more eloquent tempter still. His father was absent on a long journey; but Ella, his sweet cousin Ella, should he leave her, without confiding to her his secret expedition? Yes, it must be done; for, were she the confidant of his purpose, she would be the sharer of his parental anger, which he well knew would fall upon his head, but which he rashly dared to brave.

The sequel is already known. The wrath of Mr. Percy, when he learned, through the public papers, that his son, his heir, a Percy, had come before the world as an actor, cannot be described. When the young prodigal, weary of the false glitter of the artificial life which, in the distance, seemed so alluring, dreading reproach and wrath, because he knew he merited them, yet confident of ultimate forgiveness, returned to his father's house, it was only to be sent forth again in banishment and disgrace. The magnificent ball, given on Ella's sixteenth birth-day, was celebrated by Mr. Percy's orders, in contrast to Claude's degradation. Ella, hoping, believing all things, imagined that her uncle had prepared this brilliant festival, that he might restore his son to favour, without the embarrassment of a private reconciliation. Alas! she knew not the man.

Let us follow the young exile. Waked from his feverish

dream of excitement, he sees, by the cold, gray light of dawning reason, the rough realities of the future. Like our first parents driven from the garden of Eden, "all the world before him lay." But, had he taken Providence as his guide? In the sunshine of prosperity he had forgotten its guiding cloud, and its pillar of fire went not before him to illumine the darkness of his destiny. And very dark that destiny now looked to him. He was so young and inexperienced—only nineteen—what could he do? He never once thought of resorting to the stage. His mind, by a powerful reaction, was now as much repelled from that course of life as it had once been attracted to it. He loathed the very thought of it. Where should he go? Uncaring whither, he decided to direct his course to Virginia. He had a college friend, who lived beyond the Alleghanies, and possibly, through him, he might learn of some employment—a private tutorship perhaps. Poor fellow! He had never learned to govern himself—how could he discipline the young minds of others? But Claude resolved to earn his bread by honourable industry, or perish. He looked back with shame upon his life of self-indulgence and vanity. He felt that he had lived in vain. High and noble thoughts, born of adversity, began to spring up and flourish in his bosom. He felt wiser, better, stronger. Great trials either elevate and purify, or crush and sink the character of man. Happy they, who, like Claude, have an elastic principle within, that rebounds from the pressure which threatened to weigh it down to dust.

We will not follow the young and deeply reflecting wanderer through all the windings of his way; but we will stop with him, at the foot of one of the heaven-ascending Alleghanies, and see who lies by that broken, over-turned carriage. Such a rough, precipitous, dizzying road—it is no wonder there should be runaway horses, broken bones and bruised limbs.

Claude had jumped from the stage, as he often did, incapable of such long inaction in his present restless and struggling mood, and was leaping down the craggy mountain path. The sight of the shattered vehicle, the groans of the man, who was lying partly under the ruins, arrested his step. The sufferer was an aged man, with hair of snowy whiteness, and features which, in repose, must have expressed benevolence and benignity; but now they were distorted with pain, and, from his pallid complexion and ashy lips, it was evident he was sinking beneath the weight of his sufferings. Claude,

ing a silver cup, seized it, and ran to a clear spring, that gled within a few feet of the travellers. Beautiful springs re are welling at the foot of these great mountains! He hed the forehead and lips of the aged sufferer, raising his id gently on his arm, and smoothing back the white locks, soiled with dust.

The stranger, restored to consciousness, opened his eyes, d beholding a countenance so young, so beautiful, so com-ssionate, bending over him, he almost imagined an angel d been sent down to his relief. Leaning on his elbow, he deavoured to rise, but fell back again with a deep groan. ie of his limbs was broken, and it was evident he had re-ived some dreadful internal injury. Claude felt that, alone, could not assist the disabled stranger. A house stood at ittle distance, a log-cabin, where the stage was accustomed stop. His first thought was to run to the cabin, and pro-re assistance—the next to await the coming of the stage, iose course he had anticipated, and which, in its thunder-g passage down the hill, might overlook the poor, helpless veller, unless warned of his situation. He acted on this it thought, and, with the assistance of the other passengers, e stranger was removed to the cabin. Pitiable was the uation of the aged sufferer. He was unaccompanied by end-; it was impossible to procure a surgeon, without send-g a great distance, in those lone mountain regions, and the use to which he was carried could scarcely furnish him the mforts wanting in health. How much more must he feel e destitution in his present helpless, suffering, almost dying ndition!

Claude sat by the rude couch, on which he was placed, hold-g a glass of wine, which ever and anon he applied to his s, trying to cheer him by kind and encouraging words. He ld him that a messenger had been despatched for a surgeon, d that he would remain with him till all danger was past.

"But the stage is already at the door," said the old man, bly, "and you must depart. I cannot take advantage of ur kindness to a stranger."

But Claude would not leave him. The stage-horn blew ud and musically, the passengers hurried to their seats, the iver vociferated that all was ready, and still Claude held e old man's hand and refused to depart. The heart of the nished son yearned towards the venerable stranger. New elings were awakened within him. It was the first time he

had witnessed human suffering, and he knew not, till this moment, what a deep fountain of pity lay in the unexplored regions of his heart. But the angel had stepped into the pool, and the waters were troubled. Mr. Montague (such was the stranger's name) resisted no longer the generous sacrifice of Claude.

"Heaven bless you, my son!" was all he could utter.

Claude sighed. How sweet, yet mournful, sounded that name to his ear! He thought he had heard it for the last time, and it awoke ten thousand thrilling remembrances.

All night Claude watched by his bed-side, endeavouring to mitigate the excruciating pain that racked his frame almost to dissolution. The inmates of the house were kind but rough people, and Mr. Montague evidently shrunk from their ministrations. The bed was hard, the pillows low, and the sheets, though of snowy whiteness, of exceedingly coarse linen. The wintry wind whistled through the log-built walls, and no curtains protected the invalid from the blast. The windows, destitute of glass, were nothing but openings, closed by wooden shutters, which, occasionally loosening, flapped to and fro, with a mournful, creaking sound. There was nothing cheerful in the aspect of the room, but the bright, all-illuminating pine blaze, that rolled up the immense chimney, reflecting its glow on a sable figure that sat nodding on the hearth, on the pallid face and snowy locks of the aged, and the bright hair of the young that mingled with it as it swept against the pillow. Such was the apartment and scene, in which the luxuriantly-bred and self-indulging Claude served his first apprenticeship at the couch of suffering. Often, during the stillness of the night, he would start and tremble with awe, as the sufferer, in the extremity of his agony, would call upon his Saviour and his God to help him, in the time of trouble.

"Forsake me not, O my God! Be not far from me! Make haste to help me, O Lord, my salvation! In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee—for thou wilt answer me."

It was the first time that Claude had heard the voice of prayer, save from the sacred desk. But then he listened to it as a formula proper for the Sabbath, and the God thus addressed seemed very far off. There was something awful in being thus made to feel His presence in that lonely chamber—in being brought so very near Him by the prayer of faith, mingling with the groans of agony. His earthly father had cast him off. Had he indeed a Father in Heaven, who would *receive the returning* prodigal?

CHAPTER III.

LATE the next morning the surgeon arrived. The inflammation, caused by such protracted suffering, made it a very dangerous case, and for many days Mr. Montague lingered on the borders of the grave. Claude would have written to his friends, but the speechless lips of the sufferer could give no directions; and all that the young man could do was to watch by his couch, and await the issues of life and death. At length the inflammation subsided, and the patient was pronounced out of immediate danger. Then Claude, at his request, wrote to Mr. Vane, his son-in-law, who resided with him, near one of the large towns of the Old Dominion, several days' journey from the mountain-cabin. A week must elapse, at the shortest possible calculation, before any of his family could arrive. In the mean time, though helpless and suffering from his broken limb, he gradually revived, and seemed to derive much pleasure from the conversation of his youthful friend. Claude, with the ingenuousness of youth, told him all his history.

"Poor boy! poor boy!" cried Mr. Montague, moved even to tears; "so young and inexperienced! I will be a father to you; I have no son of my own; and you shall be the son of my adoption. I owe my life to your care, and am selfish enough to rejoice that Providence has opened a way in which I can show my gratitude, and pay, though but in a small degree, a debt so large. Oh, my dear boy, I will carry you to a happy home, where all is love, and peace, and joy. You shall have a sister, too, in my granddaughter—my sweet, sweet Mary. How happy she will be to have a companion whom she will love as a brother!"

Claude bent his head on the old man's hand, and a tear moistened the dry and feverish skin.

"Think me not ungrateful, sir—but I cannot eat the bread of dependence."

"Fear not; I will only put you in the way of earning an independent subsistence. You shall study law with Mr. Vane, if you like the profession. In the mean time you can give my Mary lessons in French and drawing, and thus make a compromise with pride. Deny me not, my son, for my heart

clings to thee, and refuses to be separated from thee. I see the hand of Providence in this. Disowned by him who gave you birth, God has sent you to watch, with all a son's devotion, by my lonely pillow, and to be cherished in a bosom that feels for you already all a father's tenderness and love."

He opened his arms with a benign smile, and Claude felt as if he were indeed clasped to the bosom of a father. That night he wrote to Ella that he had found a home—a father; he had no longer a dark and aimless existence, but a future illumined by hope and promise; she must no longer mourn for the banished Romeo; bright days were yet in store, when love and faith and constancy would meet their reward.

What a change was made in that log-cabin by the arrival of Mr. Montague's family! He was a rich Southern planter, and had all the appliances of wealth and the refinements of luxury to grace his home. Downy beds, soft cushions, and rich curtains were all brought for the comfort of the invalid, as well as every delicacy that could please the taste and tempt the appetite. Mr. Vane was a noble specimen of a Virginia gentleman—his wife a fair, gentle, interesting-looking lady; but Mary—sweet Mary—how lovely she looked, clinging, like a fair garland, round the neck of her aged grandfather! How angelic the expression of her soft, dark eyes! how delicate the lilies of her cheek! Not even the faintest tint of red was visible on that beauteous cheek: it seemed too pure, too holy for the breath of human passion to pass over it.

"Ah, dear grandfather!" she cried, smoothing away his long, silky hair, and kissing his pale forehead, "you should not have crossed the mountains alone; you know how hard I pleaded to bear you company."

"These young arms could hardly have checked the fiery horses," cried he, fondly returning her affectionate caresses. "I believe I was wrong; but when we are very young, or very old, we are apt to be too self-relying and independent. Had not my driver fallen sick, so that I had to leave him and trust to the guidance of a stranger, this accident would not have overtaken me. But it is all right, and will prove a blessing to us all. It has given a dear young son to my old age, and a friend and brother to my gentle Mary."

Mary's dove-like eyes turned to him with a look of unutterable softness. They seemed to say, "My heart yearns for a brother; have I found one in thee?"

Claude was welcomed into this interesting family with ex-

pressions of the most cordial affection. His filial cares to the beloved father of the household were repaid with unbounded gratitude. Claude thought that never was kindness that cost so little, so richly remunerated. It was no sacrifice to him to linger by the wayside, and, while he administered comfort and assistance, drink in words of heavenly wisdom that strengthened and renovated his soul. This he repeated again and again; but Mr. Vane would thank him—his gentle wife would bless him—and Mary's melting glance would express a thousand grateful meanings. The sunny spirit of Claude began to sparkle once more, for the cloud which had gathered so darkly over him had "turned a silver lining to the night."

Mr. and Mrs. Vane returned home in a few days, for she had young children that required her care; but Mary remained with her grandfather, and shared with Claude the office of nurse. It would be weeks before his broken limb would be healed so as to admit of travelling; and, during that time, the mountain-cabin seemed changed to a fairy grotto, and Mary the presiding sylph, who breathed a spell on everything around her. Mr. Montague was so much better that he could sit, propped up in bed for hours, reading; and then Claude and Mary would ramble about the woods in search of evergreens to decorate the walls, or moss from the gray old rocks. It was winter, and no gay, sweet flower peeped forth from the green underwood; but Mary was such a lover of nature that she would wander abroad if there was nothing to look upon but the clear blue heavens, and "the grand old woods." She had brought her guitar, for Mr. Montague loved Mary's singing better than any music in the world, and Mary did not like to sing without an accompaniment. But she had an accompaniment now sweeter than any instrument, and that was the voice of Claude—the clearest, richest, most melodious voice that ever warbled from human lips. It was astonishing to hear such music as they made, gushing through the chinks of that old log-cabin.

When Mr. Montague was tired of sitting up and reading himself, he would lean back on his couch, and Mary and Claude would take turns in reading aloud. Every night before he fell asleep, they would read a chapter in the Bible; and Claude thought the poetry of Shakspeare less beautiful than the minstrelsy of David, breathed from the sweet lips of Mary Vane.

What would poor Ella have thought, who was mourning in

desolation of soul for her banished cousin, and whom she depicted to herself as a forlorn and heart-broken wanderer, could she have seen him thus closely domesticated with this angelic young creature, associated in such an endearing task, and bound by such tender and near-drawing ties? And was he in danger of forgetting Ella—the companion of his childhood—the generous, devoted, fond, and faithful Ella? No! the presence of Mary only brought her, by the force of contrast, more vividly and constantly to his remembrance. Hers was the changing cheek and lightning glance that spoke of the quick-flowing blood and the electric spirit; Mary's, the pearl-white skin, and the soft, heavenly, prayerful eye, that reminded one of a beauty not of this world. Ella was the loveliest of the daughters of earth, and he loved her with youth's first, warmest passion; Mary, an image of the angels of Heaven, whom he could worship and adore as a guardian saint. No! in Mary's presence he loved Ella with a holier, deeper love, for she awoke all that was pure and holy in his nature. It was only the poetry of nursing that devolved on Claude and Mary. All the drudgery, if such it could be called, where all seemed a labour of love, was performed by a negro servant—an old and attached slave—who had come to take care of her old master. It was affecting to see with what tenderness, reverence, and devotion, she watched over him; what motherly kindness and love she manifested for her sweet young mistress! Mrs. Vane would hardly have been willing to have left Mary with her helpless grandfather, and this fascinating young stranger, had it not been for the guardianship of this faithful and intelligent creature.

The log-cabin was deserted, and the evergreen wreaths hung withering on the walls. Mr. Montague returned to his home, still an invalid, but able to walk, supported by the arm of a friend. It was a beautiful scene! The return of the Christian master—the affectionate father—the beloved patriarch—to his own dwelling! To see the rows of negroes, with smiling ivory gleaming white through their sable lips, looking so happy, so respectful, standing each side of the avenue that led to the noble mansion, ready to welcome home their almost worshipped master; to see him bending his venerable head, with such a benign smile, and taking these humble, affectionate creatures, so kindly by the hand, asking after their welfare, and blessing God that he was permitted to return to them once more! Whoever had witnessed this scene would have been convinced

that the bond that binds the master and the slave, is not always an iron bond, and that beautiful flowers of gratitude and affection may be made to flourish in the dark bosom of the negro. Warm was the welcome they gave the "young master," who was established at once as an adopted son in this abode of princely hospitality. He immediately commenced his studies with Mr. Vane, and his instructions to Mary. By day, an indefatigable student; at night, the teacher of his lovely adopted sister.

Days, weeks, and months, glided away. Mr. Montague noticed, with anxiety, that Claude's brow wore a saddened expression, and his cheek a paler hue. Alas! he began to feel the withering fear that he was forgotten by Ella, as well as disowned by his father. He had written again and again to the first, telling her where to direct her replies; and once he had written to his father—not to ask for restoration to favour—not to supplicate for his forfeited place in his heart and home—but to tell him of the friends he had found, the profession he had chosen, and the solemn resolution he had formed to make himself worthy of the name of Percy—so that, in future years, when his "reformation, glittering o'er his fault," should efface its shadow from remembrance, he would dare to claim his esteem as a man, though he had alienated his affection as a son. In this high-toned, manly spirit, wrote the banished youth; and yet no reply was vouchsafed by the inflexible father—no answer came from the once loving and devoted cousin. Had not the heart of Claude been shielded by a prior attachment, that was entwined with every fibre of his being, he could not have been insensible to the almost celestial loveliness of Mary. Nor was he insensible. She was to him the incarnation of all that was pure and holy—the sister of his soul—the star of his spiritual heaven. But Ella was

> "A creature not too bright nor good
> For human nature's daily food—
> For transient sorrow, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles."

But Mary, though she had the face of an angel, had the heart of a woman—which, though it sent no blushing heralds to the cheek, throbbed wildly and warmly with newly awakened emotions. In the solitude of that mountain cabin, the light of a new existence had begun to dawn upon her, and that light

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had grown brighter and brighter, till it enveloped her spirit, as with a glory.

Thus two years had passed away. The letters of Claude still remained unanswered, and, with a freezing sense of her heartlessness and inconstancy, he tried to forget the Juliet of his boyish imagination. He was assisted in this by a solemn scene, in which he was made an actor.

The aged grandfather lay upon his death-bed. He had never recovered from the effects of the accident, which led to the adoption of the banished Claude. Threescore-years-and-ten had left their snows upon his head, without withering the blood of his heart. But death was now near, and the warmest heart grows cold at his touch. Once—when it was believed he slept, and Mary and Claude sat by his bed-side, as they had often done in the mountain cabin—he opened his eyes and gazed upon them both so earnestly and wistfully, that they involuntarily drew nearer to him, and asked him what he desired.

"My children," said he, in feeble accents, taking a hand of each and clasping them in his own, "I am going home. The aged pilgrim is about to return to his God. But you young travellers, your journey is but just begun. It is a weary journey; but, if we go hand in hand with one that loves us, the way seems smooth and pleasant to the feet. Mary, my darling, you have been the child of my old age—the object of many prayers. I die happy; for I know there's one—one, whose hand is even now clasped in mine—who will make life a sweet pilgrimage to you. Claude, my dear Claude, I know you and my sweet Mary love each other! Both so good—so beautiful! Heaven has made you for each other! I give her to you, Claude, as my dying legacy; and may the Lord be gracious to you, as you are faithful to this holy trust."

Claude, incapable of utterance, knelt by the side of the kneeling Mary. Her hand trembled in his—her eyes, swimming in tears, for one moment turned towards him, then lifted to Heaven, were filled with a love so deep, so pure, yet so impassioned—a love which, for the first time, she had suffered to rise from the depth of her heart free and unchecked—sanctioned and hallowed, as it now was, by the blessing of a dying saint! Claude would as soon have disputed the decree of Heaven, as the wish of his benefactor.

The patriarch was gathered to his fathers. The leaves of

autumn fell upon his grave. With the flowers of May, Mary's bridal garlands were to be woven.

Thus solemnly betrothed, without any volition of his own, Claude was at first oppressed by the most strange and bewildering sensations; but honour, gratitude, and delicacy, all urged him to endeavour to transfer to Mary the love he had so long cherished for the faithless Ella. He would think of her no more. She belonged to the life that was passed—the life of vanity, self-indulgence, and pride; Mary, to that new and spiritual life, born of suffering and self-humiliation.

Mary's cheek had always been as colourless as Parian marble. Now a soft, bright rose-tint began to tinge its snow, and a lustrous beam was seen playing in the iris of her soft dark eye. Claude watched, with deepening tenderness, those bright and shifting hues. They humanized, as it were, her too spiritual loveliness, and gave her a resemblance to one, whose image could never be destroyed. Claude grew happier in the consciousness of his increasing love for Mary, but an unaccountable sadness seemed to oppress her. Often, when he attempted to lead her mind to sweet thoughts of the future, she would lean her head in silence on his bosom and weep; and all the time her cheek wore a deeper rose, and her eye a more intense lustre.

One evening—it was a warm, dewy, moonlighted April evening—Mary sat with Claude in the long, pillared piazza. The vine-leaves, already in full luxuriance, clustered round the pillars, and cast their shadows on Mary's alabaster brow. He held one of her hands in his, and they both sat in silence looking out into the pale, silvery night. A slight shiver ran through Mary's frame.

"The night air is too damp," said Claude; for, though she shuddered, her hand glowed with feverish heat. "Let us go in, Mary, lest a mildew fall to wither the blossoms of my May."

"It is so lovely, sitting here in the moonlight!" cried Mary, looking upward with a melancholy smile; "and when this moon has waxed and waned, and another comes with softer, mellower light, who knows if my eyes will be permitted to gaze upon its beauty?"

"Why speak in so sad a strain, my Mary, when everything around us breathes of hope, and love, and joy? Ah! you know not the fear your deepening melancholy awakens, as the

hour approaches that will make you mine forever—the fear that you love me no more."

"Not love you! not love you, Claude!" repeated she with impassioned emphasis. Then suddenly throwing her arms round his neck, and suffering her head to droop upon his shoulder: "O, it is this love—too strong—too deep—binding me too closely to life—that makes my misery and despair! Oh! Claude—Claude—I can not, can not give thee up!"

"Mary, talk not so wildly. You alarm—you terrify me—you know not what you utter."

"Yes, Claude," raising her head, and fixing on him a dark, thrilling glance. "I know too well what I am uttering; I have wanted strength to say it; but I could not bear; you have made life so dear to me. Put your hand on my heart, Claude, and feel it flutter like the wings of a dying bird. Thus it flutters day and night; I hear it; I feel it; I know that I am dying. It was thus she died—my own sweet sister! Oh, Claude, I love you too well; there is not room in this poor, weak heart, for such boundless love. It is breaking—dying!"

Her arms relaxed; her head fell heavily on his breast; she had fainted. The almost frantic Claude bore her into the house. The father and mother hung over her with an anguish which only those parents know, who have seen sweet household blossoms wither thus instantaneously in their arms. Another lovely daughter of the family, an elder sister, had been smitten in a similar manner. Thus insidious had been the approaches of disease—thus sudden had been the prostration. It was strange they had not perceived, and been alarmed by the symptoms—the hectic flush, the lustrous eye, the quick and panting breath. But they thought the purple bloom of love was in her cheek, and its agitation in her heart. They dreamed not the destroyer was near.

The anguish of Claude baffled description. Mary, with the doom of death hanging over her young life, was loved as she never had been in the hour of health and joy. He would willingly have purchased her life with the sacrifice of his own. Her loveliness, purity, and truth, and above all, the intensity of her love, were worthy of such a price. That one so young, so fair, so angel-like and loving, should die in the brilliancy of her bloom, and lie down beneath the clods of the valley—it could not be. God, the Almighty, would stretch out His

omnipotent arm, and save her: God, the All-merciful, would not inflict so fearful a chastisement.

It was not till near the dawn of morning, that Claude sunk into a feverish slumber. Then the shrouded form of his adopted father seemed to stand by his bed-side, and in a voice deep and solemn as the distant murmurs of the ocean, exclaimed, "Be still, and know that I am God; thus saith the Lord." Claude trembled in every limb. Again the voice from the grave spoke: "Return, my son—return to the home of thy fathers. We, that love you here, are leaving you, one by one. You have a mission yet to fulfil, before we meet again." The vision faded, but it left a deep and solemn impression on the mind of Claude.

When he stood by the couch of Mary, hope rekindled in his heart. Surely, death never came in a guise like that. The rose is glowing in her cheek with even brighter radiance. Alas! the blood that dyes that glowing rose is taken, drop by drop, from the fountain of life. Mary had been struggling with her destiny, silently, darkly—struggling in the strength of her love—that human love which had interposed a shadow between her and her Heavenly Father's face. But now the strife was over. She met him with a smile of heavenly serenity.

"I am calm, now, my beloved," she cried. "God has given me strength to resign thee. Oh, Claude, I have been an idolater, and my soul must be torn from the idol I adored. I have sinned, and deserve the chastisement. Had I been permitted to live for thee, the world would have been too dear to me. I would have asked no other heaven."

Thus she continued to speak to him, who knelt in speechless agony at her side, till her fluttering breath could no longer utter any but broken sentences—and then her eyes, bent upon his face, beamed with unutterable love.

Mary died—the sweet, holy-minded creature, who seemed lent to earth a little while, to show what angels are—and the flowers of May, that were to have decorated her bridal hours, were strewed upon her shroud. Never had she looked so transcendently lovely, as when folded in her winding sheet, with white roses, less white than her "fair and unpolluted flesh," scattered over her motionless breast, her long, soft lashes, resting on her cheek of snow, and her exquisite features breathing the stillness of everlasting repose. A smile of more than mortal sweetness rested on her pallid lips, and seemed to mock their icy coldness. But beautiful as she was, she was

but dust, and she had returned to dust again. They buried her by the side of her aged grandfather, and scattered the earth "over the face of eighteen summers."

Let us leave Claude awhile to the memory of the dead. Let us return to that cold, stern, and proud man, whom we left upon his bed of down.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. PERCY, after having banished his offending son, remained, to outward appearance, unchanged—but a worm was eating into his heart; outraged nature would make its accusing accents heard. Pride, to whose stern dictates he had sacrificed his affections, gave him no consolation. Even Ella, who had loved him so tenderly that her love cast out fear, turned coldly away from him the pale roses of her cheeks, and shrunk from the caresses she once sought and returned. A restless, insatiable desire for change took possession of him. He could not live surrounded by mute remembrances of his son. A picture, representing Claude in the brilliant beauty of boyhood, was taken down from the wall.

"Oh! cruel and hard-hearted," thought Ella, "thus to vent his anger on the unconscious semblance of his son!"

She knew not the silent workings of his soul.

The portrait of his departed wife, the beautiful image of the loved and lost, on which he had been accustomed to gaze for years, and thus keep alive the remembrance of her youthful beauty—he turned its face to the wall. The eyes, following him wherever he moved, seemed to ask, reproachfully, for her lost son.

Why did he not seek to recall the young wanderer? Indomitable pride still forbade. To recall an act would be an acknowledgment of error, and a stain on the infallibility of his character. As week after week passed by, without bringing tidings of the exile, vague fears and dark misgivings haunted and oppressed him. Perhaps, driven to despair by a father's cruelty, and unable to contend with the ills that youth and inexperience ever exaggerate, he had lifted a suicidal hand, or given his body to the secrecy and silence of the dark rolling

stream. He would have given his pride, his name, yea, life itself, for one line, assuring him of the safety of his discarded boy. It was when his mind was wrought up almost to madness by this suggestion, he saw in the public print an account of a young man whose body was washed on the shores of one of the rivers of the West. The stranger was young and handsome, but there was nothing about his person by which his name could be identified, and "unknown" was written over his grave. Mr. Percy crushed the paper in his bosom, so that no eye but his own could see the startling paragraph; but the image of that wave-washed body never forsook him. Floating on the current of memory, it was for ever drifting to the desolate strand of his thoughts, where sorrow and remorse hung weeping over it.

"Would you like to go to Paris?" said he, one morning, to the sad and drooping Ella.

"Oh! yes, uncle!" she cried, and, in her rapture at the idea of flying away from herself, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek. It was the first time she had voluntarily caressed him since Claude's banishment, and he was strangely moved. He pressed her to his heart, and she felt it throbbing as she never thought that hard heart could throb. As he bent his head to conceal the agitation of his features, she noticed that silvery shadows were fast spreading over his jetty locks. Absorbed in her own grief, a grief not unmixed with indignation against its author, she had not observed the marks of suffering, more bitter and wearing because concealed on the lofty lineaments of Mr. Percy. But that palpitating heart, those whitening locks, and could it be! yes—that tear falling on the cheek that rested on his bosom—all spoke of the chastisement avenging nature had inflicted. The sealed fountain of Ella's sorrows gushed forth at this expression of human sympathy, this drop of moisture, in the arid desert of his heart.

"Oh, uncle!" she exclaimed, in a burst of passionate emotion, "you have not forgotten Claude; you love him still; I knew you must relent. Let me speak of him, uncle—I cannot bear this silence—it seems so like the silence of death."

"Ella," said Mr. Percy, raising his head with a darkening countenance, "forbear! have I not commanded you never to breathe his name?"

"But you love him," repeated Ella, excited beyond the power of self-control; "you weep for him. Oh! my uncle,

talk not of Paris Let us travel over our own country in search of him for whom we both are mourning. I cannot live in this uncertainty. I sometimes think I would be less miserable if I knew he were dead, than to live in this state of agonizing suspense. And yet," continued she, wringing her hands, "whither should we go? He said he would write as soon as he had found a home. Perhaps he has found a home in the grave!"

She paused in her wild utterance, terrified at the effect of her words. Twice her uncle attempted to rise—then, sinking back with a heavy groan, a dark shade spread beneath his eyes, giving them such a sunken, hollow look, the whole contour of his face seemed altered.

"What have I done?" she cried, again throwing her arms around him. "Forgive me, speak to me, look at me, uncle!"

Mr. Percy made a powerful effort, and raised his tall form to its usual commanding height. Ashamed of the weakness he had exhibited, the stern disciple of the stoic school mastered his emotion, and even assumed a colder, severer aspect:

"Retire, Ella, and learn to respect the feelings you cannot understand. I am sent on a foreign mission. It depends upon yourself whether I make you my companion. I have pledged my services to my country, and require all my energies for the lofty duties of my station. Never again hazard a scene like this."

They went to Paris, and, amidst new and exciting scenes, Ella recovered something of the brightness of her youth. The beautiful young American was flattered and caressed in the brilliant circles to which her uncle's rank and talents admitted him an honoured member. Unmoved by the adulation of the gay Parisians, she remained faithful to Claude in the widowhood of her young heart; and, though his name passed not her lips, it was only the more tenderly and devotedly cherished. This secret, fervent attachment, spiritualized by absence, and sanctified by sorrow, gave a depth and elevation to her character which softened, while it exalted, the girlish beauty of her countenance.

The time of Mr. Percy's public services expired, and he prepared for his departure. He never complained of ill-health; he was firm and energetic in the discharge of his duties; but his cheek grew more hollow, and his tall, majestic figure, began to lose its upright position. The miners, that had so

long been working in secret, had at length shaken the pillars of the temple, and the stately fabric was giving way.

"I will go to Italy," said the weary statesman, "and, breathing awhile its balmy atmosphere, rest from the turmoil of life."

The saddened mind of Ella kindled at the thought of visiting that classic land—the land of genius and song—of Romeo and Juliet's tragic loves. But where was the Romeo of *her* constant heart? Cold, dreary silence, was the only answer to this oft-repeated interrogation, and it fell with leaden weight on her sinking hopes. It must be the silence of death or oblivion.

But Mr. Percy found not the rest he sought. The bland, delicious gales, the soft, golden sunsets, the grand and solemn ruins, the magnificent monuments of departed genius, instilled no balm into his tortured and remorseful spirit. Where pride once reigned in regal majesty, the tottering feeling of insecurity which haunts the soul, unsupported by Christian faith, when one by one the frail reeds of earthly hope are breaking from beneath it, alone remained. He languished to return once more to the home he had deserted, and to feel himself surrounded once more by the mementoes of life's happier hours.—If he must die, let him be in the midst of those mute remembrancers, from which he had once impatiently fled. * * * * * *

Returned once more to his native country and home, he was roused awhile from his languid and hopeless condition, by the distracted state of his affairs. His young secretary, who had anticipated his return from Paris, that all things might be in readiness for the invalid statesman, had absconded, bearing with him a large portion of the property intrusted to his care. After having taken the usual measures for the apprehension of the traitor, in whom he had implicitly trusted, Mr. Percy sunk again into his state of restless gloom. At length, after years of wavering conflicts with his own passions—conflicts strong and terrible as they were dark and silent—he prostrated himself where the stricken soul alone can find rest, in penitence and humility and faith, at the foot of the Cross. * *

It was a beautiful evening in September, one of those mild autumnal days of the more northern latitudes, when the sun seems to shine through golden gauze, and shed a rich, yellow radiance, in harmony with the mellowing dyes of the year.

Reclining on a sofa, partially raised by pillows from a recumbent attitude, lay the emaciated form of Mr. Percy. His once sable hair was now turned to snowy whiteness, and lines,

deeper than those made by the engraving hand of Time, were traced upon his lofty brow.

Ella sat on a low seat at his side—the book in which she had been reading, hanging listlessly in her hand. Far different was she from the sunny-tressed, flower-crowned, blooming being, introduced years before, in her birth-day gala robes. Those sunny tresses no longer hung in shining ringlets, free as the rippling wave, but were confined in classic bands behind. The brilliant beauty of girlhood was softened into the paler loveliness, the intellectual grace and subdued expression of womanhood. The brightness, the eagerness, the animation of hope, were exchanged for the shadow, the repose, the pensiveness of memory.

"The dark of her eye
Had taken a darker, a heavenlier dye."

She was no longer the impassioned Juliet; she was the gentle, self-sacrificing Cordelia, watching with filial tenderness over him, on whom the warring winds of passion had but too fiercely blown. But the voice, that was not in the tempest, the earthquake, or the fire, had breathed upon his spirit, and peace, if not joy, was there. Ella bent down and kissed her uncle's care-worn and pallid forehead. He was inexpressibly dear to her in his weakness, humiliation, and dependence. There seemed a balm in the soft touch of those caressing lips, for he closed his eyes in a gentle slumber, and Ella sat and watched him till the twilight shadows began to steal in, and mingle with the golden light of the setting sun. The sound of entering footsteps roused her from the deep revery into which she had fallen, and looking up, she beheld a stranger standing within a few paces of the threshold. She rose and gazed upon him with a troubled glance. A wild impulse led her to compare the lineaments of the stranger with those of the banished Claude. Of superior height and more manly proportions, there was nothing in his figure that could remind one of the boyish grace of her cousin. His hair was of a darker brown, and the pale oval of his cheek was of a very different contour from the glowing cheek of Claude. His eyes, too—they had the depth and saddened splendour of night; Claude's, the dazzling brightness of the meridian beam.

But those eyes rested not on her face. They were fixed, as by a fascination, on the recumbent form which had met his glance as he crossed the threshold. Ella trembled. An icy

chill ran through her veins, and curdled her blood. The remembered image of the bright and blooming Claude seemed to stand side by side with that pale, sad, and lofty-looking stranger, and mock her with the contrast.

Mr. Percy, awakened from his light slumbers, opened his eyes, and met those of the young man, fixed so mournfully, steadfastly, and thrillingly upon him. Trembling, he leaned forward, and shading his brow with his hand, gazed upon his face. "My father!" burst from the quivering lips of the stranger. With a wild, unearthly cry, Mr. Percy sprang from the sofa, and fell into the arms of his banished son.

"Let me die, let me die," he murmured, in broken accents. "Oh, my God! thou art great and good. Thou hast heard the prayers of a broken heart. Let me die!" he continued, lifting his sunken eyes to Heaven, with a look of ecstatic devotion.

Claude bowed his face on his father's bosom, and wept aloud. That sad, sad wreck! was that indeed his father? And Ella—was that pale, trembling, lovely being, now kneeling by them, with clasped hands and streaming eyes—was that the radiant Juliet he had left behind? and was she faithful and unwedded still? Supporting his father's feeble frame to the sofa, and gently withdrawing from his clinging arms, he turned to Ella, and the tide of boyish passion rushed in torrents through his heart. But such scenes cannot be described. They are foretastes of reunion in that world, where, the dark glass of time being broken, spirits meet each other, face to face, in the cloudless light of eternity.

There are but few explanations to make. Claude had felt it a holy duty to remain with the mourning parents of his buried Mary, till time had softened the bitterness of their grief. Then, faithful to a vow he had made, the night, when in dreams he had beheld his adopted father, and heard from his lips the solemn words, "Return: you have a mission to fulfil," he resolved to seek in person the forgiveness of his offended parent, and devote his future life to his service. Believing, from the silence and apparent alienation of Ella, that she was by this time the bride of another, he had come, a filial pilgrim, to the domestic altar, to offer there the incense of chastened and purified affections.

The young secretary, who had absconded, was overtaken on the confines of Mexico, and among the papers found in his possession, were the letters of Claude, which he had withheld

and secreted, probably from the hope of one day filling the place of the banished heir.

Joy is a great physician. Leaning on the arm and heart of his son, Mr. Percy slowly measured back his steps to that world, from which he believed himself divorced for ever. His voice was once more heard in the councils of the nation, and it was listened to with deeper reverence—for it uttered lessons of wisdom beyond the learning of this world—a wisdom born of suffering, baptized by tears, and sanctified by the Spirit of God.

Claude, once more a Percy, resumed his place in the halls of his ancestors. He had told Ella all his story, and the name of Mary became sacred to her, as a holy, household divinity.

"Mary," said Claude to his now betrothed Ella, "Mary was the bride of my soul: but you, Ella—the object of my youth's first passion—you only are the wife of my heart."

THE

LITTLE BROOM BOY.

"His years but young, but his experience old,
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word (for far behind his worth,
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a *gentleman*."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Innocence unmoved
At a false accusation, doth the more
Confirm itself; and guilt is best discovered
By its own fears."—NABB.

"You seem a very smart little boy," said Mr. Campbell, child of about seven years of age, who stood on the steps re him, with a bundle of hearth-brooms, much larger than self, swung over his shoulder.

"Yes, sir, I *am* smart; I made these brooms myself," ied the boy, with such downright simplicity and truth of ession, that the gentleman found it difficult to retain his ity. He bent down, took one of the brooms from the lle, and examined it with benevolent attention. It was e of straw—simply bound together with twine—but so ly and compactly, it would not have disgraced the craft a older and more experienced workman.

"I must have one of these," said Mr. Campbell, putting e bright pieces of silver in the hand of the little boy.

"This is too much, sir," replied the child, lifting his clear, tioning eyes to the face of Mr. Campbell. "They are a dime apiece."

"Keep the whole," cried the gentleman. "I would not e one for twice what I have given you."

"Oh! it's so easy," cried the child, with animation. "You put the straws so, and make the twine go in and out, and nd out, all the time."

The child was very coarsely, but cleanly dressed. His little blue jacket was patched in the sleeves, and his short checked apron made "maist as good as new," by the addition of sundry brighter coloured morceaus to the worn and faded original. His dress bespoke extreme indigence, but it was respectable indigence, unaccompanied by misery or degradation. His hair was parted smoothly on his ingenuous brow, and his oval-formed face looked fresh and fair from a recent ablution. But what particularly attracted the attention of Mr. Campbell, was the beaming intelligence and remarkable candour of the boy's countenance. It was perfectly radiant with good humour, and indicated a disposition so affectionate and confiding, it was impossible to look upon him, without wishing to pass the hand caressingly over his shining dark hair, or patting his clean, rosy, dimpled cheek.

It was a serene, quiet, golden hour. The business of the day was over, and the spirit participated in the sweet repose of the mellow sunset. Had the child accosted Mr. Campbell at a time when he was occupied with the duties of his profession, he might have given him a very different reception; but just then, he had nothing to do. He was seated in the balcony, enjoying the coolness of the twilight breeze, and gazing with dreamy delight on the rosy clouds, fringed with ermine, that seemed dipping in an ocean of liquid gold, as they slowly descended towards the horizon. The little apparition, that suddenly presented itself in the midst of such gracious, glorious influences, was greeted with a benignant welcome. Mr. Campbell was fond of children, and his manners were kind and courteous. The boy lingered, as if unwilling to leave one whom he did not hesitate to consider his friend, when a vision appeared, which bound him to the spot, as by the spell of fascination. A little girl, some two or three years younger than himself, came bounding over the threshold, and running up to Mr. Campbell, jumped into his lap, and entwined her arms round his neck.

"Oh, papa," cried she, nestling her cherub face in his bosom, "I am so glad you are come!"

It was the first time the boy had had an opportunity of satisfying his love of the beautiful, in animated being. Ever since he was conscious of perception, the beauties of nature had been silently but powerfully working on his imagination; but here was the beauty of life, of congenial childhood, so fair, so bright, so pure, that he sighed with a strange feeling

of oppression and wonder. He remembered a little sister of his own, who had died about two years previous, but, like himself, she had always been clothed in coarse and unbecoming garments, and being sickly and emaciated, she lacked those childish graces, which sometimes, as in his own case, triumph over the most adverse circumstances. This little girl, in her white muslin robe, fastened at the shoulder with knots of azure ribbon, coral necklace and bracelets, soft, lustrous, unshorn, curling hair, pearly white complexion, tinged with the faintest rose colour, and sweet, hazel eyes, sparkling like dewdrops in the starbeams, seemed the realization of all his dreams of God's angels. It was as if the young rose he had seen blushing silently on the stalk, had suddenly become instinct with soul, and breathed forth its perfume, in a voice of exquisite music.

At length the beautiful eyes of the child turned from her father's face, and rested on the boy, who was gazing on her with such an intensity of admiration. After looking at him steadily a few moments, through her long, falling ringlets, she slid from her father's lap, and went up close to the spot where he stood.

"Little boy," she said, leaning forward and surveying him gravely and earnestly from head to foot, "*you* are pretty, but your coat is ugly. I'll ask papa to buy you a new one."

A bright blush burned on the cheek of the boy, as she thus addressed him; but he did not hang his head, or look ashamed of the *ugly coat*, her little ladyship so frankly condemned.

"I shall buy one myself," he answered, "when I've sold brooms enough."

"That's right, my little fellow," cried Mr. Campbell, laughing. "I like your spirit. How would you like to come and live with me, and let me make a gentleman of you?"

"I should like it very much, indeed, sir," answered the boy, unhesitatingly, his eye flashing up with surprising intelligence. "I'll go home and ask mother if I may come."

"Well," continued Mr. Campbell, laughing still more heartily at this singular little specimen of humanity, "you must not forget it."

"No, sir," said the child, raising his bundle of brooms again to his shoulder—and, warned by the gathering shadows, he turned to depart. "No, sir; I shan't forget it."

With a low bow, and a flourish of his poor little battered straw hat (an accomplishment his mother had carefullly taught

him), he departed, casting many a lingering look towards the little girl, whose eye followed him down the steps and into the street with an expression of mingled admiration and pity.

The careless words of the gentleman, forgotten almost as soon as uttered, thrilled through the spirit of the boy, producing, on its high-toned chords, a long and deep vibration. They were received in joy and hope and faith, and acted upon in simplicity, godly confidence, and religious faith.

About a fortnight after this incident, which had passed away from the mind of Mr. Campbell, just about the same hour, while he was seated as usual in the shaded balcony, the figure of the little broom-boy was seen trudging along the side-walk, entering the gate, and ascending the steps eagerly and pantingly, as if bent on some important business. He was dressed in a new suit of marine blue, his old straw hat was replaced by one fresh from the hands of the manufacturer, and a little bundle, tied up in a neat checked handkerchief, was suspended on his left arm. Walking straight up to Mr. Campbell, taking off his hat, and, making his little scrape of a bow, he looked at him with a smiling, triumphant countenance, saying:

"I've come, sir."

"So I see, my little fellow," cried Mr. Campbell, receiving him with a kind smile. "What articles have you for sale now in that nice bundle?"

"These are my clothes, sir," replied the boy. "My mother has been making *new* clothes for me, besides these I have on."

"Why, how could she afford to fit you out so smartly? I thought you had to make brooms for a living."

"So I do, sir. There's my broom money, you know, that I've been saving. Then she sold some hens and chickens—and little sister's crib, besides. She's dead, and don't sleep in it any more."

The boy passed the back of his hand over his eyes, and coughed, to clear away a rising huskiness in his throat.

"But what makes you bring your clothes with you?" asked Mr. Campbell, excessively amused and interested by his little companion. "What are you going to do with them?"

"Wear them while you are making a gentleman of me. You told me to come and live with you, sir, and *I've come.*"

Mr. Campbell started. His light, unmeaning words, came back to his remembrance, and filled him with strange embarrassment. The confiding innocence of the child affected him.

:rusting faith of the mother rebuked the levity which had
pted the thoughtless remark. As the mother of Moses
committed her boy, in a frail osier cradle, to the waters
e Nile, trusting in the God of Israel, so this humble, un-
:cting woman, had intrusted her child to a stranger's
ing, relying, with Scripture simplicity, on his honour and
. She had probably expended all her scanty means to
nase his new apparel. He could imagine with what
bling hands she had tied up his little bundle—how she
thed his hair, and shaded it back from his fair, bold
—how she kissed his blooming cheek, leaving a tear
e every kiss was pressed—and with what a quivering lip
ad *God blessed him*, and told him to be a good boy. He
l not bear to say to the earnest, honest, truthful child,
ng so eagerly and hopefully in his face, to go back to his
ier and tell her it was all nonsense—he had only spoken
st. He had no son of his own, and he had often yearned
ne. His darling Gabriella was lonely, and wanted a play-
and companion. There was nothing coarse or vulgar
t the boy. He would not disgrace a gentleman's house-
. But his wife! Ah! there was the obstacle. What
d his elegant, fashionable, and aristocratic wife say to the
tion of this plebeian child? And what could he do if
opposed it? While she appeared soft, indolent, and pas-
she ruled him with Eastern despotism. He was proud
er beauty, proud of her high position in the world of
ion, and would have "coined his blood to drachmas"
er than have refused her most extravagant demands. Not
ving what to say, he suddenly asked the boy his name—
Ellery Gray, sir; but everybody calls me the *Little Broom*
."

Why, Ellery Gray is a very good name, indeed," said Campbell, glad that he did not belong to the tribe of Benin or Levi. The voice of Gabriella, sweet as a singing 's, now warbled on the ear. With her graceful, bounding —for she never walked—she came in sight, all in white, ned with the blue of the sky, and the glowing coral of the n. She stopped just before she reached her father, and d with delighted countenance on Ellery, whose new suit othes wonderfully beautified his appearance.

Here, Gabriella," said her father, "let me introduce you laster Ellery Gray. How would you like to have him stay live with us, and be a brother of yours?"

"Like! Oh, papa!" cried she, clapping her hands, with a sweet, wild burst of laughter, "you don't know how much I *would* like it!"

"Stay here, then, and entertain him, while I go and talk with your mother."

What passed during this interview it is unnecessary to relate, as we are only interested in the result. When Mr. Campbell returned his brow was somewhat clouded; but taking Ellery by one hand, while Gabriella held him protectingly by the other, he led him into the drawing-room, where a tall and beautiful lady, very richly and fashionably attired, half reclined in a lanquid, yet graceful manner, on a luxurious velvet sofa. Nothing could be more elegant or indolent than her whole appearance, and had little Ellery ever heard or read of Sultanas or Enchantresses, he would have imagined that he was now gazing on one. His unaccustomed eyes were actually dazzled by the jewels that gleamed amid the white cloud of lace around her neck, and sparkled on her snowy-white hand. He looked as if suddenly brought face to face with the noon-day sun. Never were admiration and awe more vividly expressed than in the honest, ingenuous eyes, fixed so unrecedingly upon her.

"What do you think of this lady, Ellery?" asked Mr. Campbell, reading his admiring countenance, and anticipating the reply he would make.

"Think!" repeated Ellery, with a bright blush, "I don't know what to think. I didn't know there was any lady in the world so pretty."

This well-timed and perfectly truthful expression, sealed the destiny of Ellery Gray. The vanity of the lady was not proof against this simple homage. The superb arch of her brows was instantaneously lowered, and a smile wreathed her lip.

"Mamma," said Gabriella, looking patronizingly at the young protege; "This is Ellery—Ellery Gray. Isn't he pretty, mamma? and doesn't he look nice? May he not stay and live with us, and play with me when I'm tired of being alone?"

Mrs. Campbell was vain and worldly, but not haughty or overbearing. Constitutionally indolent, she seldom troubled herself about the conduct of others, if it did not interfere with her own. When her husband described the dilemma in which he found himself, and endeavoured to argue away her aristocratic prejudices against the child, she was as much displeased as she thought it becoming to be, for she expected to

see a coarse, ill-bred, overgrown young monster, whose vulgarity would shock her refinement. The contrast of the real with the ideal, pleased her; the dazzling effects of her own charms gratified her vanity, and it was always less trouble to yield than to resist. To Mr. Campbell's unspeakable joy—for his heart was drawn more and more towards the Little Broom Boy—she gave a languid consent, and Ellery Gray was admitted into the family of Mr. Campbell.

Mrs. Gray, the mother of Ellery, was a woman of strong, good sense, genuine piety, and child-like dependence on the especial Providence of God. She believed it was the will of the Almighty, that Ellery should be a *gentleman*, and obedient to that will, she was ready to sacrifice every selfish consideration to his future interest. She knew Mr. Campbell well by reputation—so it was not with blind trust that she had yielded up her son. With firm resolution, she resisted the pleadings of affection, which urged her to seek her little boy in his new and comparatively magnificent home. He was permitted to visit *her*, but, with rare judgment, she forebore to obtrude herself into the presence of the elegant Mrs. Campbell, whose pride was thus spared a shock, which would have been fatal to the growing interests of Ellery.

Years passed on. The boy grew into adolescence. A hardy plant, transplanted from the wilderness of life, to one of its green, sunny bowers, he had a vitality, a moral vigour, that resisted the enervating influences around him. The early principles of piety instilled into his heart by his strong-minded mother, formed a basis of rock to his character, which the winds of temptation in vain assailed. And temptation did beset him, on every side, not less dangerous because lurking in flowery ambush. His gratitude to his benefactor was only equalled by his affection, yet with all his gratitude and affection, he could not feel that respect and veneration, that confidence in the firmness of his principles, which he longed to cherish. He saw that he was kind, gentle, and affectionate; but there was a weakness and indecision about him, that kept one trembling for his integrity and honour. He condemned the extravagance of his wife, yet yielded to it without a struggle. He condemned the system of vanity and indulgence in which she educated the young Gabriella, yet he had not the moral courage to place her under a purer, healthier discipline. Young as Ellery was, he felt a constant struggle with judgment and imagination, principle and feeling. With his exqui-

site perception of the beautiful, he could not but admire the taste and splendour that floated like a golden drapery over the household arrangements, and gave such an air of enchantment to the elegant mistress of the establishment. With his remarkable simplicity and love of truth and virtue, he could not but be pained at witnessing a life of such meretricious display and selfish luxury. Gabriella—sweet, lovely, fascinating child as she was—was made to form a part of the glittering show-picture. Ellery loved to gaze upon it, for it was beautiful and fair to look upon, but *vanity of vanities* was written upon the margin, and there were moments when all its brightness vanished. We are speaking of the inner thoughts—those thoughts which lie fathoms deep in the heart—seldom drawn up to the surface, but keeping the fountain fresh and pure. In the family, in society, Ellery appeared a bright, ingenuous, intelligent boy—modest, without being humble, self-reliant, without being presumptuous, remembering the indigence from which he had been raised, only to bless the hand which had elevated him.

Mr. Campbell gave him every advantage of education short of a college life. He was himself Cashier of a Bank in the city in which he dwelt—an office which he had held for many years—and when Ellery was old enough, he gave him the situation of clerk in the institution. This was not the position to which his boyish ambition had aspired. He had associated from his earliest remembrance with his idea of a *gentleman*, something great and glorious—influence, command, eloquence, and the full expansion of intellect. He did not like a business life. His taste shrank from all dry details—all mere matter-of-fact occupations. He felt the flutter of his growing wings, and longed to unfurl them in the sunlight that rested like a glory-crown on the hill top which he panted to ascend. But Mr. Campbell told him that he needed his services; that he wished to keep him near his person; that he felt as if he had a sheet anchor of integrity and truth in him, on which he could lean, and he submitted his neck to the yoke with graceful submission. He had a conviction that his benefactor did need him, and he kept down his proud aspirations, and hushed all selfish repinings, glad to make an acceptable offering on the altar of gratitude.

Gabriella, who had been for several years at a fashionable boarding school, that she might receive all the graces of education, now returned in the full, sweet, fresh bloom of girlhood.

When a child, she had treated Ellery with the endearing familiarity of a sister, and one word from his truthful lips, one glance from his rebuking eye, would arrest her on the verge of temptation and turn her into the path of right, no matter how passion might misguide or folly betray. But four years of absence had wrought a wonderful change. The child was grown into womanhood—the boy into manhood. The young clerk was proud, and stood aloof from the lovely, but now capricious and flattered beauty. He sighed over the sweet remembrances of boyhood, but he could now no more approach with brotherly endearments the beautiful Gabriella, than if she were surrounded by silver bars, to guard her from intrusion. Though still of the same household, he seemed at an immeasurable distance from her, and the atmosphere around her seemed to him to partake of the dazzling splendour and chillness of a polar night. It is true, he would sometimes catch a glance from her dark, hazel eyes, full of gentle, childish memories, which would instantaneously melt the icy incrustations of formality, and his heart would leap in his bosom like a vernal fountain. But if, perchance, he again sought that soft, subduing eye-beam, the light of memory appeared quenched, and the orbs it so beautifully illumined, shone with a colder and more distant radiance.

One evening, he remained in the drawing-room, after the guests had departed, and the family retired. He was seated in a recess which looked into the garden, and whose entrance was shaded by flowering shrubs. He had found a book which he had last seen in the hand of Gabriella, and whose margin bore the traces of her pencil. His attention became so riveted to its contents, that he was not aware he was left sole occupant of the still brilliantly illuminated apartment. A very light footstep entered, but he did not hear it. The slight shiver of the rose leaves, whose shadow played upon his brow, did not disturb his deep abstraction; but when a sweet voice uttered the name of "Ellery," in tones resembling the well remembered music of childhood, he started so suddenly that the book fell from his hand. He looked up. Gabriella stood just within the recess, putting back with one hand the flowers, which sent out a cloud of fragrance at her gentle touch. She was dressed in white muslin, with blue sash and ribbons, and he thought of the moment when she first beamed upon his childish vision, in the same celestial-looking costume. He thought of himself as the *little broom boy*, whose person she

had approved, while she had co
he recollected how they had pl
how gently she had borne his m
had been influenced by his couns
which had appeared lately to sep
annihilated, and they stood toget
youth, watching the sunbeams, as
of life.

"Gabriella!" he exclaimed, risi
surprise, "dear Gabriella!"

It was the first time he had seen
the first time he had dared to use
so familiar to his lips. She did not
freedom, nor did she immediately w
involuntarily taken. Her eyes fille
happy smile played upon her lips.

"I came for my book," said sh
genuousness of her words; "but y
And yet I will not say so. The boo
a cause. I wished to speak with yo
sought the opportunity."

"With me!" he exclaimed. Th
irradiated his countenance, was like
light on the water.

"Yes," said Gabriella, drawing b
air of modest reserve; "but it is not
came to speak. It is of my father.
You, that have been with him all th
transformation—but I do. He must
and sorrow unknown to the world. I
confidence. You are his chosen compa
He has no secret from you—I know h
it is that is making furrows on a bro
time?"

"Believe me, Gabriella—I am no
fidence," he answered gravely, almost

"You are not? If you assert it, it
always truth itself. But you must h
You do not accuse me of vain appreh

"He may have cause of disquietude
tioned him. My respect has ever gu

"Curiosity!" repeated she, with i
not, must not, give so cold a signi

trembling fears. Oh! if you knew half the love I bear him —half the affection—the tenderness that fills my heart—you would not wonder that I suffer at the possibility of misery impending over him."

"Would you indeed save him from misery, at any sacrifice?" cried Ellery, touched and charmed by this unexpected burst of filial enthusiasm.

"Would I?" repeated she, earnestly; "Oh! that I could be put to the test!"

"As I said before," he resumed, "I am not in your father's confidence; but I *have* seen with pain, an expression of growing care upon his countenance, and a restlessness of manner, indicative of disquietude within. I have sometimes imagined that pecuniary embarrassment might be the cause. I have thought," continued he, looking round him, and colouring at his own boldness, "that the fountain from which so much luxury was flowing, was in danger of being drained."

"Ah! is it indeed so?" cried she, giving a rapid glance at the splendid furniture which her mother had recently purchased, to gratify a caprice of fashion—at the costly pearls which adorned her own neck and arms—and recalling the thousand expenditures of the household. "Is it indeed so? Yes, we are too lavish and extravagant. My mother——" she checked herself suddenly—then added, "My father is too liberal, too indulgent, for his own good. He never repressed a generous impulse, never banished a supplicant from his door."

Ellery could not but remember that he was indebted to one of these generous impulses for his present situation in the world, and, though he knew he was now repaying his benefactor with the devotion of his whole life, a burning suffusion dyed his face, and the remembrance of the obligation weighed heavy on his heart. The words of Gabriella, though not so intended, sounded as a reproach.

"Your father *is* generous," he cried, "too generous and uncalculating for his own interest. I am glad that you are awakened to such a watchfulness over his happiness. Be henceforth the guardian angel of his heart and home. All will then be well. Forgive me, Gabriella, that I thought you were becoming vain and heartless, spoiled by indulgence, and intoxicated by adulation. I see you have a heart—a true and noble one—too true, too noble, to be sacrificed at the golden shrine of wealth and fashion. How is it, with such feelings, such genuine sensibility and excellence of character, you can

ever do yourself so much injustice as to appear, even for a moment, to be the artificial and worldly being you really, though secretly, scorn?"

"There spoke Ellery Gray," said she, with a laugh, that grated a little on his excited nerves—"the boy-mentor of my childhood. I cannot answer you, for I do not know myself. I believe," she exclaimed, her eye flashing with an expression difficult to define, "that I am a two-fold being, the lover of nature and the votary of art. When with you or my father, I am a little child once more, such as you first saw me, when I knew no higher joy than to be cradled in his arms. When in the world, as the gay circle which surrounds me is called, vanity and pride luxuriate, and throw into shade the blossomings of my better nature. I wish I had never been taught to shine."

Gabriella sighed and looked down. Oh! that sigh spoke volumes. It told of a world-weary spirit; weary, though its young plumes had so lately been unfurled. It told of heart-yearnings that must seek repression—of "immortal longings," held down by a cold, mortal pressure. Without speaking again she turned and left the room; but she saw the look with which Ellery followed her, and it made her sigh again.

The next morning she resolved to speak to her father before he left home for the business of the day, and learn from him, if they, the luxuries she was enjoying, were purchased at so dear a price as his tranquillity. She would far rather clothe herself in sackcloth and ashes, and live on bread and water, than fare sumptuously, and be arrayed in purple and fine linen, at the expense of his honour and peace. So she told him, with tearful eyes and embracing arms.

"Foolish, foolish girl!" he cried, looking more vexed and angry than she had ever seen him before. "Who put such wild thoughts into your head? I was never more cheerful, more happy. Never allude to the possibility of such a state of things to me or to any one. Never, I say, on penalty of my displeasure. No, no, Gabriella, it is not in the morning of your womanhood that I would abridge you of one pleasure, or wish you to deny yourself one luxury that affection can suggest or wealth can purchase."

To convince her of the truth of his words, he brought her that evening a new set of jewels, and, if one did not call him cheerful, it was because he was gay.

"You are mistaken, Ellery," said Gabriella, as she glittered

before him, a moment, in her new ornaments. "My father's offers are far from being drained. Never again allude to such a thing, I pray you, if you would not give him pain and displeasure. The cloud, if my misgiving heart has not altogether created it, must have another origin. Oh! be watchful, Ellery; guard every avenue to evil. Be to my father what I would have been had heaven made me a boy."

It was very sweet to have Gabriella thus address him by the familiar name of Ellery, to confide to him her filial apprehensions, to smile upon him so kindly, so gratefully, when he promised all and more than she asked; and he wondered that he could ever have thought her cold and capricious; but when he again saw her the centre of a crowd of flatterers, inhaling the incense of adulation, or bestowing on others that enchanting smile, which almost maddened him to behold, he wondered equally at the illusion he had not the power to dispel, and could only explain the seeming inconsistencies of her character by believing her own words, that she was a two-fold being, whose nature his single-heartedness and simplicity could never fathom. He never dreamed that she smiled on others, lest the world should believe she only cared to smile on him—that she appeared capricious, to conceal her constancy—cold, to hide the central warmth of her heart.

The promise he had given to watch over her father he faithfully kept, but in Mr. Campbell he found another enigma more painful and equally perplexing. The temper, once so mild and uniform, was becoming irritable and uncertain. The affectionate confidence he had always exhibited to Ellery, gradually changed to distance and reserve; so imperceptible in its advances that he felt the chillness before he perceived the twilight shadow stealing over his heart.

"He fears the poor boy whom he has elevated to the position of a gentleman," said Ellery to himself, "may dare to raise his eyes to the daughter of his benefactor. His coldness is intended as a rebuke to my presumption."

These thoughts goaded the proud, ingenuous heart of the young man, and the consciousness of possessing feelings it was his duty to crush, darkened the sunshine of his conscience. He avoided, more and more, the lovely, capricious being, whose fascinations he felt every day more irresistible, but one glance of her eye, one word of her lip, would destroy the stern resolutions which he had passed wakeful hours in forming.

He was roused from this state of morbid sensibility, by a

thunder-stroke, as sudden and terrible as the lightning darting from the cloudless bosom of noonday.

When the directors of the bank made their annual nation, there was a deficiency of nearly ten thousand d entered on the books, of which the young clerk could no account. The character of Mr. Campbell for integri honour, had been so long established, it seemed imp that suspicion should rest upon him. Ellery Gray was and had his reputation yet to make. The story of his hood, the manner of his introduction to Mr. Campbe kindness, the munificence of that gentleman towards were well known to the public. At the time of his ad the name of the *little broom boy* was on everybody's and many laughed at Mr. Campbell for his quixotic be lence. That a youth raised from indigence and obscurity exposed to great temptations, in a situation so responsi the one in which he was placed, should fall, was the na and fatal consequence of a false position.

"'Tis dangerous to take one from the dregs of life," one. "Education may polish the exterior, but the int corruption will still remain."

"Gentle born as well as gentle bred, for me," said ano "No chemic art can remove a hereditary taint from the bl I never liked the boy's lofty air and independent man Well; he has a trade ready for the penitentiary. I sup he has not forgotten how to make brooms."

There were some who bore testimony to the excellence piety of his mother's character, to the purity and noblenes his own—but to the astonishment of many, Mr. Campbell not attempt to vindicate his adopted son from the foul cr imputed to him.

"I did love and trust him, as my own son," he exclain in grief, rather than surprise and anger, "but I acknowle that I have been cruelly, ungratefully deceived. I have la had some sad misgivings, but I never dreamed of the ex of the fraud. I should not have exposed him to temptati But alas, whom can we trust? I once believed him the v embodiment of truth and honour."

Ellery heard this sentence as it fell from the lips of benefactor, and there were those present who saw the l which answered it, who said they never should forget it their dying day.

That night, when Mr. Campbell entered the chamber

Ellery, he found him with his face bowed upon his hands, and his hands resting on the table, immovable as stone. He went up to him and laid his hand on his shoulder—

"Ellery," said he, in a sorrowful voice, "this is a grievous affair; I am sorry for you, sorry for myself, sorry for your poor mother."

Ellery gave a convulsive start, and shook off, with a writhing gesture, the hand that rested on his shoulder. Then raising his head, he fixed his inflamed eyes on the face of Mr. Campbell. No word issued from his wan and quivering lips, but there was many a one written in that burning, steadfast gaze. The cheek of Mr. Campbell turned of ashy paleness, beneath its scorching beam.

"Are you indeed sorry, sir?" at length uttered the youth, his countenance kindling with an expression of lofty disdain; "You, who, instead of being my champion, confirm the ignominious charge! You, who, instead of vindicating the innocence so foully wronged, join the ranks of my accusers, and strike with your own hand the cruellest, deadliest blow to my reputation!"

"What mean you?" exclaimed Mr. Campbell, recoiling and knitting his brows fiercely. "What would you dare to insinuate?"

"I insinuate nothing," replied Ellery. "I assert my innocence—I assert my conviction that it is known to yourself and ought to be proclaimed to the whole world—I assert that I am the victim of an unjust accusation—that I am made the shield of an unsuspected criminal."

"I understand you, young man," cried Mr. Campbell, the purple hue of repressed passion settling round his mouth. "I understand your covert meaning. Is this the return for all my favours, this the gratitude I receive for long years of paternal tenderness and care? Yes! I see it all. You would roll the burthen of your guilt on *me*, your benefactor and friend. You would destroy the peace of my family; the happiness of my wife. You would break, with ruthless hand, the heart of my daughter."

The dark fire that gleamed in the young man's eye was suddenly quenched. Again he bowed his head upon his hands, and the table shook with the paroxysm of his agony. Low, deep sobs, such as heave the breast of childhood, but seldom rend the bosom of man, burst forth, mingled with ejaculations to heaven.

"God forgive me if I wrong another," he exclaimed. "I care not for myself; I would willingly sacrifice myself for *her* peace; but my mother! It will crush; it will kill her. Well! it is better that she die; better to wear the crown of glory, than bear the cross of shame. From the height of Paradise she can look down on the dungeon of her son."

Mr. Campbell appeared greatly affected by this outbreak of filial emotion. He covered his face and seemed to weep. All traces of anger had fled.

"I would willingly give this right hand," said he, "if this had not happened. If I had the means to pay this sum, I would do it in one moment, to save you from disgrace. There is one thing, however, I can do—I can assist your flight. You can go beyond the limits of pursuit, and establish, in a new country, the reputation you have forfeited here."

"Never," exclaimed the young man, and a haughty flush swept over his cheek and brow, "never will I thus set the seal to my infamy. I will not fly—for I am innocent—and the world will one day know it. I believe there are justice and retribution even on earth. God is righteous, and will not forsake those who put their trust in him. I *will* trust him. I yielded for one moment to the weakness of nature, but I am strong now. My mother will not believe that I am guilty. I said this blow would kill her—but it will not. Christianity will support her." He paused a moment, then added, as if speaking to himself rather than to Mr. Campbell:

"If Gabriella should doubt my integrity! If *her* confidence should be shaken! Can she resist the terrible force of circumstances, and preserve her esteem?"

"And what is my daughter to you, young man?" interrupted the father, sternly, "that you dare to talk of her confidence and esteem at a moment when her very name should be a stranger to your lips?"

"She is what you have made her to me—the companion of my childhood; the sister of my soul; the inspiration of my thoughts; the idol of my affections. I speak of her now as the dying man speaks of the treasure he is about to leave for ever, in the freedom and honesty of the death-hour. I loved her as a child—I loved her as a boy—I adore her as a man. In the midst of vanity and frivolity, I have seen the glory-gleams of an angelic nature struggling through the mists with which folly and pride have sought to envelop her. I never presumed on her affection; never forgot that she was to be offered

at the shrine of Mammon. I should have carried the secret to my grave had not this unmerited obloquy forced the revelation from me—for know, sir, it is for *her* sake that I yield myself a passive victim to the fate now darkly closing around me."

Mr. Campbell listened in silence to this bold confession, and its singular close. His hand was pressed upon his eyes, his lips firmly closed, and the veins on his temples dark and full.

"Have you ever told Gabriella that you loved her?" said he, rising and turning towards the door.

"Never, sir."

"It is well."

The door slowly opened, closed again, the echo of retreating footsteps died away, and Ellery Gray was left alone—with his God.

Mr. Campbell passed on to his chamber by a back passage, with hurried steps, driven along by wild, stormy, maddening thoughts. He held the lamp in his left hand, while his right clenched his forehead, in the vain attempt to still its strong, irregular beatings. He entered his room and threw himself on a sofa, groaning from the very depths of his soul.

"My God!" he cried, "I cannot bear this. I cannot. I shall turn a maniac, and then—and then—good Heavens! what then?"

"Who's there?" he exclaimed, starting up as the door suddenly burst open, and Gabriella, with her hair loose and dishevelled, her cheek white as alabaster, and a dark shadow under her wildly-flashing eyes, rushed in, and, casting herself at her father's feet, wrapped her arms round his knees.

"What is this they tell me, father?" she cried, resisting his efforts to release himself—"that Ellery Gray is a villain—that he has committed a dreadful crime—that he must suffer the felon's doom? Oh, father! you know that this is false—you know this cannot be. Oh! father, save him—save him from ignominy and punishment. Bear witness to his good and noble character. Bear witness to his truth and integrity. You can—you ought to do it. Father, you turn away your face—you frown—you struggle to shake me from you. You do not believe him guilty. Look at me and tell me if you doubt, for one moment, the worth and honour of Ellery Gray?"

Thus wildly pleading, and closely clinging, Gabriella lay at her father's feet, unconscious of the energy of her language, the abandonment of her attitude. All artificial coldness and

conventional restraint was swept away by the whirlwind of excited feeling. She would as soon have doubted the immutability of the word of God as the excellence of Ellery Gray. This faith, born in childhood, had strengthened with every passing year. In all her caprices and follies it had been a talisman to preserve her from absolute evil. His dark, clear, serious eye, was to her spirit what the glowing pillar was to the children of Israel—an emblem of the presence of God—and it guided her, even when she seemed most devious in her course, through the moral wilderness in which she was wandering. A silent, but powerful influence, was always resting upon her, unacknowledged, but still deeply felt. No one dreamed that the young clerk was to her anything but an object of occasional condescension and kindness; but conviction now flashed upon the father's mind, and he felt the error he had committed in placing this highly endowed and singularly attractive young man in such close juxtaposition with his daughter.

"Father, you do not speak," continued she, with more impassioned emphasis. "Tell me if you believe him guilty?"

"Gabriella," cried her father, goaded to frenzy by her reiterated appeals, and seizing both her hands in his with a force that made them ache, "Gabriella, if *he* be proved innocent, the world may believe your father guilty. The shame, the ignominy, that now rest on him, will then, doubtless, fall on me; but I swear before the God that made me," added he, raising his eyes with a look that made her shudder, "I will not one moment survive the loss of my honour! Good Heavens! what have I done! Gabriella, Gabriella, look up! Almighty Father! I do believe I have killed her."

She had fallen to the floor with leaden weight, and lay still and white as marble. Her eyes were closed, and her face, partly covered by masses of dark-brown hair, was like the face of the dead. Raising her in his arms, he bore her to a window, and, throwing up the sash, suffered the night air to blow in upon her brow. The moon was just rising above the hill-tops, grand, serene, holy, magnificent. It rose, and the dark outline above which it beamed turned to glistening silver. It rose, and the waters of the majestic Ohio, gliding and gleaming through the distant foliage, shone and sparkled and spread out into a glassy mirror, in which another moon looked up and smiled upon the moon above; and, just over his head, a faint beam, struggling through the curtained window of Ellery's

room, mingled with the splendour of the firmament. The white glory of the moonlight, and the dim, reddish ray, issuing from that window, fell together on the pallid face of Gabriella as she reclined in her father's arms. He trembled as he looked upward, almost expecting to see the Deity rending those beauteous heavens and coming down; those dark, silver-edged hills, flowing down at his presence. He held her closely to his breast, and prayed that she might never again unclose those eyes—never look upon his face again. But she did unclose them—did look up to him—and, as the mists cleared away from her vision, she read that in his countenance, which made cold shudders run through her frame. A horrible fear took possession of her—a fear that could not be expressed—but from whose haunting presence she could never be free. Her mind seemed endowed with a sudden and terrible clairvoyance. A thousand circumstances, which made but little impression at the time, came back to her memory with the distinctness and vividness of letters of fire. The experience of years was condensed in that moment of time, and the wither of age struck her young and blooming heart.

As the father and daughter thus looked into each other's faces, in the clear, pale moonlight, with the stilly night sighing around them, there was a mutual revelation of thought which both would have given worlds never to have made. But eyes are the windows of the soul, and are sometimes transparent as crystal. Gabriella rose from her father's arms, and, as she did so, the clasp of her bracelet caught in the sleeve of his coat, arresting her motions. He stooped to release it, but, tearing the jewel from her wrist, she cast it at his feet. Then, with a sudden reaction of feeling, she gathered up the gem, and gazed earnestly upon it.

"Father," she suddenly exclaimed, "what's the value of this? and this, too?" extending the other beautiful arm, on which a golden circlet was shining. "Oh! I have jewels without number—cannot they ransom *him?*"

"Alas! they would be but drops spilled in the ocean."

"But my mother! I will go to my mother. She has jewels enough to ransom a king. She will not, cannot withhold them."

"All your mother's gems added to your own would avail nothing. Trouble her not. It would be worse than useless. You cannot save Ellery, and let me tell you, Gabriella, this strong interest in the young man is unmaidenly and unbe-

coming. It will expose you to censure, and me to reproach. Retire, and learn more modesty and self-control."

He spoke bitterly, severely. It was with a great effort he did so, but, after the first cold, measured words, the others came with more ease and arbitrariness of tone.

"Retire," repeated he; "I would be alone."

She obeyed him in silence, and he was left alone.

Ellery had not moved since Mr. Campbell quitted him. He sat in the chair by the table, his head resting on his hands, in the dim and quivering lamp-light. He knew not how long he had thus remained. So deep was his abstraction, he was not conscious of his own existence. He knew not whether he was waking or dreaming, present or absent. When the door opened he did not move, though his spirit sprang forward to meet the unseen visitant. He felt its approach, though the footsteps were noiseless, and, through his covered eyes, he seemed to recognise the features of a dream-angel, such as often beamed upon his nightly visions. A warm life-breath floated over his cheek; a tear, a warm, gliding, crystal drop, stole slowly over its surface, but it fell not from his own eyes.

"Ellery," whispered a sad, tremulous voice, "I believe in your innocence. My faith in you shall never waver. Farewell. May God sustain us both."

The dream-angel vanished, but the tear remained on his cheek—the balm in his heart. He felt gentle and submissive as a weaned child—they might carry him to prison—they might immure him in the dungeons of the penitentiary—but they could not shut out the light of his innocence, the glory of her faith and trust. He might die, and fill a felon's dishonourable grave, but that innocence would cast a halo round its darkness, that faith and trust shed their glory on his memory.

We will not linger on these painful scenes in the life of Ellery Gray. He was tried, condemned on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to ten years' solitary imprisonment within the walls of the Penitentiary. His place became vacant in the office, and in the household—his name a forbidden sound. Another clerk filled the station he was supposed to have dishonoured. Mr. Campbell, after receiving the sympathy and condolence of his friends, for the ingratitude and turpitude of his unworthy protegé, pursued his accustomed course. If it was remarked that his face was pale, and his brow more furrowed, it was imputed to the anguish of betrayed confidence

and outraged affection. Mrs. Campbell continued her course of vanity and extravagance, becoming, if possible, more vain and extravagant than before. The disgrace and imprisonment of Ellery Gray, disturbed the stream of her life about as long as the pebble ruffles the current into which it falls. The loss of a bracelet or a ring would have affected her far more.

And Gabriella—did she resume her place in the circles of fashion, forgetful of the youth who, she fully believed, was suffering the penalty of another's crime? Did she smile, as she had too often done, on the flattering worldlings who surrounded her? No! She was never seen to smile, and from the night when she had torn the bracelet from her arm, and dashed it at her father's feet, she had never worn jewelry or ornament. She dressed with the simplicity of a nun, and no persuasion or reproaches could induce her to change her attire. Mrs. Campbell was too vain and too beautiful herself, not to become reconciled to a course which threw into shade the dazzling youthful charms, which threatened to eclipse her matured loveliness. Society wondered at the transformation, and avenged its slighted attractions by secret slander, or open animadversion.

There was but one place in the world that now possessed a charm for the saddened spirit of Gabriella—and that was the humble home of Ellery Gray. She had made a vow to herself to minister, with a daughter's tenderness, to his heart-stricken mother, and she, who went to impart consolation, received it in her own bosom. Mrs. Gray was a Christian. Gabriella, though the daughter of a Christian land, was as ignorant of the true principles of Christianity, as though born on the banks of the Ganges. Mrs. Gray, though ignorant in modern literature, was "mighty in the Scriptures," and it was astonishing with what eloquence and power this humble, unlettered woman, explained the mystic scroll of revelation, which seemed now for the first time unrolled to the eyes of the young Gabriella. It was not alone the thought of Ellery anguishing, an innocent victim, in the dungeon's loneliness and gloom—it was not the blighting of her heart's first love—that had frozen the smile on the lips of the young girl, and changed to the lily's whiteness the roses of her cheek. It was a secret that never could be revealed—a cloud that never could be rolled away—a horror of thick darkness, that never could be illumined with one ray of hope. She stood trembling on the brink of a precipice, without one arm to sustain, one pil-

lar on which to lean, looking down into an abyss of sorrow, the more deep and dark, because an impene tain concealed it from the world. In this indescril lation of the soul, religion found her, and throwi her a divine arm, bore her along the margin of the an unfaltering step, directing her gaze to the green flowery plains beyond.

The first year of Ellery's imprisonment drew t Mr. Campbell, who had never been prostrated by a c ness, was attacked by strange paroxysms, which al family, but for which he positively refused medical assistance. He shrank, too, from the filial cares of preferring to remain alone, in a darkened chamber, the sad and gentle eyes that so mournfully regarded

When the next annual examination of the Bank v the astounding report was again circulated, that th deficiency of a sum even greater than that of the year. That another clerk as unprincipled as Elle supply his place, seemed a strange coincidence. Th man belonged to a highly respectable family, and had tial friends in the city. The irreproachable characte Campbell could not now exempt him from suspicion its birth seemed sacrilege. The unbounded extrava his wife had long been a subject of censure and curi speculation was busy as to the source whence it was s

On the day of the investigation, Mr. Campbell wa to leave his room—too ill to admit any one to his ap Messengers were despatched with the promise of atte business on the morrow—the morrow which he must fear and trembling. Night came on. He would s lamp to illumine his apartment, avowing that darkı more tranquillizing to the nerves. The moon shone i struggling beam, just as it had done a year before. stood close to the window, so that by leaning toward could gather the curtains in his hand, and folding then side, let in a flood of radiance. The shadows he had began to be appalling.

"Once more," he cried, shading his eyes from the i ble splendour, "once more I am passing a terrible, s crisis. Another victim may be sacrificed, but what i the preservation of an unblemished reputation? A sacrifice of Ellery, what if a hecatomb be offered up I have destroyed, but have I not destroyed my own so

If I have doomed him to the torture of imprisonment, have I not suffered the agonies of the damned as an atonement? Is he not far happier in his lonely cell, than I, stretched on the burning coals of remorse? But suppose I am detected, disgraced, undone?"

He paused, and clenched his hands, till the nails cut into the shrinking flesh.

"I was not always a villain," he continued. "I had a kind, loving heart. I loved that boy, when I adopted him for my own. I loved him till I wronged him, and then I hated him for the very injuries I inflicted. I never intended to defraud. I never thought of *stealing*. I meant to return the money, but the woman whom God gave me as a curse, kept tempting me, by demanding means to satisfy her insatiable desires. Step by step, I have been plunging deeper and deeper in sin and iniquity, till I must go down, down, into the bottomless pit. I meant to stop after the ruin of Ellery, but retrenchment would have excited suspicion. I was already lost beyond redemption. For one crime, the son of the morning was banished from heaven. Oh! avenging Deity, can there be a deeper hell, than that which burns in the abyss of a guilty, remorseless soul?"

While he thus held communion with his tortured, self-upbraiding spirit, Gabriella entered, and came and stood at his bed-side.

"Leave me," cried he sternly. "Did I not forbid all intrusion?"

"Send me not from you, father, at a moment like this. Close not your heart to sympathy and affection, for you will have need of them to comfort and sustain. Oh! my father, if the whole world forsake you, I will cling to you—even in dishonour and shame I will remember that I am your daughter still."

"Speak, and tell me what you mean?" exclaimed he, grasping the bed-post with both hands, a cold perspiration bedewing his forehead.

"Alas! alas!" she cried, wringing her hands, "I thought I was very calm—but I sink on the threshold of duty. I have heard words not intended for my ear—words which I came to repeat, but they die upon my lips. Father, the doom which has fallen on Ellery Gray, hangs over you. They say you cannot escape it. Oh, how long have I seen its shadow coming!"

"They!" he cried. "Who dares to impeach *my* honour! *My* character is above reproach. You, who never doubted the innocence of Ellery, are you sacrilegious enough to suspect your own father of crime?"

"Oh! it is in vain to contend with the Almighty," cried Gabriella, sinking on her knees, and clasping her hands on her bosom. "His hand is upon you, father, and you must submit. Just one year ago, in this very room, when I knelt at your feet in the agony of a breaking heart, by your words, your looks, I discovered your terrible secret. The evidence was as strong to me, as if the thunders of Heaven revealed it. Oh! I have greatly sinned in hiding it so long in my own soul. I ought never to have risen from your feet, till you promised to do justice to the innocent, suffering in your stead. By righteous boldness, I might have arrested you in your dark path. Nay, my father, tear not your hands from my clinging grasp. Turn not away in frantic passion. I love you still—in spite of the past and the present—in view of the dreadful future—I love you still. You have been tempted, you have sinned; but though man may condemn, God will forgive. Oh! my poor, poor father—resist no longer—confess your guilt before man and God. Humble yourself in dust and ashes at the foot of the cross, lie there till drenched in a Saviour's blood, die there pleading for mercy—but live no longer in sin and misery; tempt not the wrath of the Lamb of God."

Mr. Campbell, who had at first writhed under her glance, and struggled to free himself from the slender hand that grasped his own, felt himself under an influence too mighty to resist. He gazed upon his young daughter, with her pale, beautiful face, lighted up with such a holy lustre, transformed as it were to an accusing angel, bearing in one hand the broken canons of the God he had defied, and pointing with the other to the blood-stained mount where mercy sat enthroned. Even in that moment of agony and shame, he felt a sensation of relief that his crime was known; that there was no more necessity of struggling to conceal it; that the terrible battle between conscience and temptation was at an end. He never thought of denying the charge those pale, pure, fearless lips had uttered; never thought of breathing one word of vindication, or in extenuation of his guilt. But he had sworn never to survive detection, and resolved to embrace death, rather than ignominy.

"Enough, enough, Gabriella," he cried, in a hollow, altered voice. "I yield to the fate I can no longer contend with. But leave me now! I would prepare myself to meet it as a man."

As he raised his hand, in the act of speaking, the pillow moved, and Gabriella caught a glimpse of a pistol beneath it. She remembered the vow he had made, not to survive detection, and divined the nature of the preparation to which he alluded. With a shriek, she snatched the pistol and dashed it through the window to the ground, shivering the glass and scattering it like diamonds in the moonlight. It exploded as it fell, and at the same moment, Gabriella, faint and sick, threw her arms round her father's neck and burst into tears.

"You will not put yourself beyond the reach of pardon?" she sobbed. "You will not inflict so awful a curse on your child?"

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed the father, folding his arms round his weeping daughter; "Is there, can there be pardon for a wretch like me?"

Scalding tears gushed from his eyes, and rained on Gabriella's cheek. Long and bitterly he wept, and it seemed as if every tear softened the iron pressure of despair, girdling his heart. The awful thought of self-murder melted away. He would surrender himself to the justice of man, he would bow before the vengeance of the Almighty. He deserved to suffer all that Omnipotence could inflict, or an immortal nature endure.

The morning found him nerved for the ordeal through which he was doomed to pass. When he presented himself before his judges, and made a full and voluntary confession of his guilt, indignation for his crime was mitigated by the depth of his penitence, the greatness of his remorse. Even justice hesitated to crush the man, who laid his body beneath its chariot wheels, a waiting victim. But the confession once made, the strength which had sustained him suddenly failed. A hot, purple flush, dyed the deadly pallor of his cheek and brow—and, pressing his hand to his head, he fell back in a violent spasm. For hours he passed from paroxysm to paroxysm, such as only attacks the strong frame and wrestling spirit. When they subsided he seemed weak as an infant, and the grave, instead of the prison, seemed waiting to receive him. But, it is said that a strong will can make death itself its vassal.

Mr. Campbell, who had always appeared to be a yielding man, only too easily swayed by the will of others, was resolved to put into execution one design. As a dying man he could claim exemption from the immediate execution of justice; but, before passing to the tribunal of the eternal judgment, he would drain to the dregs the cup of earthly humiliation. He would die in prison. The same bed of straw on which Ellery had so long groaned, should receive his failing limbs. Through the gloomy grates, which had barely admitted the faint sunbeams to the darkened eye of the young man, his guilty spirit should struggle upwards to the great Omniscient Judge.

It was vain to oppose his determination, and, as strength returned to him in a miraculous manner, even the physicians thought it best to yield to his wishes. He was placed in a carriage, with Gabriella by his side, who was resolved that neither imprisonment nor death should separate her from him. Mrs. Campbell, at the first intimation of their disgrace, had sought refuge with some wealthy relatives, never dreaming that, like the first of woman-kind, she had yielded herself to the delusions of the arch-tempter, and then dragged her husband into transgression.

They arrived at the prison at an hour when the convicts were all separate in their solitary cells. Ellery Gray raised his head as the heavy bolt was undrawn, and the dark, sunken eye, in which the light of hope and joy had long been quenched, turned slowly and languidly towards the door. His graceful form was disfigured by the felon's dress and badge of shame, his luxuriant locks were all shorn, and his complexion white and wan as the flower of a sunless soil. He caught a glimpse of a black, flowing robe, a pale, fair, sad face, such as had often in dreams illumined his dungeon's gloom—and he passed his hand over his eyes, believing himself the sport of an optical illusion. Again he looked, and beheld another well-remembered figure, not firm and erect, as he had last seen it, but bowed, weak and tottering, with haggard features, and dim, death-like countenance. Mr. Campbell staggered forward, and would have fallen had not Ellery thrown his arms around him. He laid him gently on his pallet of straw, while Gabriella supported his head on her bosom.

"Ellery," cried he, extending his trembling hand, "this bed of straw is mine—this grated dungeon is mine—the guilt, the ignominy are mine. I have dragged myself hither, a dying

man, to acknowledge my transgressions at your feet, and pray you to forgive me, in the name of a merciful Redeemer."

Ellery bowed his head over the dying man and wept. No words could be so expressive as those silent tears. The penitent felt them to his heart's core.

"Oh! my son," he cried, "son of my adoption and early love! Do you indeed weep for me? Am I ever to be forgiven? Ah! if man can forgive, may not the great God have mercy? Go forth, Ellery; go from this prison-house to a world waiting to redress your wrongs. Go in the glory of martyrdom, and wear the crown of honour. You are young. Long years of happiness are in store for you—for you and Gabriella. But oh, my children, try not to curse my memory."

He paused, exhausted by the efforts he had made, and his heavy eyelids closed. He had accomplished the purpose for which he had exerted himself with superhuman strength, the energies of life subsided, and nature yielded without further struggle. His mind began to wander, his pulse to fail, and after a few hours of alternate delirium and stupor, his spirit passed away.

Ellery Gray was restored to freedom and honour; the public, anxious to make restitution for the unmerited sufferings he had endured, pressed upon his acceptance offices of emolument and distinction. The directors of the bank insisted upon paying him the year's salary he had lost in prison—and this he accepted as an act of justice; all other pecuniary gifts he declined, though offered in the most munificent manner.

It was long before Gabriella recovered from the terrible shock she had received. But it was her father's guilt she deplored more than its consequences, and believing that he died repentant, she bowed to the cross and endured the shame, in the spirit of her divine Master. If sympathy and tenderness could embalm a wounded heart, hers would have been healed. And it was healed. Life shared with Ellery must be happy, for he was one of those sons of God not often linked with the daughters of men. They were happier for their past sufferings, for they were better, and happiness is always commensurate with goodness.

The early days of their married life were passed in retirement, for Gabriella shrunk from a world over which the memory of her father's guilt hung a darkening shadow, but her nature was too noble not to discard this morbid sensibility. She urged her husband to return to society, to rekindle the

glorious ambition of his youth, and give to mankind the influence of his talents and his virtues.

So they removed to the Queen City of the West, rising in grace and magnificence on their Ohio's native stream. With her own mother Gabriella had no longer any association, for their paths too widely diverged—but the mother of Ellery shared their home—her piety, the rainbow of the household, reminding them of the unfailing promise of God.

Though Ellery Gray gained influence and honour, it was by the exercise of domestic and social virtues, rather than the splendour of his public acts. He never would accept any office of civil or political distinction, never allow himself to be made the idol of the populace. "He would not give to party what was meant for mankind."

And Gabriella walked by his side, in holy simplicity and godly sincerity, wearing no ornament but that of a "meek and quiet spirit," no gem but the "pearl of great price"—that pearl, which she had found under the ocean waves of a great sorrow.

SELIM:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

THE events recorded in the following tale, may be found in the annals of a reign memorable for splendour and oppression, —the reign of Amurath, one of the most powerful Sultans of the East. The usurper and not the inheritor of another's throne, he ruled with iron despotism over the subjects to whose obedience he felt that he had no legitimate claim; yet, while others crouched beneath his tyranny and trembled at his frown, his own heart was secretly a prey to inquietude and distrust. There are no pangs more intense than those occasioned by a consciousness of crime and a dread of its consequences. Amurath knew that he was no common usurper—that the path which led to his present grandeur had been deluged with royal blood—and in the midst of all his magnificence, a voice was ever sounding in his ears, *that* royal blood would one day cry aloud for vengeance, and be heard.

Superstition, which usually holds dark companionship with guilt, and which, in that age and clime, maintained a powerful sway over the purest minds, added to the depth and intensity of these emotions. One of those wild dwellers of the mountains, who believe themselves gifted with inspiration from Heaven, or who impose that belief on the credulity of others, had first kindled the fire of ambition in the cold breast of Amurath, by dim prophecies of his future greatness. The cloud which obscured the brilliant unveiling of his destiny, was the assertion of the prophet, that while the remotest branch of the royal family existed, his power was without base and his life without security. He believed that he had exterminated that ill-fated race, but the jewels with which he encircled his brow were as so many points of living fire to his brain. The fear that some scion from the ancient stock still flourished, protected

from his power, flitted like a phantom in his path and shadowed the possession of his glory.

He was seated one evening on his magnificent divan, with a countenance darkened by more than its wonted expression of care and apprehension. Selim, his favourite and prime minister, stood before him, holding in his hand an unfolded letter, whose contents he had just perused, and upon which he still bent a stern and steadfast gaze.

"Knowest thou whose hand has traced those characters?" exclaimed the Sultan, breaking the ominous silence while he in vain endeavoured to master its inquietude.

Selim lifted his head from the bending position it had assumed, and met the keen, searching glance of the Sultan, with one irresolute and troubled. At length his eye became steady, while it kindled into an expression of moral sublimity, and though his lips quivered with indefinable emotion, he answered in unfaltering accents,

"I do."

For a moment, Amurath was silent, for there is a power in intellect proudly resting on its strength for support, unaided and alone, to whose sovereignty the haughtiest despot is compelled to bow. But the momentary awe was succeeded by a gust of stormy passion.

"Ha! darest thou thus avow thy league with treachery? Thou, whom I have taken to my bosom, whom I have drawn near my throne, and exalted even to my right hand? Tell me the name of him who has penned this seditious scrawl, or by the sword of the prophet, every drop of thy false heart's blood shall be spilled to expiate thy crime."

"I have formed no league with treason," exclaimed the undaunted Selim. "Still true in my allegiance to my royal master, I boldly assert my right to that confidence which I have never justly forfeited. Drain the last drop, if it be thy sovereign will, from this faithful heart, and in my dying agonies I will only remember that thou wert once just to thyself and me."

"I demand the proof of thy fidelity," repeated the Sultan in a calmer tone, his wrath beginning to yield to the overmastering influence of his favourite. "Tell me the author of those fatal lines."

Selim answered not, but bending one knee to the ground, bowed his head in the attitude of oriental humility.

"Commander of the faithful! Bid me not expose an un-

fortunate and misguided being to the fate which he merits. I once knew him who has thus clandestinely intruded himself on thy notice, but years have passed since we have met, and every bond which once united us has long been broken. Believe me, sire, it is not the discovery of an obscure individual, that can insure safety to thyself or security to thy power. There is a powerful existing party in favour of the fallen dynasty, and were it once known that an offspring of that race was still left behind, it would be the signal for anarchy and blood. Destroy this letter; its contents are safe in my bosom. My life shall be the pledge of my fidelity. It is in thy hands. I will not redeem it by the sacrifice of another, even to obey the mandate of my sovereign."

"Take back thy pledge," replied the Sultan, "and hug thy secret to thy breast, but never shall thy nuptials be celebrated with the beautiful daughter of Ibrahim, till thou hast unravelled this dark conspiracy, and discovered the pretended offspring of that fallen race, which was created only to serve as the footstool of my glory. The morrow was to have been gilded by the pomp of thy espousals, but never shall that sun rise which shall illuminate the hymeneal rite, till thou hast rolled away this shadow from thy name, and fulfilled the commands of thy insulted lord."

Selim found himself alone. But before we penetrate into the recesses of his soul, agitated as it now is with contending passions, we will give an explanation of the preceding scene.

Amurath had intercepted an anonymous letter to Selim, whose contents were calculated to awaken the strangest suspicions and the darkest forebodings. The language of this epistle was bold and eloquent. It called upon Selim to unite himself to a band which was leagued to restore the ancient honours of the throne. It spoke of the existence of a princess, a daughter of the murdered Sultan, who had been sheltered since infancy from the power of the usurper, and whom they had sworn to protect with their blood. Selim recognised in this daring appeal the characters of his eldest brother, who, scorning the restraints of the paternal roof, and obeying the impulses of his own wild spirit, had for many years been an alien from his home. He had cherished for this brother an affection more than fraternal. It was romantic, enthusiastic, and in proportion to the ardour of his attachment was the bitterness of sorrow which he felt for his desertion. No longer interested in the scenes of his youth, he sought the

precincts of the court, and the favourite of nature soon b
the idol of fortune. He obtained the unbounded conf
of the Sultan, the highest honours royal favour could b
and, more than all, the love of Zerah, the beautiful dau
of Ibrahim. He had that evening entered the presen
his sovereign, rich in the possession of all that grandeu
impart, and in the reversion of all that hope can offer.
now stood desolate and alone, conscious of the abyss
yawned before him, for he knew but too well, that the
of sovereignty succeeding its smile, was the thunderbolt
ing from the noonday sky.

He might have denied all knowledge of the bold conspi
who had perilled his life and fame; but his truth-telling
refused to sanction even an implied deceit. He had pl
his fidelity to Amurath,—he was bound to him by ever
of gratitude and honour—ties indissolubly strong. He
united to his brother by the holy bond of fraternity—to Z
the fond, the faithful, the confiding Zerah, by all those hall
and imperishable sympathies which God and Nature have cr
and entwined with the very life-chords of our existence. C
l e throw off his allegiance to the ruthless usurper, yet lil
benefactor, who had elevated him to his present altitud
greatness, and brand himself with the name of traitor an
grate? Never! Better to die with an unblemished fame,
live to bear a stigma so degrading. Could he sacrifice
brother to the excited vengeance of Amurath, who w
search through his kingdom to discover the place of his ret
were he once assured of his rebellious purposes? Never! Na
would disown the monster who thus violated her sacred
Could he persist in his present course, and wound by his
sertion that tender and innocent heart which beat to a
him? To this there was but one reply, involving life or de

These reflections pursued him at the midnight hour, w
he wandered in a garden, which the liberality of nature
the splendour of art had embellished with every charm. Gro
of orange trees, covered with their sweet, waxen, white b
soms, filled the air with that sweet, delicious fragrance, wh
reminds one of all that is lovely in the moral and spirit
world. Fountains of the purest water tossed their silv
foam to the moon's glancing rays, or flowed on in mar
channels, with low murmuring melody, through bowers of g
luxuriance, till their sound died away in music on the
It was a night of indescribable splendour. The moon sh

with that soft, pearl-like lustre which is only known in oriental climes, while, remote from the halo of light which surrounded her throne, and over the deep dark blue of a midnight firmament, the stars were scattered like so many living diamonds, concentrating their rays in one flood of light, yet each shining distinctly in its own individual glory. Selim felt, for a moment, calmed and solemnized before the majesty of creation. Who has not felt the influence of night? Night! grand, silent, religious night! It is invested with an unapproachable magnificence, a shadowed splendour, more beautiful and sublime than the unveiled blaze of day. We feel as if we had entered the inner temple of Nature, and shared in the mystery of the divine repose. The soul, disturbed by earth-born cares, agonized by earthly conflicts, discards its cares and forgets its conflicts before the altar of Omnipotence, and, conscious of its own immortality, identifies itself with the Divinity breathing around. Such thoughts as these awed the tempestuous passions which raged in the breast of Selim, into rest. He threw himself upon a flight of marble steps, and, reclining his burning temples against the cold, smooth surface, remained as motionless as the pillar upon which he leaned. He lay, with his eyes intensely fixed upon the illimitable vault above, unconscious of everything in the external world, when he perceived the light darkening around him, though no cloud floated over the ethereal blue. Half rising from his recumbent position, he beheld a majestic figure standing before him in dark relief against the heavens on which its lineaments were defined. Selim stood erect, and grasping his scimitar with one hand, he repelled with the other the approach of the mysterious visitant.

"Selim!" exclaimed the stranger, in the deep tones of suppressed emotion, and in an instant the hand which grasped the scimitar relaxed its hold. Time may dim the recollection of familiar features, or change the form whose traits we have hoarded in our memory, but the voice—there is a magic in the voice. It steals over our souls as the wind floats over the chords of some neglected instrument, and the music of remembrance awakens as it breathes. The stranger opened his arms, and Selim fell upon his brother's neck and wept. Forgotten were desertion and wrongs, danger and fears. Every other feeling was absorbed in that of fraternal love. He saw only the long-estranged companion of his childhood—he felt only the tears of a brother bedewing his cheeks. But the tears of

man are few, and pride soon conquers the weakness of Solyman, such was the name of the wanderer, unfolde brother the purposes to which all his energies were d adjured him to break the gilded chains which linked a tyrant's destiny, and asserted the claims of the princess to loyalty and protection. Selim was imm Amurath—cruel, ambitious, and despotic—was still hi rous, and, till now, confiding master. He vowed ne betray his brother, but that he would devote his life service of his sovereign.

"But where," he cried, "is the unfortunate prince survives the ruin of her race?"

"The secret is buried in my bosom," replied Sol "close as the gems in the casket which contains the testi of her birth. That casket was committed to my care l dying loyalist, who snatched her, an infant, from destru and placed her where the hand of the destroyer reache not. Even he, who fosters her in his arms, and shield with parental care, knows not the treasure he wears i bosom. Selim, I have that in my power which thou wilt more than all that Amurath in the prodigality of his fa can bestow. Join but our faithful and devoted band, a in protecting this last remnant of the imperial line, and shalt be rewarded by the possession of the royal beauty."

"Talk not of love and beauty," exclaimed Selim, sto "Thou knowest not what thou utterest."

"I know not!" repeated the wanderer. "Thinkest that my heart, because it scorned the cold restraints o world, is dead to human feeling? I roamed from scen heartless splendour, but another was the companion o wanderings. An angel spirit in woman's form has ever lowed my devious path, smoothed its roughness, and gilde gloom. Go with me to yon mountain cave and see the flower which is sheltered there, blooming in loveliness for me, and then tell me, if thou canst, that I know no love and beauty."

"Thou dost not understand me," replied Selim, with b ness; "my dreams of bliss are vanished; the paradis love will never cheer this isolated heart. But I would upbraid thee."

He related to Solyman the history of his betrothal anticipated marriage, and the fatal denunciation which blasted his hopes. He trusted to the generosity of his bro

and appealed to him, by all that was dear and holy, to relinquish a design which was not only endangering his own life, but destroying the happiness of a brother.

Solyman listened in breathless anxiety, but Selim marked with indignant surprise, that his eye kindled in the moonlight with a fierce delight, which seemed to mock the calm radiance it reflected. He gazed on the majestic features, which shone with a corresponding illumination, and almost imagined some malignant spirit had animated them. That Solyman should exult in the ruin he had caused, was as incredible as it was maddening.

"Fear not," exclaimed Solyman exultingly, "she shall yet be thine. No fraternal blood shall bedew the hymeneal altar. Meet me to-morrow, at early dawn, at the foot of yon mountain which stretches its dark outline on the right, and I will show you credentials which shall prove the power of my words."

They parted, to meet again at the appointed hour. They met in secret at the foot of the mountain, whose summit was just gilded by the breaking light.

Selim earnestly perused the face of his brother, that he might penetrate the depths of his soul and learn his latent intentions—but he could not fathom them. He saw only the bold, unquiet eye, the proud, curling lip and haughty mien, which had distinguished him in early years, and gained him the appellation of Solyman the Proud.

The spot which had been selected, was one which nature had guarded from intrusion with the most jealous care. On one side, a cluster of trees, clothed in the densest foliage, presented a wall of living verdure impervious to the eye; on the other, a broad stream, darkened by the boughs which overshadowed its banks, poured its tributary stream into the Euphrates' distant waves. Selim impatiently demanded of his brother the credentials which he had promised to deliver. Solyman drew from beneath the foldings of his robe a casket, and, touching a secret spring, displayed its brilliant contents. It was filled with the richest gems, but there were papers concealed in this magnificent bed of diamonds, which Selim gathered up, regardless of the splendour which surrounded them. From these papers he discovered that Zerah, his betrothed bride, the supposed daughter of Ibrahim, was the orphan princess, who had been rescued in infancy from the power of Amurath. He, whose attachment to his murdered

sovereign had led him to protect this lone blossom from the storm which had uprooted the parent stem, placed her in the arms of Ibrahim's gentle wife, who was watching by the cradle of her own slumbering babe. Ibrahim was then absent, but she vowed to cherish, with a mother's tenderness, the innocent being committed to her care. In the mean time, by a mysterious dispensation of Heaven, her own child sickened and died, and when Ibrahim, who had attached himself to the new dynasty, returned, he received to his bosom, with unconscious loyalty, the lovely offspring of a kingly line. There was an inexplicable resemblance between the two infants, and the wife of Ibrahim justly deemed that her husband would be secured from much solicitude and danger, if he remained ignorant of the hazardous charge she had received. She was now no more, and they, who now stood side by side, in the solitude we have described, were the sole possessors of this interesting secret.

Selim grasped the casket as if it contained his salvation, and exclaimed, "Mine be the bosom to guard these sacred testimonies. I dare not hazard their safety, even in your hands. Should Amurath but dream of her identity with the object of his fears, her life would be the instantaneous sacrifice. Even now his emissaries are on the watch, sent to every part of his kingdom, to discover the victim of his ambition."

"No—they shall be a pledge between thee and me," exclaimed Solyman. "Thou hast sworn not to betray me, but thou art human. My life and that of my brave band are in thy power. I have revealed to thee our most secret designs—thee, the favourite of a tyrant. What surety hast thou given? Nothing but breath, already melted in air. Shouldst thou yield to the weakness of passion, and deliver us into the hands of him by whom thou art thyself enslaved, thy Zerah's life shall be the sacrifice of thy broken faith. I brought thee here, that thou mightst learn the secret of Zerah's birth, but never, *never*, will I relinquish to the friend of tyranny, the treasure which expiring loyalty committed to my trust."

He ceased, and, suddenly snatching the casket from the hand of Selim, turned and plunged into the stream that rolled near the spot where they stood. The action was so sudden and impetuous that Selim was hardly conscious of the deed, till he beheld his brother severing the waters with one hand, while he held in the other the glittering prize. Soon springing upon the opposite bank, he waved a parting sign and disappeared in

the obscurity of the thicket. Selim gazed after this wild and singular being with feelings it would be difficult to define; but the conviction that Solyman despised the species of honour which bound him to Amurath, stung him to the soul.

"He knows me not," he bitterly cried; but the recollection of Zerah and the dangers which surrounded her, soon banished every other reflection. The sun was just beginning to gild the mist which curled around the mountain's brow,—that sun which was to have shone upon their nuptial vows. The fear that Amurath might discover the secret of her birth deepened to maddening certainty, as he thought of the almost illimitable power which the Sultan exercised over the sordid minions which surrounded his throne. He could not believe that the knowledge of so important a fact was confined to the bosom of one individual. He determined to seek the dwelling of Ibrahim, and warning him of some impending calamity, urge him to leave the country and bear his daughter to some distant region, where they might remain in security till the apprehended danger was past.

Ibrahim beheld, with astonishment, the clouded brow and troubled mien of Selim; not such the mien that bridegrooms are wont to wear. The pride of the father rose high in his heart, for the beautiful Zerah was the fairest flower of oriental climes, and he deemed her a gift richer than all the gems of the East. To Selim's impassioned representations of unknown peril which awaited them, and entreaties for their immediate departure, he lent a doubting ear. He was one of the most magnificent grandees of the kingdom, and he felt that he possessed sufficient power in himself to guard against any evils which might threaten him. With proud integrity of purpose, he resolved to stand firm in the strength of conscious rectitude. Selim was unprepared for this resistance, and marked, with anguish, the suspicions which had entered the breast of Ibrahim. He dared not avow the secret which oppressed him; he could not prove, by the necessary credentials, the almost incredible tale, and he feared that ambition, which held lordly sway over Ibrahim's minor passions, would lead him to sacrifice the innocence and beauty he had protected while ignorant of its imperial origin. Ibrahim summoned his daughter, and, commanding her to fathom the mystery of her lover's conduct, or to withdraw the pledge she had given, left the apartment.

Selim had not, till this moment, experienced the overwhelm-

ing embarrassment of his situation. He stood pale an lute in the presence of her, whom he was to have clair day as a triumphant bridegroom. The pride which s him before his fellow man, was now annihilated by a emotion. He did not speak, but throwing himself p at her feet, buried his face in the foldings of her robe surely, if aught in woman's form could justify the a of the heart, this daughter of a kingly race might v the worship she inspired. With eyes of celestial g brow on which the regality of nature was enthroned; on which the rich bloom of the pomegranate was melt the softness of the virgin rose; tresses of dark redu that wreathed as they fell, forming a native veil around she moved amid the maidens of that eastern land, fi transcendent as the moon, when, attended by her starry maids, she walks the palace of the skies. The temp worthy of the divinity which it enshrined. Thus clothe the light of material and spiritual loveliness, she seeme to feel and to create a passion, refined above the gr of mortality. Unlike the proud and jealous Ibrahir doubted not the faith of her lover. When, in broken a he told her of the interdiction to their nuptials, of the that was darkening over their destiny, she wept over blighted hopes, but, instead of withdrawing, she renew vows of love and fidelity. Oh! pure and trusting tenderness of woman's uncorrupted heart! A ray emar from the fountain of all purity and light, shining on wit wavering brightness, undimmed by the gloom of sorrov extinguished by the darkness of despair. The darke closer the clouds gather around, the clearer and bright divine effulgence—the sunshine resting on the coming pest, the rainbow gilding its retiring shades.

Selim felt, in this moment, more than indemnified for a had endured. The conviction of her unalterable love, res to him the energy and eloquence which had ever rendered an irresistible pleader. Zerah yielded to the entreaties w Ibrahim had resisted, and, ere they parted, consented t with him to some far and lone retreat, where, like the d flower which blossoms unseen, save by the All-seeing eye would be content to bloom alone for him.

Selim sought the palace of Amurath. He had one of hardest tasks for a noble and an ingenuous mind to perf He was compelled to mask his purpose, to appear with

submission before the sovereign, whose resentment he had incurred. The day must be devoted to the revolting task of deception—the succeeding night to his secret flight. He was retracing, with slow steps, the path which led to the mountain stream, that he might avoid the guards of the Sultan, when he suddenly encountered Solyman, who was hurrying along with breathless speed, his countenance indicative of the most violent emotion.

"Fly!" exclaimed Solyman, in a voice which sounded, in Selim's startled ear, loud as the tec-bir shout. "Fly—the minions of tyranny are abroad—they rushed upon me, cowards as they are,—they wrested the casket from my unguarded hand,—their scimitars were flashing around me. I fled, but not in fear. I fled in search of vengeance. See," he continued, lifting on high his bleeding hand, "for every drop of blood a thousand streams shall flow. Fly through yon secret path, —intercept the wretch who robbed me of my treasure. He left his comrades far behind. Fear not the power of Amurath. I swear to redeem thee or perish by thy side."

Swift as the lightning's flash he vanished, and swift as the same electric messenger of wrath, Selim pursued the path which Solyman had indicated. That fatal casket! Had he ten thousand lives, he would have perilled them all for the possession of that priceless treasure. Zerah, expiring under the hands of the assassin, rose, an embodied vision, before him. So powerful was the illusion, that when he caught a glimpse of a mantle fluttering amid the foliage of the trees, he called out with the energy of despair—

"Save her! All-gracious Allah! save her!"

It was the guard, who was hastening to the Sultan with the casket he had stolen. He turned at the sudden adjuration. The powerful grasp of Selim impeded his flight. He was a man of towering stature and athletic limbs, noted for physical strength, and one of the chosen guards of the Sultan. He met the stern embrace of Selim, with one which might have crushed a feebler frame. They grappled long and fiercely, and it was only with the life-blood of his antagonist, that Selim redeemed the prize for which he would freely have poured out his own. Burying the casket in his bosom, he mantled over it the folds of his robe; but the conviction of Zerah's safety was immediately followed by the consciousness of his own danger. He was surrounded by the Janizzaries, who had overtaken the flying steps of their comrade, and who had been sent

as spies to watch the secret movements of Selim. He saw that it was in vain to contend with an armed band, but lifting his blade aloft, still dripping with the blood of his adversary, with that majesty of look and gesture which always had such an overawing influence on inferior minds, he commanded them to forbear.

"Stand back," he cried; "what would ye dare to do? Go to the Sultan—say that ye saw me wing yon felon's soul to Paradise. Ay, tell him, too, that ye saw me fling into the oblivious waves, what I would not barter for all the riches of his kingdom."

Then opening his blood-stained robe, he drew forth the casket of Zerah, and raising it high over their unsheathed weapons, dashed it into the waters of the mountain stream, then rushing on in a downward and swollen current, forming a deep and unsearchable grave. The deed was instantaneous. Selim drew a deep inspiration, as if his bosom were relieved from some oppressive burden. The secret was now safe in his own heart, and no tyrant's power could penetrate that inner sanctuary. Turning to the astonished guards, he signed them to advance. Accustomed to obey the princely Selim, they involuntarily yielded to his sway, and though they marched on either side, with naked blades, precluding the possibility of escape, he had more the air of a sovereign with his attendant vassals, than a victim to be arraigned before the tribunal of offended majesty.

With a dauntless mien and unfaltering step, Selim entered the presence of Amurath. He knew the doom that awaited him, but, as the bark which is about to be swallowed by the ocean wave is borne up over the stormy billows, rising with the rising tempest, his spirit rose above the perils which threatened to overwhelm him. He stood in immovable silence while the guards related the scene which we have described, and met with an unquailing eye, the withering glance of the Sultan.

The wrath of Amurath was, at first, too deep for words. In spite of his denunciations, he had felt, till this moment, a confidence in the fidelity of Selim which he deemed it impossible to abandon. The conviction of his perfidy brought with it the most exquisite pang. Selim was the only being whom he had ever really loved and trusted, and a tear actually glistened in his haughty eye, as one by one he gathered up the proofs of his favourite's treachery and ingratitude. Selim

marked the unwonted sign of human tenderness, and his pride melted at the sight. He saw once more the trusting friend, the munificent benefactor, and casting down his scimitar at the foot of the throne, he exclaimed:

"Commander of the Faithful! take back thy gift—take even the life which Allah has given—but leave me yet the consciousness of my integrity. I am no traitor, sire; though stained with the blood of thy subject, I am guiltless of treason, and with my expiring breath I will proclaim my innocence."

"Prove then thy innocence," cried Amurath. "I swear by the golden buckle of the Prophet, if thou wilt reveal the name of the supposed offspring of sovereignty, and place her in our power, I will freely pardon thy past offences, restore thy forfeited honours, and give thee, even this day, thy plighted bride."

Selim folded his arms resolutely over his breast.

"The secret is buried here!" he cried, "and shall perish with me! No commands can force, no tortures compel me to reveal it. I offer thee my life—thou mayst devote it to bondage, to death—but thou hast not, canst not have control over my free spirit's will."

"Away then to the darkest dungeon—away till the traitor's death is prepared for thee! My slighted mercy shall turn to vengeance now! The hour of relenting is past. Thy fate shall tell to after ages of the ingratitude of favourites and the justice of kings."

Selim bent his head in token of submission. Amurath ordered him to be shackled in his presence, that the scene of his glory might also be that of his degradation. Then, after a fresh ebullition of rage, he commanded the guards to bear him to his cell.

A damp and noisome dungeon, feebly lighted by the rays which struggled through the grated walls, was now the abode of the late magnificent Selim—sad proof of the evanescent nature of all earthly glory. But there is a moral brightness, transcending the noonday beams, which can throw over the darkest hour of human suffering the radiance of heaven. He who is willing to sacrifice his existence for another, is supported by the spirit of martyrdom, and that spirit will bear him up, as on angel wings, over the gloomy valley of despair. But the exaltation of feeling which attends the performance of a magnanimous deed, and which sustains the sufferer in the moment of physical agony, gradually subsided as he recalled

the appalling circumstances which accompanied the sacrifice he was making. To lay down his life for Zerah, and leave behind him an unblemished name—a memory which the brave might honour, and the true-hearted mourn—would have seemed a trifling effort for a love like his. But to go down to the grave in ignominy and shame; to be branded with the name of *traitor*—that withering, deathless curse—while even she for whom he died, might learn to scorn his memory, and place another on the shrine where once his image dwelt, in the pure consecration of her virgin thoughts; the very idea was maddening. He lifted his shackled hands to heaven, and prayed Allah to send down a pitying bolt, to destroy at once the wretched being he had made; then let the waters of oblivion roll over his remembrance and obliterate it from the records of the living. He poured out the bitterness of his soul into the all-hearing ear of the Most High, till in the stillness of awe, the troubled billows of passion sunk to rest. At last, the feeble light of his cell darkened and disappeared. Conscious of the return of night, he wondered that Amurath should delay the execution of his wrath. Every moment he expected to hear the bolts undraw and to see the ministers of death approach, but he had wrestled with the indwelling enemy and come off victorious; and thowing himself down on the cold floor of his dungeon, he slept more calmly than Amurath on his bed of luxury.

He slept—but his dreams assumed the dark colour of his destiny. He wandered in an interminable desert, where no oasis refreshed the eye with its emerald beauty—no fountain bathed the thirsty lip with its life-giving waters. Languid, despairing, he threw himself on the hot, arid waste, praying for dissolution, when suddenly the gates of Paradise unfolded, a flood of radiance annihilated the gloom, and the "dark heaven of Houris' eyes" beamed with flashing brightness on his vision. The dazzling contrast broke his slumbers. He started and gazed around him. His dream was fled, but the illumination remained. A celestial figure, clothed in white, bearing a lamp in one fair hand, while she veiled with the other her dazzled eyes, stood by the side of the slumbering victim. It stood with pallid brow, and dark, resplendent locks, beautiful as the angel who is sent to bear the liberated soul to the bowers of immortality. But it was no spirit of heaven that thus severed the dungeon's gloom. It was a daughter of earth, young, loving and beloved—full of earth's

warmest affections, yet sharing earth's bitterest woes. It was Zerah who stood by her doomed lover, and met his waking glance. Almost doubting in what world he existed, he started from his recumbent position, while the clanking of his chains sent a thrill of horror through the tender bosom that soon throbbed wildly against his own. She, who in the hour of prosperity and joy repelled with bashful pride the ardour of her lover, as the flower which turns from the sun's meridian rays, now threw her pure arms around him and moistened his fetters with her tears.

"Hast thou come," he cried, "to travel with me to the entrance of the dark valley, and to receive from my dying lips the vows of imperishable love?"

"I come," said Zerah, in low, faltering accents, "as a messenger of mercy and pardon. I come in Amurath's name to bid thee live."

"Live!" exclaimed Selim—and every drop of blood was quickened in his veins. "And live for thee!"

Zerah paused, as if irresolute in what words to utter the commission with which she was charged. Bending her head till her brow was veiled with her mantling locks, she continued—

"The Sultan demands of thee the name of the unfortunate princess, who lives unknown to all but thee and thy secret accomplice. It is his last offer of mercy. He commissioned me, thy plighted bride, to offer thee again the alternative of life and death, that love might move the heart inflexible to the pleadings of royalty."

"Would Zerah counsel dishonour?" cried Selim, almost sternly, his warm hopes chilled to ice as she spoke. "Would she purchase my life with the blood of innocence?"

"I would purchase thy life with the blood of thousands," she wildly exclaimed—and, sinking on her knees before him, she locked her hands in the agony of supplication. "I pray thee but to live; what is the world to me? He claims not *blood;* 'tis but a name he asks; and yet that simple word thou wilt withhold, even at the sacrifice of Zerah's life!"

"Zerah!" he cried, "in Allah's name forbear! Thou knowest not what thou askest."

Zerah gazed earnestly for a moment in her lover's face, then rising from her kneeling attitude, every feature of her face changed in its expression. The look of intense anguish and entreaty, resolved into that of cold, settled despair.

"The truth has entered my heart," she said, and he faltering voice was firm and distinct. "Thou lovest this c daughter of a kingly race. Thou hast pledged thy false to Zerah, while thy heart is given to her who dwells i secret bower. And I, insulted and betrayed, I have kn thy feet in vain, while thou art sacrificing thy life and sc another!"

"Oh! cruel and unjust!" exclaimed Selim, in an agoi uncontrollable emotion.—"Dear, unhappy Zerah! thou added the bitterest drop to my cup of misery! For th doubt my faith! Oh! mayst thou never know how fea this ill-requited faith is proved."

The sound of footsteps was heard in the passage.

"They come," cried Zerah, "to bear me from thy cell. allotted moments are past. For the last time, oh! inexo Selim, wilt thou destroy thyself and me?"

The grating of the heavy bolt was heard. The paleness death overspread her face, and the cold dew of mortal ang gathered on her brow. Selim felt that the tortures his posed perfidy inflicted, were keener than those which cruelty of Amurath could invent. Must then the sacrific vain? While he was offering himself for the salvation of life, must she believe his perfidious hand was stabbing, deliberate treachery, her too fond, too trusting heart? guards entered the cell.

"All-Gracious Allah!" he cried, "let us die together."

As the words of this deep prayer fell from the lips of ill-fated lover, Zerah fell back, fainting, in the arms of guard, who sprang forward to receive her before Selim co oppose his advance.

"The bitterness of death is past!" he cried, as he saw borne from his sight, her long hair sweeping the dungeo floor, her eyes closed, and her cheeks white as the folds of snowy robe.

He heard the bolts re-drawn, and the groan which then bu from his tortured heart, was the first and the last which vindictive Amurath extorted from his victim.

There was the clashing of arms, the neighing of steeds, shouts of a multitude heard that night, near the royal pala The tumult deepened and swelled. The name of Selim sounded through the midnight air, and thrilled in the ear Amurath, loud as the notes of the Archangel's tr was Solyman at the head of the insurgent band.

who were groaning under the rod of despotism, yet waiting for some master spirit to give the momentum to them, rushed forth with gleaming scimitars and joined the war-cry which thundered on the gale. They pierced into the dark recesses of cruelty. They reached the dungeon of Selim. There, extended on the ground, with his face buried in his arms, which were stretched listlessly on the damp earth, and his mantle thrown over him like a pall, lay the princely Selim.

"Almighty Allah! we have come too late!" exclaimed Solyman, throwing himself by the body of his brother, and straining to his own that now insensible heart. "Where is the imperial murderer?" he cried, springing from the earth, with eyes in which the tear-drops of agony were quenched by the blaze of vengeance. "Where is the accursed Amurath? By the Angel of Death, he shall meet his martyred victim, soul to soul, before the lightning's bolt could compass the world. Follow me—let the cry of 'Selim and Vengeance' rend the heavens and echo to the ears of the Prophet's God."

Soon the avenging shout was heard in the walls of the palace, followed by the shrieks and wailings of despair.

Vengeance was sated—the usurper slain.

Solyman raised his smoking blade and beheld, with a terrible smile, the blood dripping drop by drop from its shining surface.

"Selim!" he groaned; "my noble, matchless brother! Accept the oblation I offer to thee!"

"He lives!" cried one of the insurgents, rushing through the crowd. "He is not dead,—they are bearing him even now to the palace with acclamations of joy."

Yes! Selim lived. He had fainted under the crushing weight of his destiny—but his spirit returned to find life, freedom, triumph, joy, and love. A throne, too! Thousands hailed him as the successor of the fallen Amurath.

"No!" said he, turning to his brave brother—"there is your true liberator and rightful sovereign."

"The wilderness is my empire!" replied Solyman—"the heavens my canopy, and the rock my throne. I would not exchange my sovereignty for the diadem of the East."

Selim saw him depart to his mountain home, with feelings of admiration and regret. There was a fascination in the wild majesty of his character, and the intensity of his fraternal love bound him to his heart with strong and holy ties. He

never forgot that he owed his present happiness and g to his magnanimous spirit and powerful arm.

United to the beautiful Zerah, now the acknowled presentative of a race of kings, he ruled with a golde tre over the hearts of his subjects, who gave him the g title of "Selim—the Just—the Magnificent."

HOWARD,

THE APPRENTICE BOY.

In the vicinity of the metropolis of New England, there resided a poor boy. Ignorant of his parentage—without one acknowledged relation—he was thrown for care and protection upon the family of a tanner. Fortunately for him, this family was kind and good; and the delicate and lonely child was cherished with parental tenderness. But his benefactors were poor, and the wants of a growing family impeded the exercise of their loving kindness and Christian charity. The sensitive boy often felt as if he were a burden on their care, and sought by every means in his power to prove his gratitude and devotion. As he was of slender frame, no rough manual labour was imposed upon him; but with most mistaken tenderness, the office of *nurse* was allotted to him, as congenial to his strength and loving disposition. Howard—(the friends of the nameless boy had given him a name which every lover of mankind cherishes with reverence)—used to wander abroad with the infant, his foster sister, in his arms, and a book in his pocket, and seeking the shade of some natural arbour, seat the infant gently on the grass, and taking his book in his hand, alternately scan the well-thumbed page and caress the gentle child—who would gaze up into the deep blue sky, or down into the clear blue stream, with smiling earnestness, as if holding communion with kindred cherubs there. His extraordinary powers of mind, and exquisite tenderness of heart, were thus early and simultaneously developed.

One beautiful summer afternoon, he thus sat in a little bower, near the tannery and not far from the roadside. It

was one of the most wildly beautiful, picturesque spots in New England, and the young dreamer drank in draughts of beauty and sublimity almost maddening, for he had no one to whom he could breathe his enthusiastic emotions—his aspirings after the destiny to which, even then, he felt conscious that he was born. This evening he was roused from his reveries, by the approach of a gentleman on horseback. The gentleman rode leisurely, with the reins hanging loosely on the horse's neck, as if he were taking in the whole loveliness of a landscape shining with the glory-hues of meridian summer.

He was attracted by the student boy, and the quiet, musing infant at his feet. Dismounting and suffering his weary horse to browse on the grass by the wayside, he walked towards the boy, who threw his book on the ground and rose with natural politeness, as the distinguished-looking stranger approached. He had never seen a man with so imposing an appearance. He was richly and elegantly dressed, and the unmistakable stamp of a proud intellect was on his brow. He fixed upon the boy an eye keen as a falcon's, and gazed upon him a few moments without speaking. There was something magnetic in the glance, and Howard felt its influence to his spirit's core. Why should the stranger look on him so steadfastly? He was not a beautiful boy, though thought and sensibility often made him appear so. He was dressed in a suit of brown homespun, and his shirt-collar, though white, was of the coarsest domestic.

"What is your name, my boy?" asked the stranger.

"Howard, sir."

"Does your father live here, at the tannery?"

"No, sir—I never had any father." The stranger smiled.

"And your mother—where does she live?"

"She's dead; she died when I was a baby. Mrs. Mason took me home, and I've lived with her ever since."

The gentleman kept his unreceding gaze upon the boy, whose naturally pale cheeks at length grew crimson under his scrutiny.

"Are you fond of reading?" he asked, pointing to the book lying on the grass.

"Yes, sir—I love it better than anything else in the world."

"What book is that?"

"It is the Life of Franklin, sir. I almost know it by heart. I love to read of great men who were once poor boys; be-

cause——" he stopped and blushed, and began to pull the leaves from the low branches sweeping over him.

"Because what, my boy? Do not be afraid to speak."

"Because, though I am a poor boy now, I think I could be a great man some day, if I tried hard."

"Do you go to school?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"I have to stay at home and take care of the baby."

A scornful smile played for a moment on the lips of the stranger, followed almost instantaneously by a dark frown.

"A pretty employment for a boy like you!"

Howard shrank from the expression of that haughty, handsome face looking down upon him. An irresistible repulsion made him draw back as far as possible from him.

"It's all I can do for them," answered the boy—"and if it hadn't been for them, I should have been a beggar."

"Well, I shall be back in a few days, and will call and see Mr. Mason; perhaps I can do something for you. You are too smart a boy to spend your time watching such little brats as these."

The gentle little baby, who had apparently listened with quiet interest to the conversation thus far, here suddenly put its chubby sun-browned arms round one of the stranger's ankles, and looked up smilingly in his face.

"Let go," he exclaimed, in a stern voice, drawing back so suddenly that the little creature, rudely loosened from its hold, was thrown upon the ground, to the great indignation of Howard, and probably much to its own astonishment. Howard sprang forward, raised his protegé in his arms, and giving a rebuking glance at the stranger, exclaimed—

"You are not a kind gentleman, sir, or you wouldn't hurt a baby. I don't wish you to do anything for me, I thank you, sir."

The stranger laughed, touched the boy's head lightly with his whip handle, told him he was a boy of spirit and bid fair to be a hero; then sauntering back to his horse, he mounted him and rode away.

"I do not like him," said the boy; "he is not good; he is cruel and wicked, I know. If I cannot be a great man without his help, I don't want to be one at all. Poor little Alice!" continued he, kissing away the tears that stood on the baby's

velvet cheeks. "How could he call you a *brat*, when you are so sweet!"

About a week after this incident, the stranger called on Mr. Mason, and had a long conversation respecting the boy, the result of which was communicated to him after his departure.

"Come here, Howard," said Mr. Mason, taking the boy's hand and drawing him between his knees. "There's been a gentleman here, who says he has taken a fancy to you. He's going to take you home, send you to school, and make a man of you."

"Is he?" cried Howard, an expression of unconquerable repugnance settling on his countenance.

"You are to leave us," continued Mr. Mason, his voice growing rather husky in its tone, "and forget that you have ever been with us. He is a rich, proud man, and it would be a disgrace to him to have it known that a tanner's boy was in his house."

"I'll never live with him—I'll never leave you for him, sir," answered Howard, emphatically; "I cannot tell the reason, but I *hate* him."

It was strange to hear so gentle a boy speak in such bitter terms, especially of one who had made him so munificent an offer. But an unconquerable aversion to the stranger, made him recoil with loathing from a proposition which promised him all the intellectual advantages for which his young and ardent mind was earnestly panting. The moral principle triumphed over ambitious desire, and he resolutely refused to leave his benefactor, for the protection of the haughty stranger.

"He refuses!" exclaimed the gentleman, when informed by Mr. Mason of the boy's obstinate determination. "The ungrateful little wretch! well, let him stay and be a tanner, if he will. I would have done something for him, but now——"

Here he uttered a blistering oath, and departed.

Years passed on. The self-education of Howard continued, marked by the most astonishing results. The little Alice was grown to be a lovely, affectionate child, no longer requiring of him the cares of a nurse, though still clinging to him with more than sisterly affection. Nothing more was heard of the stranger, who had so singularly crossed his path. There were times when the boy felt the "strong necessity" of acquiring knowledge urging him so powerfully, that he looked back with keen regret upon the unaccountable moral antipathy,

that had led him to reject an offer which would have placed him in that station of life, an inner voice told him he was born to fill. As he grew older, the difference between his own nature and those around him became more and more apparent, and discontent, which he deemed ingratitude, prayed upon his heart. He assisted Mr. Mason in the labours of the tannery, with all the zeal of which he was possessed, but his frame was slender, and what little strength he had was consumed by an insatiable thirst for knowledge—a mental fever, that became more and more burning and intense. A number of literary gentlemen, who heard of the extraordinary apprentice boy of the tanner, at length came to see him, and through their influence, he obtained admission into one of the collegiate institutions of New England.

He left the humble home, where he had been so kindly sheltered, with many tears, but kindling hopes. Alice, the pretty and affectionate Alice, was inconsolable at his departure, but he promised to return every vacation and teach her all he learned.

Poor, poor boy! how little he knew the future which stretched out before him, a green, enchanted land. The home he left was a Paradise to the one which now received him. He knew not the conditions on which he was permitted to receive the droppings of this sanctuary of leaning, where he hailed with rapture the dawn of his literary Millennium. He was compelled to perform the most servile offices for the other students, as the wages of his own instruction. He carried wood and water up the high and winding stairs, usually found in such buildings, till his frame, which, as we have said before, was anything but robust, bowed beneath the burden, and his spirit groaned under the Egyptian bondage of his destiny. Still he toiled over his scholastic duties, till he distanced all his competitors in the literary career on which he had entered with such soaring ambition.

At last, in an auspicious moment, he became acquainted with some students of Harvard University, and learned with rapture, that he might there be received into the cherishing arms of the Alma Mater, freely and unconditionally, without any of those depressing circumstances which weighed him down with a consciousness of degradation. He sought those groves sacred to science, and he was welcomed—as the child of genius and want is ever welcomed there—as a son and a

brother. Here his heart was warmed, his mind expanded, his views elevated.

He became the candidate for the highest collegiate honours, and so great was the love and admiration of his classmates, they would gladly have woven with their own hands, the laurels which were soon to decorate his brow.

But while thus gaining friends and admirers among the wealthy and noble, he did not forget his early benefactors, his sweet foster sister. Most of his vacations were passed at the humble home of his childhood, and he fulfilled his promise to Alice of imparting to her, as far as possible, the information he acquired. In summer, he would lead her to the green bowers, where he used to sit with her, when, an unconscious infant, she lay upon the grass or nestled in his arms, and read with her the pages where genius had impressed its burning lines. Child as she was, he never looked forward into life, without associating her with all its hopes and all its joys. Should he become distinguished in any of the great paths opened to the sons of ambition, she should be his companion, sister, or something dearer still—and the child, though she dreamed not of his future visions, read, studied, thought, and felt, with reference only to him.

But poor Howard did not always find his path strewed with roses. In spite of the most rigid economy, he could not help running in debt. He had no means to meet the demands against him, and he knew not where to turn for assistance. He could not drain the purse of the good tanner, the father of Alice. He shrank from the thought of taxing the kindness of his classmates—for he was proud—because he was poor.

One evening he sat down in the loneliness of his chamber, with a heavy heart. His head ached with the burden of great thoughts, his spirit with the burden of destiny.

He thought of the past with bitterness, of the future with despair. He remembered the apparently munificent, but haughty stranger. As he had grown older, something had whispered to him the secret of the stranger's interest. He had an instinctive conviction that he was his own father, who, having left his infancy to destitution, refusing him even the dignity of a name, perhaps urged by an importunate conscience, was willing to receive as a dependent on his bounty, one whom shame prevented from acknowledging as his son. Never had he felt so deeply the wrong and injustice inflicted upon him—

by being defrauded of the holiest rights of nature; never had he felt such inappeasable heart-yearnings.

Oh! for a mother's bosom on which to pillow his aching heart—a sister's fond arms to twine him with one dear caress! What was literature, fame, honour, to him? Who would exult in his success, or glory in his renown? A gentle child appeared to glide before him; a child in the first, tender bloom of girlhood; and fixing on him her soft, loving eyes, seemed to say—"Have you forgotten Alice?"

At the remembrance of Alice, his poverty pressed upon him with a crushing weight. He tried to banish her from his thoughts.

At length he remembered Him, who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, and took up his Bible, which lay before him, and on which he had just pillowed his aching temples. He turned to the forty-second Psalm; and when he came to the fifth verse,

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God! for I shall yet praise him, who is the help of my countenance and my God!" he read it aloud, in devout and trembling accents.

"Forgive me, O my God," he cried, lifting the Bible upward, as if he would make it the wings of his soul, when a shower of bank notes fell from the fluttering leaves, as if the divine pages were suddenly animated by a living spirit of benevolence. The collegians, conscious of his necessities, and knowing too his evening custom of reading the word of God, had adopted this method of relieving his wants, without wounding his pride. Sinking on his knees, in an ecstasy of gratitude, he accepted the bounty as from the hand of Providence, and the dark cloud of despondency passed away from his soul.

So onward he urged his course—upward and onward—cheered by friendship, inspired by hope, warmed by zeal, lifted by ambition, and more than all, sustained and sanctified by religion. From the bright promises of such a youth, what a glorious manhood might not be anticipated! But alas! the scourge of New-England came on the wings of the chill eastern blast, and marked him as its victim. The eyes, which had been the lamps of science, now burned with consumption's wasting fire—its dry, hectic cough checked the clear, impassioned utterance, and its slow agonies arrested the elastic and buoyant step. It was hard to die thus in the day-spring of his

fame. He had just reached that height from which he could look down and back upon the rough ascent he had climbed, and see the green fields and magnificent plains stretching beyond. He could hear the music of the distant waters as they gushed and sparkled in the sun. As Moses gazed from the summit of Mount Pisgah, on that promised land he must never be permitted to enter, he cast his yearning eyes upon the scene, over which the curtain of death was slowly, darkly descending. Still he bowed his head and exclaimed: "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

He was borne to his early home. Alice, his child-love, sat by him, as of old, and he talked to her of heaven and heavenly things.

Just before he died, he learned that a rich and proud gentleman of the city of Boston, had left him the heir of all his fortune, acknowledging him to be his son, with his last breath.

"It is too late," cried the dying youth. "What are riches and honours to one on the threshold of the eternal world?"

Yes, it was too late for him, but the child of his benefactors was made the recipient of his wealth, and he was thus enabled to pay the debt of gratitude. His spirit still walked the earth in the gentle form of Alice, who was indeed one of the ministering angels sent by God, to let mankind see of whom the kingdom of Heaven is made.

Howard died—but his memory is immortal. His name is hallowed in Harvard's venerable walls. It is associated with all that is best and brightest and most worthy of emulation. His monument is a shrine where pale genius comes to worship and gather strength, from example, to struggle with the ills of destiny and the *will*—to be victor in the conflict. For Howard was victorious, though he died, at last, a victim to the life-battle which he had undauntedly fought. He gained immortality—he left a *name*—a pure, a glorious name—and the great purposes of his being were accomplished.

'Tis not where wealth uprears its pillared dome,
That pilgrim genius finds its favourite home—
'Tis not where grandeur dwells, rolls the deep tide
By which the springs of science are supplied.
The *mind* on its sublimest pinions soars,
When clouds are heaviest, and the tempest lowers;
And from its eagle eyrie, in the skies,
Smiles on the dark storms that below it rise.

THE BLACK MASK.

"No, I will not go to-night," exclaimed Blanche, taking from her head a bandeau of pearls and tossing it into the hands of her attendant. "No, I will not go—I am weary most of all of talking and listening to nonsense. I will stay at home, and enjoy the supreme luxuries of simplicity, quiet, and solitude. Yes! solitude! for dear Mrs. Channing is gone to an old-fashioned tea-party, and you, Elsie, are not to disturb me, after I have once composed myself to the task of admiring myself, *by* myself."

"But this beautiful dress?" cried her obsequious chambermaid.

"Put it back in the wardrobe."

"These pearls?"

"In the case."

"These flowers?"

"Ah! give me the flowers. *They* are beautiful, they breathe of nature, and I love them. Here, take this heavy comb from my hair," continued the capricious beauty, and then shaking her hair loosely over her shoulders and untying the bouquet, she twisted the flowers into a careless garland and twined it round her head.

"And now, Elsie, give me that simple white robe, fastened with blue ribbons. You must confess it is ten thousand times prettier than the one you have just put aside. Ah, me! I wish I were nothing but a plain country lassie, left to wander about at my own sweet will."

"I think somebody has her own sweet will now," said Elsie to herself, vexed to think that her young and beautiful mistress was going to shut herself up at home, instead of exhibiting herself to the admiring crowd.

"But what shall I say to Mr. Orne, when he calls to attend you?"

"Tell him I cannot, will not go to-night."

"He will be angry."

"I care not—but he is too stupid to be angry. Beside, he has no cause, for I gave no promise to accompany him."

Elsie, who was accustomed to the varying moods of Blanche, sighed as she put away the beautiful paraphernalia of fashion with which she had hoped to adorn her mistress for the evening's fete, while Blanche, telling her she had no further need of her services, descended to the little room she called her boudoir. And a charming little room it was—a perfect *bijou* of a room—fitting palace for a fairy queen. It is no wonder that she liked sometimes to rest on that soft, blue-cushioned sofa, and look around on all the exquisite adornments her own taste had selected. Curtains of blue damask, her favourite colour, shaded the window; the glass doors of her cabinet were lined with the same cerulean hue; and even the figures of the carpet were blue, melting off in a background of white. Little Cupids, painted in fresco, on the ceiling, seemed to fan her with their wings, and Cupids still smaller, fashioned of marble, supported the lamps that glittered on the mantel-piece. There were ever so many Cupids, little, less, least, bronze, porcelain, and glass, on the shelves of the *etagere*, which looked like a royal baby-house, with its magical toys and indescribable curiosities. The only thing of use on which the eye could rest was a magnificent harp, supported by a lazy-looking Cupid, lurking in the corner of the apartment, thus throwing the illusion of mythology and poetry over an instrument in itself most poetical and romantic. Blanche gathered back the azure folds of the curtains into the gilded hands that issued from the walls, ready to grasp them, drew the light sofa near the window, and seating herself upon it, looked admirably in keeping with all surrounding objects. She, too, wore the livery of white and blue, and soft and bright sparkled her bright blue eyes beneath her white brow. Her heart, moreover, was clothed with the whiteness of innocence, and the blue of hope fluttered gayly as a silken ribbon over a spotless surface. Though the child of wealth, and the idol of fashion, she was yet unspoiled by their influence. Her caprices were white, fleecy clouds, floating over the clear blue of an April morning. One thing more completed the livery. Blanche, sweet, charming, capricious, blue-eyed Blanche, with sorrow we confess it,

had a tinge of the *blues*. Listen to her thoughts, as they move with their low whispers the folds of her muslin robe:—

"I want to be alone, and yet I want some one near to whom I can say—'How sweet it is to be alone.' The pleasures of society—how I panted for them when I was a foolish little school girl, pining for liberty that I cannot now enjoy! And for a while, I did enjoy them vividly, wildly. It was enrapturing to be thought beautiful, to be admired and caressed and loved. Loved? No. I have never yet been really loved. Love disdains flattery and adulation. My own heart will bear witness when it is true and honest. 'Yes,' added she, laying her hand on its gentle, uniform throbbing, 'the voice has never yet breathed into my ears that can quicken the pulsations of this heart of mine. I look in vain among the cold, vapid devotees of fashion for one touch of nature, one flash of passion. I shall mingle with them till I become as cold, as vain, as vapid myself. I shall live and die, and the world will never know what I might have been, from what I am, and what I shall be."

"And yet," added the *ennuyee*, "I am wrong to say I have never yet been loved. There is one I know, who, I believe, loves me well, and whom I have sometimes thought I might love in return, did I meet him anywhere save in the cold halls of fashion. Could he throw any romance, any mystery around him, I might possibly become interested in him. There would be nothing heroic or self-sacrificing in my loving him, for fortune smiles upon him, and friends are zealous to promote his cause. Were he poor, I could enrich him with my wealth. Were he lowly, I could ennoble him with my connexions; or were *I* poor and lowly, he could prove the disinterestedness of *his* attachment. I cannot bear this commonplace kind of wooing, this dull, matter-of-fact kind of existence. I could envy the wild love of O'Connor's child, 'the bud of Erin's royal tree of glory,' though thrice-dyed in blood was the tissue of her mournful story."

If the remarks of Blanche seem incoherent, let it be remembered that she is conversing with herself, and every one knows how wildly the thoughts may run, when imagination is let loose.

"Let me see," said the romantic damsel; "cannot I do something to charm the solitude that already begins to weary me? Ah, there is my harp; I do love its sounding strains. How charming it would be to have some young hero bending

over me as I play, while I drank in inspiration from h dling eyes!"

Drawing the harp near her, she passed her hand ov golden chords, and made a sweet wild medley of strains, c up from many a remembered song. Her hair, as it swept her white arms, against the glittering wires, resembled golden locks of the maiden whose ringlets were twined the chords, from which such exquisite music has been dr Long she played and sang, till the little Cupids on the w looked as if they were flying about inspired by her thrill notes. She did not hear the sound of entering footsteps; l a shadow fell upon the harp, and she looked up. A tall da figure stood before her, black from head to foot. Supposi it a negro who had thus boldly intruded into her presenc she uttered an exclamation of terror, and sprang towards th door.

"Pardon this intrusion," said the stranger, in a gentle voice bowing gracefully as he spoke; "I did not mean to terrify, and if you will grant me a few moments' audience, you will find you have no cause of fear."

She observed with astonishment, that the hand which he slightly extended in speaking was almost as fair as her own, while his face was as black as night. Still trembling with terror, though somewhat re-assured by the sweetness of his voice, she ventured to look on him more steadfastly, and discovered that he wore a mask of black enamel, above which his raven black hair clustered, making of the head one ebon mass.

"How did you gain admittance?" she asked, tremulously. "And what is your errand with me?"

"Will you forgive me," he answered, "when I say, that, attracted by the sweetness of your voice, as it was borne through the open windows, by the breath of night, I have dared to present myself before you, believing that the same instinct which caused my presumption will plead for my pardon, and secure my welcome."

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed Blanche, her cheek glowing with anger, "this is an intrusion I consider unpardonable. As neither pardon nor welcome awaits you here, I trust you will leave me immediately. To a gentleman, the request of a lady has the authority of a command."

Blanche was astonished at her own courage in thus daring to address the masked and mysterious stranger. Though angry at his presumption, she could not repress a keen delight

at an adventure so singular and romantic. The indescribable charm of his voice had disarmed her terror, and the grace and dignity of his mien spoke the polished and high-bred gentleman. But the black mask—the sudden entrance—the lonely hour—the stillness of the night—these things pressed upon her heart, and its throbbings became quick and loud.

"Permit me," said the stranger, "before I depart, to repay you, if possible, for the soothing pleasure your music has imparted. I, too, am a son of song, and like the bards of Ossian, I love to wake the breezy melody of the harp-string."

While he was speaking, he approached the instrument from which she had retreated at his entrance, and kneeling on one knee, he swept his hands over the chords, making a prelude of such surpassing sweetness, she held her breath to listen. Then mingling with the diapason the rich tones of his voice, he began a song whose words seemed the improvisation of genius, for they applied to herself, the hour, the meeting, in strains of such wondrous melody, she felt under the dominion of enchantment. Never before had she heard such music as came gushing through that ebon mask, filling the room with a flood of harmony which almost drowned her sinking spirit. Unable to bear up under the new and overpowering emotions that were oppressing her, she sunk back on the sofa, and tears stole from her downcast eyes.

The stranger paused, and rising, leaned gracefully on the harp from which he had been calling forth such celestial notes.

"You weep," said he; "but they are not tears of sorrow. You would not exchange those tears for the false smiles which would have gilded your face had you mingled in the crowd, an instinct of your heart led you this night to avoid. You shunned the giddy throng. You sought the solitude of this delicious apartment only that you might meet a kindred spirit here. Farewell! we shall meet again. No earthly barrier could now keep us asunder."

Stooping down and picking up a rose that had fallen from her hair, and putting it in his bosom, he added—

"This flower shall be sent to you as a token when I am again near."

He turned, and was about to leave the apartment, when, urged by irresistible curiosity, she exclaimed—

"Before you depart, let me behold the face of my mysteri-

ous friend, and tell me why you wear so strange and sole disguise."

"I cannot break a vow that I have imposed on myself," plied the black-masked stranger. "It is only at the nu altar that I can lift the dark visor which conceals my featu The woman who can love me well enough to unite her with mine, unknowing what this mask conceals, whether it matchless beauty or unequalled deformity, will alone h power to remove the disguise whose midnight shadow n darkens the moonlight of your beauty. Do you believe th spiritual, high-souled, trusting woman exists? Do you belie such love can be found?"

"I know nothing of love," she answered, endeavouring t speak coldly; but her voice unconsciously obeyed the spell that was upon her, and its modulations were soft as the breathings of her own dulcet harp.

"Happy is he who will teach thee its divine lore," said the stranger, again seating himself by her side. "O, maiden, more beautiful than the dream of the poet, more pure than the vision of infancy," continued he, in a strain of romantic enthusiasm, such as she never had expected to hear from mortal lips, "be it mine to instil this wisdom into the heart that is even now sighing to receive it. Mine be the master hand that will touch the golden chords of sympathy, and awaken all your slumbering being to the music of love."

"O, that I dared to believe, that I dared to listen!" cried Blanche, carried out of herself by an influence that seemed electric; "but this interview, so sudden, so mysterious, your strange vow, your dark eclipse, the commanding power you exert over my will—ah, leave me. I cannot bear the oppression that is weighing down my heart."

"I obey you," he cried, again rising. "For worlds, I would not encroach on the goodness that has forgiven my presumption, or the gentleness and sensibility that plead even now, with eloquent tongue, the cause of your mysterious friend. Farewell. For the rose of which I have robbed you, accept his diamond ring."

Taking her hand and encircling her finger with the brilliant ken, he passed through the door like a vision of night, leav- g her speechless and spell-bound. So startling, so thrilling s the pressure, she sat like one in a nightmare. She had ost imagined herself in a dream, in the presence of her sterious guest; but the warm, soft pressure of that ungloved

hand assured her of the reality of the scene. Then the ring that glittered on her finger with such surpassing brightness, the golden circle with its starlike gem that seemed to burn into her flesh, so strongly did it warm and accelerate the current that was glowing and rushing through her veins! Astonished, bewildered, terrified, but charmed at a romance so exceeding her wildest hopes, she flew up stairs to her dressing-room, where Elsie sat slumbering in an easy chair, thus beguiling the time of her mistress's absence. Blanche had always made a confidant of Elsie, and now her heart would have burst with its strange secret if she could not have confided it to another. She awoke the slumbering girl, and related the astonishing, the almost-incredible incident.

"Impossible!" cried Elsie; "it must have been a delusion of the senses."

"But this ring—this surely is a reality. Did you ever see anything so surpassingly brilliant?" and she turned the radiant token till it flashed back the lamplight dazzlingly into the wondering eyes of the girl.

"O, for the love of the blessed Virgin!" she exclaimed (Elsie was a devout Catholic,) "for the love of your own sweet soul, don't wear it. It is a magic ring, I am sure, and the black man that put it there may be Lucifer himself, for aught you know."

"My good Elsie, how can you be so foolish and superstitious? Even if I could believe in the incarnation of an evil spirit, it never could assume a form so gracious, or speak in a voice so sweet. O, never did I hear such a voice of music! Though I could not see his face, his eyes beamed resplendently through his mask, and his hand is the fairest I ever beheld."

"But why should he put on that ugly mask, unless he has some evil purpose?"

"He is under a vow to wear it till"——

Blanche paused and blushed, and then blushed more painfully, because she was so foolish as to blush at all.

"I have no doubt he wears it to cover some horrible mark," cried Elsie, shuddering and crossing herself.

"Impossible."

"I dare say he has the face of a skeleton underneath. I have heard of such things."

"Silence, Elsie; it is sacrilege to talk as you do."

But though Elsie bridled her tongue, the disagreeable impression her words had produced still remained. The possibility

of their truth chilled the glowing romance of Blanche's feelings, and checked the enthusiasm with which remembrance dwelt on her mysterious visiter. Blanche bound Elsie by a promise not to mention the incident to Mrs. Channing, the lady who acted as maternal guardian to the orphan Blanche, and presided over the mansion of her youthful charge. All the next day Blanche remained in a kind of dreamy abstraction, the colour coming and going on her beautiful cheek, and her soft blue eyes suffused with a misty languor. Sometimes she delighted herself in picturing the features that the shrouding mask concealed as the ideal of manly beauty; then again the horrible suggestions of Elsie would recur to her and fill her with nameless apprehensions. She thought of the veiled Prophet of Khorassan, the doom of the helpless Zelica, and the unutterable horrors concealed by the silver veil. She remembered the beautiful Leonora, and the phantom horseman, whose skeleton visage was hidden by the closed bars of his visor, and who bore his confiding bride to the ghastly churchyard and the yawning grave. She remembered that his form wore the semblance of manly grace, and that his voice had a tone of more than earthly sweetness.

"How foolish, how childish I am!" thought she, smiling at the superstitious images on which she had been dwelling. "The silver-veiled Mokanna and the Phantom Husband of Leonora were beings existing only in the imagination of the poet, whom the genius of the painter has also delineated. But the black-masked stranger is a living, breathing actuality, of whose existence and presence I have a dazzling token."

Another idea disturbed her excited brain. Perhaps she was the sport of some bold youth, who, knowing her romantic temperament, had thus sought to play upon her credulity and expose her to the ridicule of the world. So strong became this conviction that when evening came on, and she was summoned, as usual, to entertain her admiring visiters, she fancied she could trace in many forms a similitude to the lineaments of the graceful stranger. But no. It was an illusion of the imagination. No figure half so graceful, no voice half so sweet as his. Never had the conversation of her companions seemed half so uninteresting and commonplace, never had the hours appeared so long and leaden. She played upon her harp, but her own strains recalled the ravishing melody of his, and her hands trembled as they swept the sounding strings. She talked and smiled, and tried to chain her wandering thoughts,

but they would stray far out into the moonlight night, where fancy followed the dark form of the stranger. As her white hands threaded the golden wires, the diamond ring flashed upon her eye its ominous splendours and filled her with wild emotions.

"St. Cecilia called down an angel from the skies," said one of her guests, gazing upon the gem that corruscated upon her finger, "but you seem to have drawn one of the stars of heaven from its home in the skies, to sparkle upon your hand. There must be a magic in that ring, for never did your harp discourse such witching music."

Blanche turned away her face to hide her conscious blushes, and at the same time the words of Elsie, foolish and superstitious as they were, occurred to her, and the roseate cloud melted away in the whiteness of snow.

One by one her guests departed, and she was left alone. She listened to the echo of their departing footsteps, till the stillness of death pervaded the apartment. She could distinctly hear the quick beatings of her heart, and her robe fluttered as visibly over its palpitations as the azure curtains rustling in the soft breath of night.

"Why do I linger here?" said she, looking out into the calm majesty and loveliness of a cloudless evening. "I will not remain, as if seeking an interview with one whose fascinations, I feel, I never could resist. Where there is mystery, there is always danger. I thank my guardian angel for whispering this caution to my heart."

At this moment, something flew like a light-winged bird by her cheek, and fell rustling at her feet. It was something enveloped in a soft, white tissue. She opened it and beheld her own faded rose; while she gazed with mingled shame and delight on the sweet but wilted token, the soft sound of entering footsteps met her ear, and the tall, black-masked stranger stood before her.

She no longer feared him. She even welcomed his approach with a strange rapture, that sent the warm blood bounding through her veins and eddying in her cheeks. He sat down by her side, and his low, sweet, mellow voice uttered words of wondrous fascination. She listened like one entranced, forgetting the fate of Zelica and the doom of Leonora. Indeed, had she known that the same dark destiny awaited her, she could not have broken the spell that enthralled her. For hours he lingered at her side, while his eyes, like stars shining through

a midnight cloud, were beaming with mysterious spendour upon her brow. Her will bowed before his mighty will, and, ere she was aware of the act, she had sealed her heart's warrant for life or death. She had consented to follow him to the altar, and unveil with her rash and daring hand the brow now covered with so dark an eclipse.

"You love me," cried the stranger, while his voice trembled with ecstasy; "you love me, with that pure, spiritual love, which, born on earth, is but a type of an immortal wedlock. You will love me still, whatever be the features this gloomy mask conceals. Be they those of a fiend, you will not love me less. Be they those of an angel, you will not love me more."

And Blanche bowed her fair head on his shoulder, and was constrained to utter—

"Angel or fiend, I must love thee still."

"To-morrow, then, at this hour, I shall come and claim thee for my bride. Nay, speak not of delay, for my destiny must be fulfilled. You shall know when I am near, but not by this faded token. The pledge of my coming shall breathe of life, and joy, and hope."

Pressing her hand gracefully to his heart, he disappeared, while Blanche trembled and wept at the remembrance of the vow she had plighted. Released from the magic of his presence, she saw her rashness, her madness and infatuation, in their true light. She felt she was rushing blindfold to the verge of perdition. She was terrified at the intensity of her emotions. Better were it for her heart to remain in the torpor over which it had been mourning, than awake to a sense of life so keen as almost to amount to agony. She was like the blind, suddenly restored to sight, with a flood of noonday glory pouring on the lately darkened vision. She was fainting from excess of light.

Softly she ascended to her chamber, so as not to arouse the sleeping Elsie, whose remarks she now dreaded to hear; but so light were her slumbers, they vanished at the soft rustle of Blanche's muslin robe.

"I saw him," she cried, dispersing the mist of sleep from her eyelids; "I saw him from the window as he entered, and I have been praying the blessed Virgin ever since to shield you from harm."

"You must have been praying in your sleep, then," said Blanche.

"O, dear mistress, do not see him again. You will find he is some murderer, who has a brand on his forehead"——

"Stop, Elsie," cried the shuddering Blanche. "It is slander. I will not permit it."

"And, besides," continued the persevering girl, "I dare say the barbarians have cut off his nose and cropped his ears into the bargain. People never hide their beauty under a mask."

"Elsie, leave my room, if you cannot be silent," said Blanche, with rising courage.

Elsie obeyed her, but muttered something about sulphur and hoofs, as she closed the door behind her.

"How very impertinent Elsie is growing!" cried Blanche, throwing herself weeping upon the bed. "But how can I expect to retain the respect of a maid, when I have forfeited my own self-esteem? Alas! what if her surmises be true! What if the brand of indelible disgrace be stamped upon that brow where I have imagined more than mortal beauty dwells! What if, instead of a nose which Phidias might have taken as a model for one of the gods of Greece, there should be only a frightful cavity, a horrible disfigurement!"

Recoiling at the awful picture Elsie's fertile imagination had conjured, she spread her hands before her face to shut out a vision so appalling. It was strange—in his presence she had a perfect conviction that his mask concealed the face of an angel, while in his absence the conviction faded, and the most terrific fancies usurped its place!

"O, that I could recall my fatal pledge!" she cried to herself, as she tossed upon her restless couch. "But it is given, and be it for weal or woe, I must abide by the result."

The next evening, Mrs. Channing, the kind, maternal friend, whom Blanche had so dearly loved, remained by her, as if drawn towards her by some unusual attraction. Never had she been so tender, so affectionate. Blanche gazed upon her with bitter self-reproach, thinking how ill she was about to requite her guardian cares. She longed to throw her arms around her neek, reveal her secret, and pray her to save her from the delusions of her own heart.

"I fear you are not well, my sweet child," said the lady, in soothing accents. "Indeed, I have noticed, all day, that you have looked feverish and ill. Do not sit in the night air, in that thin dress, too. Why, my dear, you are dressed like a bride. I did not know that you were going abroad to-

night. I fear this life of pleasure will wilt the roses of your youth"——

"I have promised to go," she said, avoiding the glance of her friend, "and I cannot break my word. But it is the last time—indeed, it is the last."

While she was speaking a white rose-bud fell at her feet.

"See," said Mrs. Channing, smiling, "see what the breeze has blown to you. It must be a token of happiness—fit emblem of your beauty and innocence."

"Do you think it a token of happiness?" cried Blanche, eagerly gathering up the well-known signal. "Thank you for the words. I go with a lighter heart. Farewell, kindest and best of friends. Heaven bless you for ever and ever."

Pressing her quivering lips on the placid forehead she might never again behold, she glided from the room. She dreaded meeting Elsie, but was compelled to go to her chamber for her mantle and veil, and there she encountered her faithful and remonstrating friend. When Blanche, with a face as pale as marble, threw her mantle over her shoulders, and cast a light veil over her golden locks, Elsie seemed to divine her purpose, and entreated her to remain.

"O, it is like a bride you are dressed," she cried, "with those pearls on your neck and arms, and that beautiful white rose-bud on your bosom."

Blanche could not leave her faithful attendant without some memorial of her love. Opening her jewel case, she took out a costly necklace and ring.

"Take these," she said, "as a memento of my attachment, and as a reward for your fidelity. Betray me not, on your soul's life, and may the blessed Virgin you worship be propitious to you as you are true to me."

Elsie suffered the jewels to fall from her hand, and casting herself at the feet of Blanche, she wrapped her arms about her knees, and implored her, with tears and sobs, not to go with that dreadful man.

"Release me," cried Blanche, ready to faint with conflicting emotions. "Delay me not a moment longer." Then snatching her mantle from her grasp, and leaving her prostrate and weeping on the floor, she flew down stairs, through the open door, and found herself in the arms of that dark and nameless being, to whom she was about to confide herself for ever. He bore her, almost fainting, into a carriage that was waiting at the gate, and the horses, black as night, started off at a furious

speed. They left the crowded city far behind them, and rode out into the open fields, where the moonbeams, unobstructed by high granite walls, shone resplendently on her pallid face and the polished surface of his enamel mask.

"Whither are you bearing me?" she faintly asked, as the small pebbles flashed fire beneath the horses' flying hoofs.

"To a second Eden, where love immortal blooms," he answered, folding her close to his heart. Forward they went, with the same bewildering speed. The trees swept by them, like dark-green spirits in a rushing dance. Tall monuments, gleaming white and ghostly, ghastly and cold, shot swiftly by them in the quivering moonshine.

"O! whither are you bearing me?" again she asked, almost expecting him to answer:

> "See there, see here, the moon shines clear—
> Hurrah, how swiftly speeds the dead?"

"I am bearing you to the gate of Heaven," he replied; "for surely the house of God is such. Far away in the deep woods there is a Gothic church, where a holy priest is waiting to crown with his blessing the purest, deepest love that ever bound two trusting hearts in one."

"O, mine is all the trust!" she cried, "and if I be deceived, mine will be all the woe."

"As never woman thus loved and trusted," he passionately exclaimed, "so never woman was so supremely blest as thou, my soul's beloved, shalt be!"

With soothing words and tender protestations and impassioned vows he sustained her spirits, and beguiled the length of their moonlight journey. At last they beheld the white walls of the sacred edifice glimmering through the dark, silver-edged foliage of the trees that embosomed it. The illuminated arches of the lofty windows told that his words were true, and that the holy father there awaited for the bridegroom and the bride.

"Courage, my beloved," he cried, supporting her steps into the vestibule, "your sublime confidence shall soon be rewarded. If it wearies, even now, I will restore you to the friends you have quitted for the stranger's love. But if you still cling to me with undoubting faith and triumphant affection, come, and the powers of earth cannot rend us asunder."

Blanche placed her cold hand in his. Throwing his arm

around her, he led her towards the illuminated altar, where, clothed in his white robes, with the crucifix suspended on his breast, the man of God was standing. Blanche sank upon her knees and bowed her head, till it touched the marble steps of the altar. At this moment, as if touched by invisible hands, the deep notes of the organ swelled grandly and solemnly on the ear. They gradually rose to the full altitude of the lofty dome, when, rolling along the arch, gathering volume as they rolled, they burst over the altar in a thunder-peal of melody, then murmured softly away, only to swell again in the same magnificent epithalamium. The illuminated church, the holy priest, the consecrated altar, and the grand and solemn music, filled the soul of Blanche with devout enthusiasm. Her confidence in her mysterious bridegroom deepened and strengthened. He knelt at her side, with her throbbing hand clasped in his. The last notes of the organ reverberated on the ear, and the priest commenced the solemn ceremony. So intense was her agitation, that she did not even hear the name of the unknown being—that name that was to be henceforth her own. She did not know when the rite was ended, but continued with her head bowed and her loosened hair sweeping the consecrated marble.

"And now, my beloved," said the divine voice that had with its first accent captivated her soul, "the hour is come which releases me from the vow breathed in the presence of this man of God. Remove the mask, and behold the features which, whatever form they bear, are beaming with immortal love for thee."

Slowly and tremblingly Blanche raised her head, and turned towards him, as he knelt on the lower steps of the altar, and bent till his sable locks waved against her snowy dress.

And now the moment was arrived to which she had looked forward with such wild curiosity, with such unutterable hope and dread. Her hand refused to obey the impulse of her panting heart. It fell almost lifeless on his shoulder, and a thick mist darkened her sight.

"Fear not, my daughter," said the deep voice of the priest. "Put your trust in Heaven, and shrink not from the destiny thou hast chosen, whatever it may be. As faith is the most ublime of Christian virtues, so it is the most glorious proof of love."

These words issuing from the sacerdotal lips, that had so lately blessed her as a bride, gave her a momentary strength.

Her fingers passed with lingering touch through the luxuriant locks that waved over the ribbon which confined the mask. As she unloosed the knot and he gradually began to raise his bending head, before she had caught one glimpse of those mysterious features, overcome by the weight of concentrated emotions, she fell lifeless on his bosom.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself lying quietly on the carpet of her boudoir, by the side of her overturned harp, whose strings were yet vibrating from the sudden fall. Elsie was standing over her with a lamp in her hand, in convulsions of laughter.

"I would not be laughing if you were hurt," she cried, setting down her lamp and assisting the prostrate beauty, as well as her shaking muscles would allow, to resume an upright position. "You have had a pleasant nap of it, leaning against your harp. It tumbled before I could catch you, or you would not be lying here."

"O!" cried Blanche, sitting up and rubbing her eyes, "if I had only had one glimpse of his face!"

A TALE OF THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Oh, seldom have we heard a tale,
So sad, so tender, yet so true."

THE incidents we are about to relate are *true*, but feelings of delicacy induce us to throw a veil around them, by substituting fictitious names. This is all the fiction connected with the sketch.

Emma and Lelia Wayne were two lovely, fair-haired, blue-eyed girls, just blooming into womanhood. They seemed the favourites of nature and of fortune. Their father, a wealthy merchant, was one of the most affectionate and indulgent parents in the world. He was proud of his fair, sweet-faced daughters, and they were proud of him. He was a remarkably handsome man, and the generous qualities of his soul diffused their glow and lustre over his countenance. Their mother was an invalid, and constantly confined to her room, but her gentleness and piety made her chamber seem nearer Heaven, than any other apartment in the house. Wherever they moved, these two young girls breathed an atmosphere of love, and diffused it around them as they moved.

Emma, the eldest, had a brighter eye and a deeper bloom than her sister. Her smile was more joyous, her step more elastic, and her voice had a gayer tone. Lelia had one of those haunting countenances which once seen is remembered for ever, with a thrill of sadness, too. It is said that every

face is either a history or a prophecy. Lelia's was a prophecy. She had large, languishing, mournful, loving, melting eyes, that looked up wistfully through long lashes, darker than her hair, then suddenly drooped, as if fearful they revealed too much of what was passing in her heart. Her mouth was very lovely, but a shade of melancholy hovered round its roses. A redundance of flaxen hair, always simply and gracefully arranged, softened the outline of her *painfully* interesting face. The expression may seem strange, but no one could look upon Lelia without feeling that she was born to love and to suffer too deeply. As yet her capacities for love and suffering were undeveloped, and while so tenderly shielded by parental care, it seemed impossible for sorrow or disappointment to approach with blighting influence.

Mr. Wayne did not wish or expect to keep his daughters from marriage, but he said he could not be parted from them. Their mother's health was too delicate to bear the shock of separation. Whoever should win the treasure of their affections must consent to live near the shadow of the paternal roof. It was not long before Emma married a promising young lawyer, and was established in an elegant mansion contiguous to her home. She was happy, and her parents were happy in this union, and Lelia tried to be happy, too, but she felt as if a stranger had come between her and the bosom companion of her childhood and youth. Her sister could never be to her what she was before, and she sighed at the thought that Emma loved another better than herself.

Just at this time she became acquainted with a young and gallant officer, with laurels gathered in the "land of flowers," blooming on his youthful brow. There was a grace, a gallantry, a chivalry in his manners that charmed the imagination of the romantic and tender Lelia. We will call him Clifford, not wishing to make use of his real name. He was returning to his post on the frontiers, where, with numbers of his brave countrymen, he was engaged in defending the borders from the depredations of the red man—dangerous and protracted warfare!

Young Clifford conceived for Lelia Wayne one of those deep and impassioned attachments which once in a while break in on the dull routine of everyday life. The military character is invested with a peculiar charm. The military gentleman is generally graced with peculiarly attractive manners. Lelia yielded to their seductive influence. Her large, melancholy

blue eyes were now illuminated with the light of love. It was like the moonbeams shining on the mist of the valley, and transforming it to a silvery glory.

Clifford pressed his suit with characteristic ardour. With the frankness of a soldier, he declared his sentiments to Mr. Wayne, and asked him for his daughter, assuring him that his love was returned, and that Lelia had authorized him to entreat his sanction to their immediate union. Mr. Wayne turned pale as he listened. He liked, he admired the young man, but he could not consent that his daughter should leave him for the dark and stormy scenes to which his duty called him to return. No! it was impossible. It would kill her mother —it would make himself unspeakably wretched. It must not be. Lelia had been nurtured in the lap of luxury. She had never known privation or care. She was too delicate a flower to bloom in the camp, too frail to be exposed to the unspeakable horrors of Indian warfare. With tenderness and feeling, yet firmness and decision, he told the young man he *never, never* could consent to their union, and begged him, as he valued the happiness of Lelia, never to seek her presence again. He demanded the sacrifice of him, but Clifford would not promise what he felt he had not the power to perform. He could not go without seeing Lelia once more—and that meeting sealed her destiny. Borne down by the weight of her love and sorrow, she rashly consented to a clandestine union. At the house of a mutual friend, who imprudently promised secrecy and aid, the ill-starred marriage was consummated, which made the loving and affectionate Lelia an alien from her father's roof. Mr. Wayne, justly incensed, refused to see his disobedient child, but the invalid mother yearned over her lost darling. In her husband's absence, she sent for her daughter, who wept in agony on her bosom, when she saw how much her desertion had added to the ravages of disease, on that pale and gentle face. Mrs. Wayne forgave and blessed her, committed her to the care and mercy of her Heavenly Father, and suffered her to depart. Never more was she to behold that fair, young, pensive countenance. The prophecy written on her brow was about to be fulfilled.

The parting with her sister was another bitter trial. She began to realize the strength of the ties she was sundering. She understood for the first time the metaphor of the *bleeding heart.* Could she but see her father, only see him, herself *unseen,* she thought she would feel comparatively happy, and

she did see him thus. But instead of feeling happier, her anguish was increased by her remorse. He looked so pale, so sad, so stern—looked as if he could never smile again. What an ungrateful return she had made for his tender, his guardian cares! She had forsaken him for the stranger of a day. She had left the guide of her youth. Yet even in the midst of her sorrow and remorse, she exulted in the mighty sacrifice she was making on the altar of love. It was for Clifford she was enduring a father's just resentment—it was for Clifford she was leaving a loving mother and tender sister—home, fortune, friends—and she loved him the dearer for the costly price she paid for his love.

It was the first time she had ever been a traveller. Born amid the magnificent scenery of the West, she had a vivid perception of the beautiful and the sublime. At first she was incapable of doing anything but look back, through blinding tears, on her native city and its picturesque surroundings, as the boat glided down the noble river, on whose glassy waves she had looked down so many years, little dreaming she would float over its azure bosom a discarded daughter, a clandestine bride. For a time she could think only of all she was resigning, but youthful feelings are transilient, and she soon gave herself up to the joy of the present moment, while hope spanned with its *arc-en-ciel* the clouds of the future. Arrived at her new home, the charm of novelty threw an illusion over every object. The fort which her husband commanded, had a sublime aspect in her eyes, with the star-bangled banner floating from its walls. The martial music, how inspiring it was! The soldiers, with their measured tread and respectful bearing, she loved to gaze upon, especially when they gave the graceful military salute to her gallant husband. She loved the morning reveille and the evening serenade, and in her enthusiasm, thought she never could grow weary of a military life.

She saw nothing of the wild Indians who infested the borders, and, grown fearless by unmolested tranquillity, entreated her husband to let her roam in the woods for the wild flowers, which had given name to the luxurious region in which she now dwelt. This, however, he constantly refused, never allowing her to go beyond the limits of the fort, unprotected by his presence.

It was strange to see this young and lovely female in a rude fort, surrounded by officers and soldiers, and all the rough paraphernalia of war. She moved amid the groups like an

angel, sent to minister to their ruder natures, and had danger threatened her, not a man but would have died in her defence. Alas! alas! that danger was so near!

One morning, preparations were making to send a quantity of ammunition to another fort. Lieutenant Willard, a very young and interesting officer, commanded the expedition. About thirty soldiers were to escort him.

The morning was clear and resplendent, the air bland and elastic, receiving tone from the sea-born breezes that were wafted from the coast. Lelia stood on the ramparts, her cheeks glowing with unusual excitement.

"Let me go," cried she to her husband, whose arm was linked with hers. "Let us go on horseback and accompany them. It is such a charming morning."

"I cannot go," he answered. "I am obliged to remain at the fort. I wish I could, for your sake, my Lelia. You must weary of your confined and lonely life."

"Oh, no!" she eagerly replied. "I never should be weary where you are. It was a childish wish. It is past already."

The young lieutenant approached, with his plumed hat in his hand, and addressed his commander—

"Let me escort your wife," said he. "I shall be proud of the honour, and will insure her safe return."

"Shall it be so, Lelia?" said Clifford, looking into her now animated blue eyes, and reading her answer there. "Go, then, and make ready with all possible haste, for the morning hours are wasting."

Lelia flew away with the joyous step of youth, while Clifford commanded his riding horse to be caparisoned and brought near. Lelia soon returned in a riding costume, whose dark blue colour set off to peculiar advantage her blonde complexion and fair hair. A small black hat, with black, drooping feathers, was placed carelessly on her head, and heightened by contrast her transcendent fairness and roseate bloom. Never had the dark eye of Clifford rested on her so lovingly, so admiringly, as it did after placing her on the back of the spirited animal, adjusting the stirrups and placing the bridle in her slender hand, which he pressed, ere he relinquished it, with all a lover's ardour.

"Lieutenant," said he, before giving the signal for their departure, "remember you have a precious charge committed to your care—guard it with all a soldier's vigilance."

"I will guard it with my life," said the young soldier, with a bright blush and a beaming smile, little dreaming that he was uttering the words of prophecy.

Captain Clifford stood watching the party as long as it was in sight. Lelia was mounted on a milk-white horse, Lieutenant Willard on a coal-black one. Again and again Lelia looked back, kissing her hand to her husband and gayly smiling. When he could no longer catch a glimpse of her black plumes waving in the breeze of morn, he turned away with a sigh.

"Should any evil befall her," thought he, "I never should forgive myself for suffering her to depart. But impossible—the Indians are driven from this vicinity, and she is nobly guarded."

In the mean time, Lelia went on her way rejoicing, thoughtless of danger, and exhilarated by exercise. The young lieutenant charmed her by dwelling on her husband's praises, which were music to her ear. Then he talked to her of his mother and sisters, till her eyes overflowed at the remembrance of her own.

All at once, young Willard drew his horse nearer to hers, and bent his ear in a listening attitude. They were passing a dense thicket; and he heard a kind of hissing sound, which was immediately followed by a fierce, savage whoop.

Lelia, struck with deadly fainting, threw her arms round the horse's neck, and buried her face in the flowing mane. Young Willard sprang to the ground with the speed of lightning, and, taking Lelia from the saddle, tried to place her in the ammunition wagon, where she could be sheltered from the ambushed fire of the Indians, who were now rattling their shot from the thicket. She had fainted from terror, and lay a helpless weight in his arms. Before he could reach the wagon, she received a death-wound in her bosom, and he fell wounded and gasping by her side.

The soldiers, in the mean time, discharged a volley on the sheltered savages, which probably sent them to a deeper covert; for they ceased their firing, leaving behind two youthful victims to their indiscriminate vengeance. Thank Heaven that, intimidated by the fierce defence of the soldiers, they had fled without daring to approach with the terrible scalping-knife! The remains of the lovely Lelia were spared this awful desecration. She was insensible when she received the death-wound, and passed unconsciously the shadowy confines of the spirit world. She suffered all the agonies of death when the horrible

yell first burst upon her ear. In that moment, father, moth sister, native home, dearly-loved, remembered scenes, all re before her with lifelike vividness; then her husband, standi on the ramparts, waving his hand in token of adieu, with beaming smile; then the dreadful conviction that it was th last glimpse of life and love that would ever be hers; then- all was darkness.

The horses which had borne Lelia and Willard, dispossesse of their riders, rushed back to the fort. Clifford read a tal of horror in their empty saddles and loose, flowing bridles Mounting one, he rode with the speed of an eagle to the fata spot. The unfortunate Willard still lived, though life was fas ebbing away. He was supported in the arms of the soldiers who gazed alternately on his pale and altering features, and the beauteous body reclining near. What a spectacle for a young and adoring husband! There she lay—his fair young bride—whom he had lured from her happy home only to be the victim of the red man's wrath. No mark of violence was visible; no blood oozed from the wound, which closed as soon as it was made. Her hat had fallen from her head, and lay, with broken feathers, on the ground. Her long, fair hair, loosened and flowing, streamed around her in bands of paly gold, and glistened with mournful lustre on her dark riding-dress. The glow of life still lingered on her cheek; but her eyes,—those large, loving, pensive blue eyes,—now half-closed, were fixed and glassy.

"Captain," murmured the expiring lieutenant, "I would die happy, could I have saved your wife. Oh, my captain, it is you who die!"

Clifford, who stood as if transfixed, gazing on his slaughtered wife and dying friend, here uttered a loud and bitter cry, and threw himself by the side of her whom he would have died to ransom from death. He folded his arms around her, and covered her cold lips and cheeks with kisses such as "joy ne'er knew." He called upon her, by every fond and endearing name, to look at him, to speak, and tell him that she lived. In the midst of his frantic adjurations, the soul of the brave young Willard passed into the presence of its God. Oh! for a mother's bosom, on which he could have pillowed his fainting head! Oh! for a sister's arms, to support his sinking frame! But the soldier's death-pillow is the cold ground, and his last sigh is breathed up to the heavens bending above him. It is well.

to describe the anguish of the unhappy
it threatened to unthrone his reason,
y the bitterest remorse. A dreadful
write to her parents and inform them
. This being done, he felt as the
doom he dreads is impending over
looked upon in the light of a mur-
for him, Lelia might still be warm
y. With trembling hands he broke
ply to his, communicating the fatal
word of reproach, no language of
m to come back, bearing with him
fated Lelia; to come and take a
l home and sorrowing hearts.
furlough, and fulfilled the wishes
It was a sad meeting; but recon-
de it hallowed.
f her young companions, the re-
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ult was lost in pity for her un-
t speak harshly of one who had
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was the burden of the father's
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ngs that we are, let us forgive,
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passion, and exposed herself to the terrible doom recorded.

Yes, she was indeed lovely. Never shall we forge beseeching, pensive expression of her prophetic eyes, of her sweet, plaintive voice. We are reminded of of Ossian: "Sweet is the memory of departed frien the mellow rays of the setting sun, it falls tenderly, on the soul."

MAGNOLIA LEAVES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE MAGNOLIA is the pride of the South. Its magnificent white blossoms shine like stars in the midst of the deep green woods,—their fragrance embalms the whole atmosphere where they bloom, and the deep perennial verdure of the leaves gives beauty and richness to the wintry landscape. But it was not these splendid attributes that suggested the name given to the following pages. Its waxen petals serve as tablets, on which friend may transmit to friend some glowing thought, which might otherwise fade away, without leaving any record of its existence. In wandering through the woods in the season of flowers, these tablets can always be obtained, and a splinter torn from the bark will serve as a stylus, with which the sentiments of love and friendship may be easily traced.

The name seemed appropriate for these leaflets of the heart, which we here present in a garland to the reader. Though the growth of a southern soil, may they bloom also in a northern clime.

Would that we had the power to encircle with flowery bonds the North and the South, and draw them together in sweeter, closer union!

C. L. H.

COLUMBUS, May 1st, 1853.

MAGNOLIA LEAVES.

I.

QUINCY, FLA., May 15, 1852.

IN looking abroad at this moment, the eye meets the two most beautiful colours in nature, green and blue—the green of the earth, and the blue of the sky. The horizon presents a uniform, scarcely undulating line, broken by the lofty top boughs of the forest trees, or the sharp roof of an occasional dwelling-house. But nearer than the horizon's edge, there is a grove of young oaks, so thick, so green, so cool and refreshing, we have no doubt the Dryads hold many a moonlight revel in its virgin shades. The Fairies, too, flit about on the dewy sward, at their nightly rendezvous, after wandering

> "Over hill, over dale,
> Thorough bush, thorough brier—
> Over park, over pale,
> Thorough flood, thorough fire."

The other evening, and a true fairy evening it was, all moonlight and dew, as we sat listening to the sweet duet, commencing with

> "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
> Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grow,"

and as we looked out into the deep shades of this grove, all sprinkled with silver as it was, the spell of the Midsummer Night's Dream was upon us, and we could see Titania sleeping there, in all her elfin beauty, while cruel and mischievous Oberon squeezed on the fringed curtains of her eyes, the juice of the milk-white flower, made purple by love's wound, yclept by young maidens, *Love in idleness.*

How beautiful is the poetry which peoples nature with glorious creations of imagination! What a charm has it gi to the lonely wood, the silent rock, and the voiceless stre The poetry of mythology, too, how exquisite is it! W beauty and interest it imparts to inanimate objects! The prisoned Dryad moans amid the leafy boughs. The Na murmurs in the gurgling fountain. In the plaintive notes Echo, we hear the accents of the love-lorn nymph, the vict of the self-adoring Narcissus; and in the beautiful wind-flow born of the blood of Adonis, we read the history of the e moured Venus, and the beautiful, but scornful, hunter yout

Take away all poetical, mythological, and historical assoc tions from nature, and it becomes a body without a soul—"s coldly sweet, all deadly fair." Even the child, untaught mystic lore, finds a charm in inanimate nature, independent o its own loveliness. The soft wind-breath that lingers on i cheek reminds it of a mother's kiss; the gentle murmur o the violet, of the music of her voice; the summer rain-drop of her tears; the autumn gusts, of her solemn chidings.

Take away all Scriptural associations from Nature—what blank is left! Yea, what grandeur—yea, what glory are an nihilated!

The hills, what are they? Piles of granite and rough masses of rock and soil—inequalities on the surface of the broad earth. Let mythology invest them with its poetic charm: They become the dwelling-places of the heathen divinities, the thrones of Olympian gods and goddesses, the fabled hierarchy of Greece and Rome. Let Christianity come forward, and we feel an influence more holy than poetry, more mighty than superstition. God himself is enthroned on the mountains, in "light inaccessible and full of glory." We see Him in the thunders and lightnings and thick smoke of Sinai; in the flowing blood and darkened summit of Mount Calvary. Wherever the sacred mountains rise, whether baptized by water, fire, or blood, they are the thrones of invisible or incarnate Deity, and we think of them as magnificent temples, typical of those temples not made with hands, "eternal in the heavens." So it is with the waters. The rivers, what are they? The rains descend—they fall on the hill-tops—they penetrate the fissures of the earth, wind through its subterranean cavities, gush out through rocky portals, and, meeting congenial springs, swell into volume, and roll on through guarding shores—roll on to sea or ocean, a tributary formed of thousand tributaries.

Mythology gives life to this cold element. The virgin, Arethusa, animates the gliding fountain—the divine Alpheus moves to love the hearts of the river nymphs, who gaze upon his beauty. The sea-green mantle of Neptune floats over the bosom of ocean—his fiery steeds flake with foam its azure surface. How beautiful, how sublime are these associations! Yet how infinitely short in beauty and sublimity are they, of those awakened by the bards of the Bible! The prophets stand on the margin of Jordan. On the opposite bank smiles the promised land. One sweep of Elijah's mantle, and the waters flow back, as at the mandate of a God. The Israelites tremble on the shores of the Red Sea. They fly from Pharaoh's royal hosts. At the bidding of a God, the waves rise up in crystal walls, making a path for the chosen children of the Most High. We are told that the Almighty holds the seas in the hollow of his hand, that the mountains flow down at His presence, that the deep lifts up its hands on high, that the perpetual hills do bow.

Surely this is a suggestive grove. We had promised you a sketch from this place; but after saying it is beautiful, rural, sweet and tranquil, we feel as if we had said all that it becomes us to utter, at this early period of our sojourn in it. We have tried to collect some legendary lore to transmit to you, but in vain. We are told of some hoary seer, who could give us most thrilling accounts of Indian life and warfare, but alas! he is far from us, and we can derive no benefit from his storied memory.

There are the ruins of an old Spanish fort, about ten miles from here, that must be interesting, from their antiquity—so moss-grown are they, so old. A gentleman, who was describing them, and who visited the spot about nine years since, says, that then it had been so long deserted that large trees were growing up in the midst of the four roads which diverged from the old fort. There is said to be a still more interesting ruin near Tallahassee. If we should chance to visit it, we will endeavour to enrich ourselves with the traditionary gems which adorn the place. There is a gentleman residing there, who is said to be a living Indian Encyclopedia, if we may call him so. A son of the forest, whose raven locks were bleached by the sun and wind of *one hundred and forty* years, told him all he knew of his fast vanishing race. Would it not be worth a pilgrimage to beg some of these treasures, which may be

buried with the possessor, give them the golden setting imagination, and then exhibit them to the world?

Why is it that we admire light and shade, so much m than light without a shadow? Look at the shadow of lattice-work thrown wide across the street. You can see foliage of the trees playing among the checkers. Now a then, the figure of a pedestrian glides over the alternate b of silver and ebony. Beyond, where all is brightness, it is n half so lovely. Is it not so with life? The lights and shad of feeling checker the surface of the soul. Fancy flutters ov it like the play of the wind-stirred foliage, and memory, lil the gliding figure of the pedestrian, throws a long dark shado which we fain would keep from fading away.

Did you ever read the German story of the *Man without Shadow?* Tempted by an inexhaustible purse of gold, he sol his shadow to the Evil Spirit. What cared he for his *shado* —that useless, haunting ghost of matter? But the boys, whe they saw him intercept the sunshine, yet leave no more shado than a crystal, fled from him in terror. He walked in th moonlight, with the lady of his heart, and whispered sof words of love; but when she saw on the wall, a *lonely shadow*, while she felt the warm clasp of his hand, she turned from him in speechless horror. Even the mendicant, whose wants his gold relieved, shuddered at his unshadowed presence, and refused his unblest gifts. He would have given a kingdom— ten thousand kingdoms, were they his—to win back the haunting shadow he had so thoughtlessly bartered. So it is with man: when he would utterly free himself from sorrow—the shadow of life—he is divorced from the sympathies of his kind, the fellowship of humanity. He walks alone, in the solitary glare of his destiny. Oh! who would not prefer walking in shadow, side by side with friendship and love, to the lonely brilliancy of the German student's lot!

We would escape from Death, the great shadow rolling behind the steps of humanity; yet what curse so fearful as that denounced upon the Wandering Jew—immortal roamer on Time's deserted shore—doomed to gaze upon the successive wrecks of joy and love—praying for the shadow that never falls on the burning sands of his existence!

No! children of sunshine and shade, of joy and sorrow, of life and death—heirs of a two-fold being—let us avoid all unholy league with the Spirit of Darkness. Let us never dare to barter our divine birth-right, lest, like Esau, we find we have

only a miserable mess of pottage in exchange, while we expose ourselves to the retributions of Eternity.

How strange it is, that the reflection of a slight curtain of woven wood-work, on the moon-lighted road, should call up ideas like these! Yet every object in nature may be made a round in the ladder, on which the angels of thought mount up to heaven.

Morning.—How different an aspect everything wears by sunlight! No more fairies; no more deep, poetic musings. Reality reigns, and the gilding tints of imagination fade like the phantasmagoria of a dream.

If you turn to the left, another grove greets the eye, luxuriant and beautiful, though less romantic than the one we have described. Man has appropriated it to the business of life. A handsome Court House, built of a kind of limestone, stands in the centre, and the green lawn is surrounded by a railing, once white, probably, but now looking rather dim and discoloured. The morning is excessively sultry. You would know it by looking at the horses tied along by the railing, under the cool spreading shade, lazily sweeping away the flies from their shining sides with the brushes that nature has provided them with, and lifting up first one foot, then the other, to assist in the operation, sometimes they suddenly wrinkle their smooth skins, turning their heads simultaneously, to see the effect of their muscular construction.

That building a little beyond, gleaming white through the trees, is the Methodist Church, and a little further, the Presbyterian Church stands, in front of a green common, where the cattle love to browse in the shade. There are Episcopalian and Baptist Churches also—though, at present, the flocks seem scattered for want of shepherds.

It cannot be said that there is any architectual magnificence here—though there are many handsome dwelling-houses, adorned with shrubbery, having beautiful flower gardens, indicative of the taste and refinement of the inmates.

There is a large Academy, where the youth of both sexes are taught in distinct departments. They celebrated the coming of May by a large party, which, though unaccompanied by coronation rites, was undoubtedly not wanting in youthful hilarity. The association of childhood and youth with the season of bloom and flowers is charming, and many a garland is twined at these sweet eras, which bloom when the blossoms of May are faded and gone. We remember some fair young

faces blushing among the flowers, emblematical of the fleet glow of youth, and we sigh to think that the dust of the gr has dimmed the brightness that seemed destined for perenn bloom.

Oh! if such hues of beauty shone
For ever fadeless in our path—
If never o'er the heaven's bright blue
There floated darkening clouds of wrath—
Our spirits would too fondly cling
To this too fair, deluding earth;
The soul that flutters for the skies,
Would sink regardless of its birth.

And now, methinks you will say, "this is a paper filled wit heterogeneous matter." And so it is—we have called it *Magnolia leaf*—on which we have traced the passing impres sions of the moment. At first, it might seem like vanity, t borrow a name so exquisite and fair; but who, that has seen these lovely blossoms, or who, after their surface has received even the most delicate touch, has marked the dingy brown stains which deepen on the petals, disfiguring their fairness, and rendering dim and illegible the characters traced upon them, but must read a lesson of lowliness and humility? Soon, also, will the shade gather over these lines; but if, while fading, they give forth the faintest breath of the fragrance that gushes from every pore of the Magnolia petals, they ask no longer lease of life or fame.

No. II.

QUINCY, FLA., May 20, 1852.

OLD letters! leaflets of memory! Yes, they are indeed so. Did you ever sit down, on the eve of a journey, or a change of residence, and, untying packet after packet, prepare to consign them to the flames? and, as you unfolded the papers one by one, have not words arrested your eye, so full of vitality, that it seemed they would writhe in agony when exposed to the wrath of the burning element?

A short time since we prepared for a similar holocaust, with

a sad and self-upbraiding heart. We deemed the act a duty, and yet it seemed little less than sacrilege. Seating ourselves by the side of an open trunk, overflowing with the accumulating stream of written thought, we began to separate the chaff from the wheat, the wine from the lees, the gold from the dross. This appeared at first an easy task, but we were soon convinced of our error: as Dominie Samson stood on the steps of the library, holding in his hands the huge folios he was to dust and arrange; forgetful of time or place, we bent over the trunk, absorbed, abstracted, while

"The soul of other days came rushing in."

Shall I write down some of the reminiscences awakened by this review? Shall memory be the Magnolia tree, green and beautiful, and its tablets the blossom leaves, on which the hand of affection has traced deep and abiding characters?

Here is a packet, superscribed in a fine, easy, yet decided hand, more than usually slanting, somewhat careless, as the undotted *i's* and uncrossed *t's* indicate. The downsweeping lines are all single; no folding back of the *y's* and *g's;* all straight like *p's* and *q's.* Time is too precious to allow of such superfluities. One flash of the mind—one dash of the pen—and it is done.

At sight of this handwriting, a fair-haired, blue-eyed figure appears, with joyous smile, and frank, sunshiny countenance. No one would dream that under this girlish, almost childish exterior, there resided a powerful intellect, a strong will, and indomitable energy of character. A thorough disregard of the airy graces of her sex—a lofty scorn of its foibles and faults—individualize and set her apart from the circle in which she dwells. She has a noble, self-sacrificing, generous spirit—a mind thirsting for knowledge—a soul glowing with enthusiasm, which no disappointments can chill, no difficulties repress. Here is an extract from one of her letters, written in a moment of haste and excitement:

"I cannot help recurring to the feelings with which I wrote to you, when I last dated ———. It was then, when depressed as low as a human being can be, except by crime, that I wrote you a transcript of my heart. Did I complain? Did I express want of faith? If I did, I should now repent, for at this moment I feel that my *original plans* are all more than accomplished. You sympathized with me then. Will you

not do so now? Learn from my experience that the darkest day may be the precursor of a glorious morn. I now feel that the night was necessary, in order that its tears might prepare the soul for the genial influences of a happier sun. There is a view of the subject of suffering, whence springs the sweetest flowers of enjoyment. It is when we consider it as developing the soul's capacities of feeling. When we suffer deeply, we feel as if our souls' boundaries were enlarged; we begin to conceive of what is true; that our spirits spread an infinite surface to the influence of the universe, and its Creator. Hence comes a more realizing sense of that Creator's boundlessness. We look to His revealed will for more truth—more comfort—deeper sentiments—and we find it there. It almost seems a new revelation."

She sometimes spreads the wings of imagination, and rises into the regions of poetry and romance. She thus apostrophizes a river, flowing through a lovely valley, consecrated by holy remembrances:

"Thy river images
The very piety I love. Those waves
Which clear, and deep, and rapidly roll on,
Protected from the glare of noonday sun
And from the public gaze, by banks adorned
With trees itself has nourished into life.
Those sparkling waves not on the eye obtrude,
Of him who at a distance views. Yet who
Can gaze upon the vale, nor know a stream
Of living water flows there? So fragrant,
And so fresh, the landscape glows—and see
The graceful drapery of silver, purple,
Gold, and every other rainbow tint,
That twilight and Aurora spread o'er all,
Betrays the modest benefactor, source
And presence too, of all this valley's
Beauty."

And so she goes on, taking in the mountains and the vales, and the mists that float over them, and the friends, who

"Made every dear scene of enchantment more dear."

Here is another packet, written in a more delicate, careful, and measured manner. We can read the beatitudes here. One of the ministering spirits sent to bind up the wounds of the bleeding heart, and to pour upon them the oil and balm of

consolation, traced these pale, religious-looking characters. Yes! they all have a *Bible* look, for they were all dictated by the same Holy Spirit that inspired the sacred Scriptures, and prepares the heart for their benign and purifying influence. The life of the writer has been one of self-sacrifice. Year after year she watched the waning health of a beloved mother, scattering the blossoms of filial affection over the pillow of disease, and making the passage to the tomb, a beautiful and love-lighted pathway. And soon the grave closed over this dearest object of her earthly cares. She has gone on her heavenly mission, among the sick and the sorrowing, relinquishing social pleasures which no one was ever more formed to enjoy, whenever they interfered with the duties of friendship and humanity. Will it be considered a breach of confidence to extract a few sentiments from these letters, with which to enrich my own? The world will never know whose unobtrusive worth has won this spontaneous tribute, and should the passing breeze waft this *leaf* over intervening space to her, she will forgive the transgression, for the sake of the love that causes it.

"Yes, you would find that I was indeed as ready to enter into your joys and sorrows, as in those bright days when the world lay green and untrodden before us. You, without a thought of coming change—I, experienced more, but still leaning upon the little varying influences around for weal or woe. Your pathway has been more varied with the flowers and garlands of life, than mine, and though I have lived many more years, yet you have had many more thoughts than have passed through my mind. Circumstances have brought out worlds of interest in you, and you have found that the more you were taxed, the greater your resources showed themselves."

The following remarks, written several years since, were a powerful stimulus to the mind they addressed. Shall we transcribe them?

"I wish you would write a novel, with taste, elegance, and wit, that shall show forth in the highest degree, the superiority of moral worth. Let your hero or heroine bring every feeling and thought into subjection, and let every power and opportunity be improved to the greatest extent, from the grand Christian stimulus, and yet, let it not be called a *religious novel.* How well, in fancy, we can portray a sublime faith,

guiding every thought, and yet the interests and the refinements of polished life spreading over the whole, as a halo, to give a softness to the dazzling light!

"With such a work, the spirit which wit and talent produce, may do a vast deal of good; and if you find that your power is ready and your success encouraging, you must try what moral miracles you can work with your pen."

"Ah!" you exclaim, "how much easier to dictate, than to effect; how much easier to judge, than to create!"

Shall we commit such thoughts as these to the flames! Shall we destroy the record of faith and affection, which have been incitements to action and encouragements to success? No! They are immortal, and cannot, but by *annihilating*, *die*. Should the fire apparently consume them, should the ashes be given to the four winds of heaven, they would reappear in some form of beauty and purity; perchance the Magnolia's blossoms or the lily's petals.

Here is a packet bearing the impress of a bolder hand. It is what is called a back-hand, very graceful and regular in its irregularities. Let us rescue these from the general doom, for alas! the writer sleeps the great sleep in Cuba's beauteous isle. With everything to enrich and adorn life—wealth, genius, friendship, and reputation—he died in the meridian of manhood, a victim to the destroying angel of the Northern clime, who, borne on the eastern blast, slays its thousands and ten thousands with remorseless cruelty. His was the ardent temperament of Burns, united with the passionate depth and strength of Byron. His memory was stored with the most exquisite poetry of both, which received an added charm from his gentle-toned, melodious voice. An impassioned lover of Nature, he loved best of all its moonlight loveliness. His spirit then revelled in poetic dreams, and breathed itself in high-wrought and excited language. In early youth, exposed to the temptations of wealth and the fascinations of pleasure, the world allured and example betrayed, but his aberrations were short—and though he sometimes strayed beyond the limits of virtue, he was never seen in the known haunts of vice. Once, he uttered a passionate wish that he were what Byron was, willing to barter all present good, all future weal, for the possession of such genius and fame. This wild wish elicited the following thoughts, which, at his request, were clothed in a poetic garb:

Thou wouldst have been that wondrous man,
Whose mighty mind no mind could scan—
Who, dark, sublime, magnificent,
Seemed from another region sent,
To give the soul's imaginings
The form and look of breathing things.
And thou, in manhood's glorious bloom,
Whose life such brilliant hopes illume,
Wouldst barter faith and joy and love,
All peace below, all heaven above,
To be that splendid, reckless thing,
Who dared his shafts at God to fling!
The crown of fire on Ætna's brow
Afar its dazzling light may throw,
Till starry Heaven's resplendent host
In the superior blaze is lost;
But where's the eye that would not turn
From where its wasting splendours burn,
To the pure silvery light that shines
Where love its myrtle garland twines?

appy was it for him, that his aspirations were directed to lier object; that a greater than Byron became the model which his soul fashioned itself. It was as a disciple of s he died—and the angel of Christianity

"With his silver wing o'ershades
The ground now sacred by his relics made.

:t the winds bear the flame far from these hallowed me- :oes of one who now belongs to memory alone. Cold is that warm, impulsive heart—quenched the light of that flashing and expressive eye. Cherished then be the s he has left of the genius, and talents, and sensibilities, h once brightened and gladdened the circle in which he :d.

ıanks be to God for the invention of letters! How many ry blanks they fill—how many warm affections they per- ıte—how many glowing thoughts they invest with im- ality! Without them, absence would be death, and : a grave. With them, friends may separate in body, yet ; to each other in soul. They are an electric chain, on h the lightning rays of thought dart from mind to mind, ing away the vapours which time has formed. Spoken ments mingle with air and pass away. When written, remain a source of repeated joy and consolation. There certain characters, which, though invisible to the eye,

when exposed to the influence of heat, become dark and legible. So when the lines grow faint in remembrance, we have only to draw them within the burning focus of intense thought, and they appear strong and distinct. No matter how widely friends may be sundered, their mingling spirits still may meet, triumphant over mountain, ocean, wilderness, or plain. Who have not felt their hearts throb with quickened pulsations, as the sound of rushing wheels announces the coming of the mail? Who have not felt the glow of delight pervade their whole being, when the eagerly desired letters were placed in the hand, or the chill of disappointment when the precious communications were withheld?

Thanks be to God for letters! Not only over absence and space they triumph, but death itself. In vain the tomb closes its marble portals over the form we love. In vain an hermetic seal is placed on the dumb and pallid lips—

> "They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
> Warm from the soul and faithful to its fires."

No. III.

A PACKET tied with black!—pause, ere you unloosen the band! The knocker is muffled, and death has put its seal on every paper. With solemn touch release them from the sable ligament that confines them. On the first which meets the eye is written in faint, pencilled lines, "The last letter of ——." The last! The hand which traced the characters, is for ever paralyzed. The spirit which guided it, has risen where the boldest flight of imagination cannot follow. "Farewell!" seems to breathe from the sacred folds—"farewell!" to echo from the broken seals. A solemnity is diffused from this little packet, that fills the whole apartment—a shade—a chillness—a twilight of the heart—deepening into the gloom of sorrow. We remember a beautiful picture in the Dusseldorf Academy, at New York. It is the offering of the Eastern Magi to the infant Saviour. The divine child is lying on the lap of its virgin mother, while the wise men are prostrated before it, with their faces prone to the earth. Triune bands of angels, hovering above, look down upon the adoring sages. A flood

of glorious light flows over the whole picture, and it all seems to emanate from the body of the divine child, sweetly slumbering in the dawn of its incarnation. We know not by what miracle of art the illusion was produced, but it was there. As the light on that picture, so the shade from these letters falls, wide and diffusive, solemn and heart-sinking.

In unfastening the black ribbon, two separate parcels disunite, and fall into the lap, both consecrated by the great High Priest of nature—Death. It is no wonder a solemn mist dims the brightness of the present hour. The memories of two radiant minds, two warm, noble hearts, are floating around us. The mist condenses into dew—the dew falls in tears. They were brothers.

"Oh! breathe not their name—let it sleep in the shade,
* * * * * * *
Sad, silent and pure, be the tear that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the turf o'er their heads.
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weep,
Shall brighten with verdure the graves where they sleep;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep their memory green in our souls."

Let us pause one moment, to pay a passing tribute to their virtues. What matters it that others know not on whose tomb we hang the funeral garland of love? When we wander through a church-yard, our sensibilities are not chilled because the dust of strangers heaves the soil beneath our feet. All the common sympathies of humanity are stirred within our bosom, and we feel as if every monument rising around us, consecrated the ashes of a brother or a sister. Then, let a few Magnolia leaves, pure as when first they unfold their white blossoms to the light, mingle with the cypress wreath of memory. They are not inappropriate. There is something sad in their deep fragrance, and the great moral of life may be read in their fleeting bloom.

They were brothers. In their early youth their father died, leaving them the inheritance of an honoured name, a noble, irreproachable example. A widowed mother, and young orphan sisters, were a sacred legacy to their filial and fraternal love, which they watched and guarded as tenderly and diligently, as the Hebrews did the Ark of the Covenant. Inspired by the same patriotic spirit which animated their father's breast, they adopted his profession, and enrolled themselves under the banner of their country. It is said that the army is a school

of vice and immorality, a dangerous place for inexperien youth; but these brothers were distinguished for their ir proachable morality, their habits of sobriety and temperan and their lovely affection for each other. They were ne heard to take the name of their God in vain—never known taste of the intoxicating bowl—and the narcotic weed, wh fumes are the incense of the camp, never approached their li The memory of their father, was the pillar of cloud by da the pillar of fire by night, reminding them of the Holy O of Israel. Their minds were enriched by historic treasure the elegancies of literature, and adorned with the flowers c poetry. Their manners were graceful, polished, and winning their bearing marked the soldier and the gentleman. Th younger was the less tall and more robustly formed, with more decided and martial tread. He had a rich, deep-tone voice, which discoursed most excellent music; a fluent, eloquen tongue, which could lend a charm and a power to every vary ing theme, from the thunder of war to the music of love His countenance expressed the restlessness and enthusiasm of his character—the sensibility, the passion, of his heart. Of him it might well have been said:

> "He is a noble gentleman; withal
> Happy in 's endeavours; the general voice
> Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
> And every fair demeanor, an example.
> Titles of honour add not to his worth,
> Who is himself an honour to his title."

The elder was distinguished for the dignity and grace of his person, the symmetry and beauty of his features. In silence, the repose and tranquillity of his countenance, reminded one of the divine quietude of the chiselled marble. But if there was beauty in this repose, how much deeper was the charm, when, speaking, it kindled into animation! when, in smiling, it was gilded with such inner light, and joy, and peace! It has been said that his smile was heavenly, sweet, and winning as ever parted a woman's lips. His voice was singularly melodious, and fell on the ear like the strains from a sweet-toned instrument. None that heard it, could ever forget its accents. None that beheld it, can forget the radiance of that smile. And there are some to whom its remembrance will come like the dream of an angel, like the morning twilight of heaven's eternal day.

We will give a brief sketch of the brother-soldiers, beginng with the younger, who first passed away, "in manhood's ble prime." Yet it is difficult to separate them, for, till their arriage, the history of one was so mingled with the other, formed a web, whose unravelling would destroy its beauty d finish. They were alike in their affection for the home of eir childhood, in their devotion to its interests. When they turned to its luxuriant shades, they were welcomed as angel sitants, and to them it was a domestic Eden. They loved watch beneath the kingly elms—twin monarchs of the mestead—whose lofty boughs had spread their leafy honours er a father's brow, and where the gorgeous oriole, year after ar, wove its pensile nest. They loved to wander by the nding stream, whose clear, blue waters fertilized many a een plain and cultivated field, and whose gurgling voice was eeter to their ears than the clarion's blast, or the resounding um. Thus, ever and anon, they turned aside from the oroughfare of life, to bathe their spirits in the dewy freshss of its early remembrances. Thus they kept their hearts polluted in the midst of temptation—warm and true, though posed to chilling contact with worldliness and experience. friend, whose Muse has breathed a charm over the lovely lley of their birth, alludes to them in a poem, which, though has never passed beyond the eyes of intimate friends, is asured in their remembrance among things dear and precious. e describes their native home:

"A soldier's widow lives there—one on whom
My heart pours out a portion of the love that springs
From patriotic sentiment.
For long she cherished with a wife's kind care,
And kept in all the genial warmth of youth,
A heart which beat but for his country's glory—
And she has watched with tender care, the growth
Of *sons*, inheriting their father's spirit.

"Oh! sure the minds that grew in this fair spot
Have pictures painted on their memory,
Which, whereso'er they be, when leisure hours
Wake up the spirit to sweet retrospection,
Will rise to shame each mean, ignoble thought,
Each sordid purpose, each unworthy aim,
And in the keenest hour of suffering,
Will pour sweet consolation. The remembered beams
Of moonlight, such as this—remembered harmonies
Of scenes uncounted, irresistible
As this we gaze on—lulling us to peace."

And it was so. With unpolluted spirits, they passed thr the temptations of youth and entered the portals of manh They married and made themselves homes, over which the s spangled banner waved, and where the guardian ramparts r And now we will follow the steps of the younger, till t disappear in those trackless regions the living never travel

He had command of a fort, and his martial spirit revel in the scenes that surrounded him. He was in the same scer where, a beardless stripling, he entered his country's servi burning with military ardour. Now, in the possession of t purest domestic happiness; in the full realization of his brig est dreams of love and joy; in the dignity of an advanc reputation, he trod those ramparts with stately steps and ki dling eye, the commander of those gallant soldiers, who we seen issuing from their white-walled bulwarks, at the morni reveille, or the evening parade. Oh! it was a beautiful, beaut ful spot! We never can forget the moment when we first b held it, glimmering in the pallid moonlight, when we passe under the portcullis, and beheld the sentry, with measure tread and folded arms, walking "his lonely round." We coul see pyramids of cannon balls glittering on the ramparts; w could see the starry flag fluttering in the breeze of night. I was the first time we had ever gazed on the glittering para phernalia of war, and we felt hereditary fire kindling in ou bosom. It seemed an earthly paradise—that beautiful fort— with its gravel walks, clean and level as a lady's drawing-room, its warlike decorations, the sublime cannon-peal of the morning, the inspiring music of the evening, the pomp, the circumstance, the glory of military display, the graceful hospitality of the commander and his charming wife, the gayety, the brightness, the novelty of the scene—all combined to imprint it on the memory in indelible colours. Among the papers scattered before us, we see some lines written while the impression was warm on the imagination. Shall we transcribe them here? for one can paint a picture so much better in poetry than in prose. It was written after a sail on the moonlight waters. Such a glorious night it was! So calm, so bland, so bright, one could scarcely tell where the sky and water met, only the silvery blue of the latter had a quivering motion, and the former was still as glass. The deep, rich voice of the commander, singing some martial song, floated over the rippling wake of the barge, and blended with the sound of the dipping oars. It was rowed by eight soldiers, in uniform apparel, all fine-looking dark-

wed men, whose motions, as they bowed over their oars, re as regular and graceful, as the wings of a bird flapping air. There were no stars visible—the moon was shining resplendently—but the revolving gleam of the light-house lected in the waters,

"Looked lovely as Hope,
That star on Eternity's ocean."

There was inspiration in the scene—at least we felt so, when composed the stanzas below—with which we will fold this gnolia leaf, and send it abroad, ere it becomes withered and aced:

Know ye the place where the white walls rise,
Mid the waves of ocean gleaming?
Where the guardian ramparts meet the eyes,
And the starry flag is streaming?

Know ye the spot where at evening's close,
And at morning's early breaking,
The music of battle inspiringly flows,
The rock-born echoes waking?

Oh! fair is that place, where the sunbeams rest
In their glory on the billows;
Or the moon on her native ocean's breast,
Her silvery forehead pillows.

And fair are those walls with the banner that floats,
To the waves our triumphs telling;
And sweet are those clear and warlike notes,
On the ocean breezes swelling.

But fairer still are the glance and smile,
That beamed there a kindly greeting;
And sweeter the heart-born tones the while,
Our own glad accents meeting.

In the fortress of war, the home of the bold,
The spirit of love is residing;
And dove-wings furl, with a downy fold,
Where the eagle in power is presiding.

We stood on the ramparts, and saw the white surge
Roll onward, then hoarsely retreating;
Or the Indian his bark o'er the blue waters urge,
Some forest descant repeating.

When evening in raiments of silver came on,
How calm was the current that bore us;
Around us, like diamonds, the clear ripples shone,
While the heavens bent glistening o'er us.

But the ray we loved was flashing afar,
In fitful, revolving glory;
It welcomed us back, like a beacon star,
That watched o'er the battlements hoary.

Oh! when, lonely sentinel, when wilt thou beam
On our path to that gem of the ocean;
Where life wore the brightness that visits our dream,
And time had of snow-flakes the motion!

No. IV.

SINCE sending you the last Magnolia Leaf, we discovere some lines, written upon the beautiful gem of the ocean w have endeavoured to describe, in the handwriting of him whos character adorns this sketch. They were addressed to a friend and appear to be *impromptu:*

"The rugged isle, the embattled walls,
Where erst our lives in concert fell,
Till Time from hence my spirit calls,
On memory's fairest page will dwell.
Along the strand, so bleak and wild,
Though winds and waves tempestuous came,
Our martial home serenely smiled,
Illumed by friendship's vestal flame.
Affections there, attuned to thine,
With social charms would gild the hours,
The heart subdue, the soul refine,
And strew the soldier's path with flowers."

The remaining verses are personal, and may be omitted here. They were composed in the wintry season, when the wild blasts raved around the embattled walls, as if angry with the dashing waves that beat in foam against them.

We saw him again at another home,—a fortress still, but more magnificent than the other. Fort Monroe, at Old Point Comfort, is said to be the largest, most commanding isolated

fort in the world. Situated on the noble Chesapeake Bay, it looks down on its grand expanse of water, ready to launch its thunderbolts on the foe that would invade its walls. Close by are the *Rip Raps*, or Castle Calhoun, as it is also called,—a fort constructed of rock, on a foundation of stone, sunk deep into the Bay. Nothing can look more bleak and isolated than this rocky hermitage, which was destined to rise in castellated grandeur above the element whose dominions it had invaded; but, owing to the incalculable amount of labour required for its completion, it remains unfinished, and, at a little distance, looks like a huge rock, heaved up from the bed of the ocean. Parties of pleasure from the Fortress, in barges and sail-boats, resort to this lonely retreat; and the weary statesman often escapes from the halls of Congress, to spend a few days there in solitude and meditation. We might have called it a modern Delos, thus born in the ocean by the creating power of man; but where were the emerald carpet and glowing flowers of the Grecian isle?

Nothing was more frequent, in the depth of winter, when the Bay was lashed by the storm-spirit, than for vessels to be wrecked within sight of the Fort. Again and again, with dauntless chivalry, had the gallant soldier, gathering round him a band of comrades, gone out to the rescue, and won the blessing of the drowning mariner. One dark, tempestuous night, when the earth was covered with snow and ice, the signal of distress was heard, and a ship was seen, drifted by the wind, and tossing on the wrathful billows. Regardless of the roaring elements, drenched, chilled, benumbed, he passed the whole night in the work of preservation. In returning to the Fort, his foot slipped on the frozen ground, and he fell, apparently without injury. Inflammatory fever was the consequence of the night's exposure; and when he rose from his sick-bed, a slight lameness of the knee reminded him of the forgotten fall. Strange as it may seem, it was a death-stroke; for, from that moment, slowly, but certainly, began to fail one of the most glorious constitutions God ever bestowed on man. What a terrible infliction to one of his stately mien, his firm and martial tread! Yet no one dreamed of its being a permanent injury, and his elastic spirit never yielded to despondency. It was about this time that he accompanied us in a journey over the Alleghany; and never shall we forget the glowing enthusiasm with which he would indicate the sublime and magnificent features of that mountain highway, the fasci-

nation of his conversation, the play of his fancy, and the ness of his intellect. Weariness was forgotten, and appr sion beguiled. Whether passing through some rocky g that threatened to enclose us in its narrow and rugged pas —winding round the steep, dizzy verge of the mountain high as the eagle's eyrie,—or poised on the brink of the *Ha Nest*, above the murmuring Kanawa, which flows *eight hun* feet below,—he was still the same bright, mastering sp What a difference in travellers! What a difference in hu beings! There was a gentleman, who was our fellow-travel who scarcely uttered a syllable the whole way;—who seen perfectly unmoved while, bathed in sunshine, he looked do on clouds rolling and lightnings darting below, or when t mountain-side was covered with one broad sheet of rainbo In passing through Charlotteville, we beheld the summit Monticello, leaning on the golden bosom of sunset. He, o military companion, was an impassioned admirer of the geni of Jefferson, and proposed a visit to the former residence c this great statesman.

The day was one of the fairest the sun ever made with hi autumnal beams. The air was so clear and refreshing, i seemed to give one wings to waft them to the mountain's top Arrived there, what a prospect unfolded to the eye!—what glorious panorama! On one side, the Blue Ridge hung its undulating and heaven-sweeping drapery of mist; on the other, the majestic Rotunda of the University, with its classic buildings,—specimens of the different orders of architecture,—brought the refinements of Art in beautiful contrast with the freedom and magnificence of Nature. The morning breeze sighed through the branches of the forest trees which surrounded the dwelling, and seemed breathing a requiem over departed greatness. The sage of Monticello had planted those trees with his own hand, gathering together in one brotherhood all that are natives of the forests of Virginia, thus leaving a monument grander than marble, and more worthy of his fame. We sat down on the long grass beneath those rustling trees, and gazed around in silence. The oppression of great feeling was upon us, and speech is not for such moments. If the episode will be pardoned in this brief and unpretending life-sketch, we will give a few lines to the description of the mansion Jefferson once occupied; for Monticello, like Mount Vernon, is our country's classic ground.

The house is built in the form of a rotunda, and has some-

ling of the air of a Grecian temple. The architecture is autiful, but the proportions are too small for the magnificence the design. The windows of the dome are skylights, which t in a flood of sunshine, that must be oppressive in sultry asons. As you enter the vestibule, the eye is arrested by a ust of the statesman, placed on a colossal pedestal of black ngrained marble, presiding in lonely majesty over the entrance f the dwelling. The floors are of tesselated wood, giving a eculiar and foreign aspect to the rooms. But the impress of ther hands is there, and destroys in a measure the interest f association. The mount itself was his dwelling-place—and here his memory will remain, though his mansion be converted to purposes of utility and shorn of its original brightness. We would gladly linger on every incident of that journey, which developed the noble, self-sacrificing character of our soldier-companion; but if we did, volumes would be written, and we fear to blend too much egotism with a record, intended as an example of social grace and moral excellence.

From this time the shadow deepened. The active duties of life were suspended—alas! never to be resumed again. It was hard to leave a station endeared by domestic associations, at a time too, when the honours of promotion rested upon him; but he was advised to seek medical advice in a northern clime, and returned a drooping invalid to the home of his boyhood. There, amid the love scenes of his nativity, surrounded by idolizing kindred, devoted friends, and cheered by that loving smile, which "no cloud could o'ercast," the soldier's last *tent* was made.

In a letter dated at this time, he says:—

"I am grateful to Heaven for the opportunities with which I have been blessed of seeing you at our martial home in Virginia, and during our memorable, never to be forgotten journey over the cloud-capped Alleghany. These are among the dearest recollections of my life, and I cherish them the more fondly, as I am now bereft of that health, vigour, and buoyancy of spirit, those qualifications as a traveller, in which I once exulted. I must now sustain the weary, *stale*, *flat*, and *unprofitable* character of a broken *soldier*. The inspiring music of the war-band, the rustling of the star-spangled banner, will never more call me to the ramparts, which I once loved to tread. 'Othello's occupation's gone.'"

Everything which affection could suggest, or ingenuity execute, was done to relieve the monotony of his life. Railings

were put up along the smooth green sward, on either s
the dwelling-house, to support his steps as he walke
rustic seats erected under the luxuriant shade trees, wh
could sit and enjoy the sweet influences of nature. He
sit for hours in the moonlight, gazing in silence on tha
beauteous orb, that reflected its lustre on his pale, plac
and to those who remembered his restless, energetic mov
in health, this deep tranquillity and meditation was s
touching. It seemed as if the ebbing tide of his lif
rolled beneath the trembling rays, was subsiding into a
ful equilibrium. Nature brooded lovingly and mournful
her languishing votary, while her stilly dews wept
him.

And so he passed away. The brave, the noble, th
rous, and the gifted. It was when the twilight shad
beginning to fall, that they turned from the grave where
laid, and the moon—that moon which he had so much l
gaze upon—came forth, as if on purpose to illumine tl
and to light the mourners on their sad homeward path.
were now its beams to him, who had gone to that worl
there is no sun nor moon, but where the Lord God is th
What were they to those whose weeping hearts were f
the darkness of sorrow, which the Sun of Righteousne
could disperse?

Rest, soldier, rest. The spot where thou reposest
ground. Rest beside the mother—once a saint on ear
an angel in Heaven—rest beside her, whose widowed
thy filial tenderness had embalmed and gladdened—
sister, whose memory was a holy incense burning in the
censer—by the kindred dust of earlier generations
glorious to die on the battle-field, with the oriflamme
country for a winding-sheet—but it is sweet to slee
native soil, surrounded by the graves of a homestead.

No. V.

We wish the breeze that wafts our frail leaves aw
us, would bring us back a tok[illegible]at they have been g
by some friendly hand, and preserved in some her

here heart-blossoms and leaflets are tenderly cherished. Our oughts, like the Arctic dove, go forth, in search of some een pledge of sunshine, and oft come back, without finding st or the blooming olive. Why this feeling comes over us, e cannot tell; perhaps our task is too saddening. We fear e make others sad, and yet there is a fascination in it, that nds us down to the spot, where stands the open trunk with e packets scattered around. We were here weeks ago, and re we linger still. We can realize the charm which led Old ortality to the burial-ground of the covenanters, that he ight clear away the mossy veil which covered their monu-ents, and lift up the daisy and the harebell, that drooped neath its shade. It is true, the memories awakened here e of recent date. The moss and rank growth of time have t obscured the traces on the tablet; but when we look back the *past*, the *irrevocable*, even if the glance has only months days to travel over, the view seems receding, and we turn memory's lamp and feed it with the oil of meditation. Here e some fugitive poems, written by the soldier poet, the elder other of the one who formed the subject of our last sketch. e was accustomed to twine with the laurels of war, the wers of fancy and the myrtle of love. They were like her flowers, mostly ephemeral; but some of them are too eet to wither away, like the grass of the field, unnoticed d unregretted. These stanzas were written on the eve of ttle, and are descriptive of the character of the writer, who, rough the densest smoke of carnage, could feel some gleam sunshine in his heart:

When far from his friends and his dear native home,
The soldier to fight for his country doth roam;
How sweet the reflection, though far he has strayed,
That still he is dear to some beautiful maid,
Whose fears fondly follow his steps to the field—
Whose prayers ask of Heaven his bosom to shield.

At night, when encamped on the dewy cold ground,
He dreams that her spirit is hovering around;
Her image, which fancy delights to portray,
Enlivens his march through the wearisome day—
And even in battle he thinks of the fair,
Whose hand for his brow shall the laurel prepare.

His love for music was a passion. It filled him with divine notions. At the close of [redacted] poem, we find the following part-gushing strain, after [redacted]ng of the influence of music:

If e'er I live to see the day
When age hath made me hoar—
When pleasures gliding swift away
Delight my heart no more—
Oh! may I have a daughter fair,
A slave to music's power,
Whose art shall blunt the edge of care,
And soothe my dying hour—
And when she strikes the harmonious strings,
To sweet delusion given,
My soul shall mount on music's wing,
And fancied soar to Heaven.

Many such gems as these lie hid in the casket, hoa affection and considered as sacred relics. Some ha given to the world. It was his destiny as a soldie stationed far from all social privileges and enjoym only companions being the soldiers of his camp, and warriors of the wilderness.

"I write," he says, "by the roar of the cataract, murmurs of the forest."

He who had been accustomed to shine in the ci fashion, a bright, ascendant star, the "observed of servers," the gayest of the gay, as the most graceful, and fascinating of men, strung his lyre on the wild b the Mississippi, and sighed not, though there were listen to its numbers. He found a charm in intellectu suits, which beguiled solitude of its weariness, and m independent of circumstance and place. In the lo bloody Mexican campaign, they were his solace and tion. And here he attained a prouder distinction had won in earlier years, as the star of fashion and of chivalry. He was known throughout the camp *Christian soldier*, for the crowning glory of religion w added to his virtues and graces, and the cloud whiol over the tents of Israel hovered over his own. We f strained to record a beautiful incident which occurred the battle of Monterey, where for three days he fought side of the gallant Taylor. Towards the close of the strife, while the dead and the dying strewed the ensa earth, through the cannon's breath, his glance fell upon delicate flower, a *Morning Glory*, blooming by the ways lifting up its sweet and fearless [redacted]w to the God of batt sight of this little flower, a vi[redacted]f home, of pure, hol joys and affections, passed in[redacted]aneously before him

brave heart which had been so dauntlessly opposed to a vindictive foe, melted to all a woman's tenderness, and tears gathered in the soldier's flashing eye. His thoughts flowed, without any volition of his own, into the melody of poetry, and that night, when he retired to his tent, after unbuckling his weary sword, he committed to paper a poem, called the "Morning Glory of the fields of Monterey." We look in vain among these papers for the beautiful lines—for this flower, born of blood and carnage—this Picciola of the battle-field. Oh, brave and tender, pure and holy heart, art thou indeed still and pulseless? Has the indwelling Deity departed, leaving the noble temple to crumble into dust? Yes! He who had passed unscathed through the lightnings of war, was suddenly smitten by the angel of Death on a peaceful homeward journey. Instantaneously as the electric flash, the bolt descended, and the warrior bowed to man's last enemy. He fell, as the oak of the forest falls, firm and stately to the last—fell as the tree falls, when a strong wind sweeps over it, or the lightning blasts it. Is not such a glorious death to die? To be spared the humiliating process of dependence and decay, the gloomy passage through the valley of the shadow of death, the cold wading of the waters of Jordan; the pains, the agonies, the expiring conflict; to be one moment on earth, the next in heaven; to gaze one moment on the mild features of a beloved wife—the next upon that glory of glories, whose very thought annihilates the faint reaching spirit? He was prepared for the conqueror's coming. Though the joys of earth were sweet, heaven was sweeter still, and with it he had long held close and divine communion. There were loved ones there, who had gone before, whom his spirit longed to embrace. The parents whom next to his God he reverenced, the children who were taken from him in the innocency and beauty of early childhood, and the brother he had so much loved. Not till the dark, dark hour, had he deferred the work of preparation. There was a daily sanctity in his life, that anointed him for the sacrifice of death.

Man has been compared to a ruined temple, whose pillars of original beauty and symmetry are broken and defaced, stamped with the genius of the Divine Architect, but incapable of being restored to their pristine grandeur. But he seemed a temple with all its fair proportions unmarred and unchanged; no trace of ruin was there. Firmness, dignity, simplicity, and truth, were the Doric columns that supported it—tenderness,

sensibility, and grace, its Corinthian ornaments—and relig the sun-gilt dome that crowned and perfected the noble fal There was an altar within that temple, where the incens prayer and praise were ever ascending, and the threshold sprinkled with the blood of the Eternal Sacrifice.

He is gone. His memory is honoured among men. had attained the highest military honours, the most envia social distinctions. But others will fill the high milit station made vacant by his death, and it is easy for society find new idols in place of those it has lost. But there a hearts which feel a vacuum which must for ever ache—plac which, knowing him no more, wear the sadness and desolati of the tomb. His death is the shadow which rests upon t homestead. How deep the chill upon its warm, affectiona hearts! The aspect of nature is changed. The wind, whic made an anthem of praise among the boughs of the elm tree now wails with dirge-like melancholy through the foliage, an the moon itself shines with a sickly lustre, as if mourning fo a departed worshipper.

Ah! how true it is, that the more love, the more sorrow It is a fearful thing to love intensely, when our hold on thos we love is more slender than the silk-worm's thread. Yet whc would live *unloving*, that they may live *unsorrowing?* Who, even after time has assuaged the first agonies of bereavement, would exchange the memory for the hope of joy? Joys remembered, are still our own—dearer in retrospect than in possession—ours by a security the future cannot know, and a holy seal that belongs only to the past. "Lord, keep my memory green," is the deep prayer of humanity. "Blot out, if it must be, the remembrance of pleasure, but let that of happiness remain; and if that, too, must fade away, sweep not away the recollection of suffering, the purifier and glorifier of the soul."

It is by contemplating the character of departed friends, that we keep "their memory green in our souls." It is by dwelling on their virtues, that their image becomes indelibly imprinted on our hearts. The mere act of recording the feelings awakened by these letters, deepens and strengthens them. What! burn these papers, mementoes of the noblest, best, and purest of human beings—these breathings of affection and these overflowings of intellect! Mingle them with the rubbish and waste things of life—consign them [redacted]shes and oblivion! No! if we could give them to the flam[redacted] would be as the Romans

committed their dead to the burning pyre—sacredly, religiously—and after having seen them pass through the fiery process, collect the dust into an urn, and clasp it to our hearts as a holy deposit.

We pity those who have never felt the thrill which penetrates the whole being, when brought into sudden communion with the spirit of departed friends. It is an earnest of future, unending intercourse, of immortality, of eternity. When we write, the thought that the characters we are drawing will survive the hand that traced them, should make us rejoice and tremble—rejoice, that the echo of our souls may be heard through distant years to come—tremble, lest it repeat what may give us immortal regret.

Lord Littleton bestowed on Thomson the greatest praise ever given to man, when he said, his works contained "no line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

No. VI.

We will pluck some fresh and blooming leaves. We will lay an offering on the altar of hope, instead of memory. We will look on the sunny side of life, instead of its shadows.

The letters of a young and happy wife must contain passages of interest. We will loosen the packet, perfumed with geranium and verbena, which, though faded and dry, give a fragrance to the papers congenial to the sweetness of their contents. The writer is one of those bright, gentle, lovely beings, that win the love and admiration of all. There is something in her soft, smiling eyes that seems to say, "*Do* you love me? *Will* you love me? I can love you most dearly in return." Her voice is low and sweet, her motions graceful and womanly. Before her marriage, she was the idol of her father's family, —"the youngest, most beloved of all." Her brothers, two of whom were candidates for collegiate honours, treated her with a kind of chivalrous courtesy, seldom exhibited to a sister, however beautiful and affectionate. When she played and sung, they would stand by her side, in silent attention, turning the leaves of her music-book, and rewarding her with approving smiles. Natural affection, thus fed by daily, hourly

gifts, became purer and stronger with every passing day. "I never shall marry," she would often say, "for I never can love any one as well as my own dear brothers. I feel as if I would be perfectly happy to remain as I am, all my life, provided they should form no dearer ties. I fear their love has made me selfish and exacting; for the thought of ever being supplanted in their affections gives me exquisite pain."

One of these beloved brothers died in college, of an inflammation of the brain, brought on by excessive application to his studies. He was a delicate, slender, sweet-voiced youth, too sensitive and refined to come in collision with common, every day mortals. The dew of piety gemmed the flower of his youth.

"He sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven."

Death was a blessing to him, for life would have been filled with suffering. He had tasted only its vernal sweets, and passed away before the mildew and the frost had fallen. We saw her when in mourning for this idol of her sisterly heart, and never beheld a more interesting object. Her sable dress formed a striking relief for the pearly whiteness of her complexion, and a misty veil seemed resting on her smiling, hazel eyes. We felt, in a moment, she had been looking on death since last we met. She spoke of him as an angel in heaven, —as one who was beckoning her to follow.

"He was too good, too pure for earth," she said, "and God took him to himself. But if ever departed spirits are permitted to minister to those they loved on earth, I know his guardian wings will hover round my head."

Several years passed away, when a letter came, announcing her marriage with a young lawyer of rising reputation. She had gone far from the home of her youth, the scenes of her childhood, to be a stranger in a strange land;—that gentle, yielding creature, who had breathed only an atmosphere of love,—who had never learned one lesson of self-dependence or self-denial. The energies of her character had never been called forth; they had remained in a state of quiescence, gathering strength from repose. Here is an extract from one of her first letters, written in the warm glow of bridal happiness, under the excitement of novelty and the awakening influences of new connexions:

"Rejoice with me, my own dear friend, for I am happy beyond my sex's charter. I once thought my capacities of

happiness were all filled; but I was mistaken. I find the more I enjoy, the more I am capable of enjoying; the more I love, the more I am capable of loving. There was a deep chamber in my heart that had never known an inmate; now it has a royal guest, to whom I am proud to pay kingly homage! Ah! I find there is a love dearer than that of brother, tenderer than that of friend. I look back upon the visions of felicity which formerly passed before me, and smile at the retrospect. I used to think that to accompany my beloved Edmund (this was the brother who died in college) to India's sultry clime, as a missionary to the benighted heathen, would be the crown of my hopes and rejoicing. I thought while he was *preaching* I would *teach*, and prepare the darkened minds of those poor children for the celestial seed his hand would plant. Then, again, I would dream of quiet domestic enjoyment in my sweet sister's family, as the good Aunt Alice of her darling children. To sit down at twilight in her snug, pleasant parlour, and gather round me the little golden-pated cherubs, while I increased the circumference of their large blue eyes by telling them wondrous tales of the Genii, or drew forth the crystalline drops by relating the pathetic history of the Babes of the Woods, or the mournful death of Cock-Robin. By and by, I would become venerable, and they would call me 'Mistress Alice;' and I would mount spectacles on my nose, and fill my pockets with sugar-plums and chestnuts for my great-nieces and nephews. Ah! my *chateaux en Espagne* are all demolished or blown down by the breath of love. I have built me a bower of roses, where singing birds make their nests, and the wild vines hang in beautiful festoons. Will you not come and share it with me?

"Let me describe the magnificent scenery on which, by merely lifting my eyes from the paper, I can gaze till it is daguerreotyped on my mind. In front is a green, green lawn, shaded by locust trees, which are now in full bloom, and actually burden the air with their fragrance. A grove of mulberries is on the right,—the Morus Multicaulis,—planted, probably, when the silk-worm fever was at its height, and every one expected to walk in silken attire. On the left is an ample garden, adorned with every variety of flower and flowering shrubs. You, who so worship flowers, shall have a bouquet every morning, before the sunbeams have kissed off the dew. Do you see a green hillock, not very far off, rising on the north-east? It is an Indian mound, and is remarkable for the

symmetry of its form and the luxuriant shrubbery at its ba
Look still farther, at the blue outline of the distant hills, a
listen to the musical murmurs that come with such a co
dreamy, lulling sound to the ear, telling of many things whi
every one does not understand. 'Tis the voice of the dee
rolling Tennessee, that winds majestically on the left, throu
one of the loveliest valleys in the world.

"'You write too long letters!' cries my husband, who
looking over my shoulder at this moment. (*Very rude, is
not?*) 'I shall be jealous of your absent friends. Come an
let us walk to the Indian mound, and gather some of th
beautiful wild flowers that embroider it. You know you pro
mised to make an herbarium for our excellent friend, Docto
——. Flower of my life, so lovely and so lone, come an
wander awhile among your floral sisters.'

"I cannot resist that charming, poetic appeal. I know no
which I love best, praise or poetry; but there is one thing I
love better than both, and that is the husband who can s
gracefully quote the one and so affectionately administer th
other. Lord and master of my heart, I obey thy summons.
I throw down the pen; I spring to follow thee. Adieu, dea
friend; when I return, I will resume my letter; and, I doub
not, my ideas will be vivified by the western breeze and the
glorious prospect of the setting sun."

When the pen is again resumed, we can see, by the greate
emphasis of the letters, the freer, more dashing strokes, tha
her spirits have gained elasticity, and her mind force, from
her evening walk to the red man's green-swarded mound.

"Oh!" she continues, "I have had such a charming walk!
—you would envy me if you knew *how* charming. How I
wish you knew my husband; I think, I *know*, you would
appreciate the beauty and excellence of his character. I do
not think I can feel perfectly happy till you come and see me,
and give me an opportunity of introducing to each other two
friends so precious to my soul. Let me describe him. He is
not *very* handsome, perhaps, but he has a most expressive and
engaging countenance. He is very dark, has very dark and
glossy hair, and eyes so black, so bright, yet soft, you wonder
that such brightness and softness should not neutralize each
other. Then he has such a sweet-toned voice,—so sweet, yet
manly, that it lends a charm to everything he utters. I wish
you could hear him recite poetry. I always was passionately
fond of poetry. You know I have sometimes tried to rhyme

myself; but I never knew its full and perfect melody till I heard it from his lips. I should not omit in this description the uncommon beauty of his mouth and teeth,—ivory gates, from which nothing ever issues but pure, and gentle, and endearing words.

"Oh, my friend, what am I, that I should be so blest above women?—that I should have won the undivided, the *first* affection of so exalted, so amiable a being? It is with deep and unaffected humility that I give expression to these feelings. I do not depreciate myself that others may praise; but true love, I believe, is always humble;—I humble myself that he may be exalted.

> "'Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
> Brags of his substance, not of ornament;
> They are but beggars that can count their worth;
> But my true love is grown to such excess,
> I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.'

"You know I have been an indulged and petted child, cradled in the lap of affluence and ease; that I have known but two trials;—one, the loss of my angel brother, the other, separation from my kindred and friends; the last no infliction of the Almighty, but imposed by my own free will and choice. Since the awakening of my heart, I feel as if it had powers of endurance of which previously I had never dreamed. I almost wish that want were our portion, that I might show my husband how willingly, how bravely I could toil, and share the heat and burden of his day of care;—how freely these hands, which have never yet been hardened by labour, should minister to his necessities and increase his comforts.

"You may say it is very easy to sit securely in the harbour and tell how you would brave the tempest and battle with the thunder; but I do think, were I exposed to the storms and billows of life, my spirit would rise with the rising surges, possessed of too much vitality to sink below them. Do not laugh at me; for, of all things, I dread the shaft of ridicule, especially when wrought up to the enthusiasm of the present moment. No; I do not fear your laughter. You may smile, for the smiles of a friend are the sunshine of the soul. Farewell."

My next leaf shall bear on its surface another letter from my charming friend. One glance into the inner chamber of a pure and loving heart is worth a panoramic view of the mere

surface of society. We all love to know what is passing in the hearts of others, and letters are the transcript of the heart; if not, shame to the spirit that dictates, and the hand that writes.

No. VII.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE BANKS OF THE TENNESSEE.

THE silver crescent of the honey-moon has waxed into the full-orbed mellow lustre of wedded tenderness. Our sweet enthusiast has tasted a mingled cup since last we met her by the Magnolia's blossoms. She has felt the joy and sorrow of a mother's heart. She has been supremely blest and severely smitten, and she has known the

> "Soothing thoughts which spring
> From the depths of human suffering."

Her feet no longer turn, at the sunset hour, towards the Indian mound. There is a smaller, newer mound, covered with fresh, green turf, to which her footsteps bend. There she carries her offerings of flowers, gemmed with other dew than the tears of night. There she sits, beneath the mulberry's shade, by the side of her husband, holding sweet communion with the spirit of her infant, in the hush of the balmy twilight.

"One month ago," she writes, "I felt as if my hand were paralyzed and my heart turned to stone. I would willingly have lain down in the cold ground by my baby's side and died, had it pleased God to seal my eyelids with the last great sleep. But now, if not glad, I am happy; if not joyous, I am resigned. I will go back and tell you my life's experience since last I wrote. It is what thousands and tens of thousands of my sex have experienced before, and yet it seems as if there was no joy like unto my joy; no sorrow, like unto my sorrow; no submission like what I now feel. Strange! we are less, far less in the great mass of human life, than the fallen leaf of the forest, or the sand grain of the sea-shore; and yet, we are *such vast* worlds to ourselves—all infinitude sinks into insig-

nificance in comparison to ourselves. Am I more selfish than others? Tell me, for I shudder to think how the whole universe was darkened by the veil that was drawn over my single, sorrowing heart.

"About a year ago, God placed a little blue-eyed cherub in my arms, and baptized me by the sacred name of mother. I felt the consecration in my inmost soul, and made a vow unto the Lord, to dedicate myself anew to his service, that I might offer my child with unpolluted hands—the firstling of the flock—a lamb without spot or blemish, on his holy altar. What capacities of happiness and usefulness were born within me! How enlarged seemed my sphere of action! How sublime the career opening to my view!

"'What a consequential little body you have become!' said my husband, smilingly, after listening patiently to a long oration of mine, on a mother's duties and cares. 'But alas! for poor me—I see I am dwindling away into a nonentity. If I have any positive existence, it is only as the father of this child.'

"'Ingrate!' I exclaimed, while my spirit literally basked in the tender light of those dark, brilliant eyes. 'Have you not told me a hundred times, that my only fault was loving you too well? that you were obliged to repress your own love, to check the idolatry of mine? If I adore this child, it is because it is yours—a heavenly link, drawing me closer, nearer to your heart.'

"But why weary you with a description of scenes which may seem very foolish to all save ourselves? For six months, I was the happiest of human beings. I cannot give you the faintest idea of the exceeding beauty of our little darling. So exquisitely fair, such dove-like eyes, shaded by such long lashes, and such a sweet, rose-bud mouth. Every day she grew more lovely, every hour I loved her more. Yet I trembled all the time in the midst of my new-born happiness. There was something about her so different from other children,—so gentle, so quiet, and dream-like,—she would look up in my face so wistfully, and with such startling intelligence,—the tears would spring into my eyes as I would press her closer to my heart, that ached with its excess of tenderness. Something whispered, 'She is only lent thee, for a little while. Think her not thine own. Be ready to resign her, when He who gave her, calls her back to himself.'

"I can hardly tell when I noticed the first symptoms of disease—it came on so gradually, so insidiously—giving a touching languor to the blue eye, a waxen whiteness to the delicate skin, and a sinking and relaxation to the late bounding limbs. At first, she only languished and faded like a vernal flower—beautiful, oh! so beautiful still! but then came emaciation and suffering—suffering, that agonized me to behold. Never, till this moment, had I realized the awful nature of sin, for it was for sin, that my innocent babe was thus doomed to suffer. I pray God to forgive me the impious thoughts that struggled for the mastery in my bosom. I dared to question His justice as well as His mercy. I said it was right that I should suffer, for I had sinned, but 'What,' I exclaimed, lifting up my streaming eyes and deprecating hands to Heaven, 'what has this sinless being done, that thou shouldst thus heavily lay thy chastening hand on her? on me, on me, let the burden fall.'

"How exquisitely she suffered, you may know, since I tell you I prayed that she might die—that she might only be at rest. When they told me that she was dead, I would not have called her back for the universe—the world seemed a wide graveyard to me; but I rejoiced that the feet of my little one were not doomed to walk among the gloomy memorials of buried hearts. *She* was happy, though I was for ever wretched. So I then felt, but now I can bless God not only for the gift, but the withdrawal. I needed the chastisement—I deserved the stroke. From the moment when I saw her in her white muslin shroud, with white rose-buds and geranium leaves scattered among its transparent folds, and saw the mysterious, solemn signs of death upon her face, the smile of more than earthly placidity and peace upon her cherub lips, I felt as sure that she was gone to Heaven, as though I saw its golden portals opened and her admitted into its celestial mansions. I know that she is in the bosom of her Saviour and her God, and I can rejoice that I was permitted to give another cherub, to swell the orchestra of Heaven. Death is now divested of all its terror. I love to meditate upon it. I love to visit the grave of my darling, and there I realize the truth of that beautiful saying, 'that the graves of infants are the footprints of angels.' Do you remember Mrs. Hemans's sweet lines on the death of an infant? Some of them steal over me as I write:

'Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with nature's brightest wreath;
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe.
And oft upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there;
And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit! visit our repose,
And bear from thine own world of rest
Some balm for human woes.
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine, to messenger of Heaven?'

"Oh! what a friend, what a comforter do I possess in my husband! Never till now, did I know the full measure of his *immeasurable* worth, if I may thus speak. While he is spared, I must be happy. Even in the hour of deepest agony, I felt grateful to heaven that I had his heart to lean upon, his arm to enfold me. Great is the mystery of love. It is the halcyon of the tempests of life, and yet, the power that lashes its billows into the wildest commotion."

After an interval of a year, she again takes up the pen, and see how lightly, how playfully it moves!

"Friend of my heart, I greet thee. Flower that I have planted in the garden of my affections, I have not suffered one petal to fade, one hue to grow dim through neglect. You do not know what an admirable housekeeper I am becoming to be. Behold a sketch illustrative of my new accomplishments:

"The other evening I was thrown entirely on my own resources, for my servants were all sick, and cook and waiter I had none to assist me. The supper hour drew nigh, and I knew there was neither bread nor cake in the pantry. There was plenty of flour and butter, eggs and lard, and I resolved 'to screw my courage to the sticking place,' and plunge at once into the mysteries of kneading, rolling, and baking. I determined to immortalize myself, and make a repast for my husband, such as his imagination had never even conceived. I went into the kitchen, and after obtaining some minute directions from the sick cook, I took possession of a large wooden tray, into which I sifted the flour, giving myself a fine powdering during the process. Just as I had rolled up my sleeves above my elbows, and pinned up the skirt of my silk dress behind, to keep it out of the way of the pots and kettles, I saw three or four elegantly dressed

ladies sweeping up the front steps, one of whom I knew must be the fashionable stranger, of whom I had heard very much said. Oh dear! what was I to do? The spider was heating over the fire, the dough was sticking to my unpractised hands, the flour was adhering to the flounces of my dress, which I had too late thought of tucking up. But as there was no one else to play the lady, I drew my hands out of the tray, washed them till they looked as red as lobsters, smoothed my rumpled flounces, but as there was no looking-glass in the kitchen, I was not aware that my dark hair was powdered in the fashion of the last century, giving me quite a Lady Washington semblance. I observed that the ladies looked very frequently at my head, but alas for human vanity! I thought they were admiring the glossiness and tasteful arrangement of my hair. The moment my guests departed, I flew into the kitchen and eagerly spatting out my dough, put it at once into the spider, without thinking how immensely hot it must be, remaining so long over the burning coals. I had made the paste so short with butter, I could not turn it, so I placed the utensil in a perpendicular position, by putting a smoothing iron behind it, and soon saw, with rapture, its surface become a glowing brown. It was in vain, however, that I tried to take out the cake, when I supposed it sufficiently baked. It would stick, and I was obliged to rend it from the spider, leaving a goodly portion behind. I was just ready to burst into tears of vexation, when my husband, not finding me in the parlour, sought me in my new province, and patting me affectionately on the shoulder, praised me into perfect good humour. He even passed many eulogiums on my *short* cake, which proved very *long*, as no one could eat more than a mouthful, telling me he intended sending a receipt to Miss Leslie, to insert in her Cookery Book. I laughed as heartily as he did over my failure, and when he began to sing, in his own sweet, winning voice, 'Hop light, your cake's all dough,' I joined merrily in the song.

"Since then I have been taking daily lessons in cookery, and am really becoming an adept in the art. I have a linen apron, with long sleeves, which my husband declares is the most becoming thing I ever donned. I can make light rolls that *foam*, and batter cakes that *melt*. I wish I could enclose some specimens in my letter, lest you should think me guilty of vain boasting. Perhaps you may think I am degenerating into a mere household drudge. No, indeed, I never enjoyed

reading and music so much in my life. An hour or two in the morning devoted to active duties, gives a glow to the spirits that does not fade away the livelong day. The consciousness that if the hour of emergency again arrives, I shall not be obliged to give my dear, kind, uncomplaining husband, such a horrible dough-cake as I once placed before him, exalts me in my own estimation. I feel that I have buckled on my armour, and am ready for the conflict of circumstances, however hostile they may be.

"Think not because I thus lightly skim over the paper, that I have forgotten the past and its solemn teachings. There is not a day—scarcely an hour—that the memory of my angel child does not come to me, imparting a glory to my thoughts and lifting them up to heaven, her dwelling-place. Sorrow never leaves us as it found us. It either indurates or softens the heart; either crushes it to the dust, or exalts it to the skies. I trust its influence on mine, has been salutary and ennobling."

Yes, it has been ennobling. The light-hearted, loving girl, is now the thoughtful, Christian woman. Tupper, in his great thought-book, Proverbial Philosophy, says, "that it is impossible for one to be both glad and good." This is a wide, sweeping assertion, but there is much truth in it. Pearls are found under the waves, gold in the dark mine, and diamonds in the burying sand. The treasures of earth lie not on the surface. The soul that travaileth in tribulation and sorrow, finds these hidden, buried gems, reserved for the co-labourer with God, in the sublime work for which we were created.

But it is growing late. The brief but beautiful twilight of Southern climes is deepening into night-shades. Let us tie up the packet and close the trunk. A delicious breeze is fanning the Magnolia's boughs and shaking out fragrance from its dewy blossoms; one has fallen, and the gale is bearing it on its wings—a missionary of the heart—to the place where it is destined to rest.

QUINCY, June 27.

No. VIII.

IN opening the leaves of an album, a beautiful picture meets the eye—coloured with the warm hues of nature—and, on the

following pages, there is a poem descriptive of that charming spot. Ten thousand recollections come gushing up as from a living fountain, at the sight of this fair image. There it is—that modest, yet elegant mansion—situated on the brow of a swelling hill, like a pearly gem on a monarch's forehead. With its walls and pillars of snowy white—its spreading wings and ample yard—surrounded by a white railing—its luxuriant shade trees and handsome out-buildings—it looks down on the harbour of Boston, and witnesses the ebbing and flowing of the tide—the coming and going of the white-winged eagles of the ocean—and all the changes and wonders of the deep blue sea. Crowning that long flight of steps, and at the base of those white columns, are vases of blossoming plants, resembling Corinthian ornaments to the Doric pillars. Those two tall trees directly in front of the building, with the branches sweeping upward, are larches, and by their side stands the graceful sycamore. The gate is open, as if some guest had just arrived. One can almost hear the rolling of the carriage wheels over the circular gravel walk—the letting down of the steps—the glad sounds of greeting—for that is the palace of hospitality, and every day is a gala-day of life.

When we first entered that mansion, there was a figure standing by one of those columns, which made an ineffaceable impression; there was something so remarkable in its whole appearance. It was a gentleman, dressed in black, who would have seemed in the meridian of life, were it not that his hair was as white as flakes of new-fallen snow. It was not thin and weak like the hair of age, but thick, waving, and silky as the locks of youth. It looked like snow, fallen, by chance, on a green hill, for his form was erect and his complexion wore a ruddy glow. A benignant smile of welcome lighted up his face, made so beautiful by that rich silvery crown! We never remember experiencing a more sudden and intense feeling of admiration, for, from our earliest childhood, we have paid homage to the hoary honours of age, and considered them indeed a crown of glory, when found in the way of righteousness. But here was the beauty of age and manhood combined—the softness of one and the strength of the other. We have seen magnificent hair of every gradation of colour, from the purplish or raven black, the deep auburn and golden brown, to the pale, lint-white tresses, but never have we beheld anything so exquisitely beautiful as these locks of *living snow*. As we

gaze upon the picture open before us, we imagine we see them softly waving in the seaborn breeze that comes flowing towards them; we can see the smile of radiant kindness that greets the coming guest. There are other figures, too, walking on that pillared piazza—happy, joyous ones—and some that never could be forgotten. Seated at the open window of the saloon, and leaning against a statue of Pallas, which is placed in the corner, there is the loveliest young female we ever saw. It is a face such as is very seldom seen, save in the dreams of imagination—so fair, so bright, so soft, so languishingly beautiful. The Parian marble against which she leans is scarcely whiter or smoother than her brow; nor are the features of the Goddess more symmetrical or expressive than her own. She has one of those winning, heart-attracting faces, which inspire love at first sight, and it is indicative of all those qualities which retain it while existence lasts. That face had a history, but it may not be given here.

It might have been that disappointment had cast a blight upon the rose of her youth, or, perchance, a constitutional delicacy and fragility, that soon wilted this beautiful flower. Perhaps such angelic beauty must be doomed to an early decay, for there was something in the languishing lustre of her eyes that belonged not to this world. All that love or affection could do was done to rekindle the fading beams of life—but in vain. They bore her where healing waters flow:

"She bowed to taste the wave, and *died*."

And yet there she is seated, seen by the spirit's eye, leaning against the statue of Pallas, smiling with such bewitching sweetness, that one is involuntarily drawn towards her, nearer, and still more near. Oh! how warm, and living, and loving, she looks! There is life in the soft rose of her cheek; life in the beam of her eye of Creolian darkness; life in the beatings of her gently heaving heart. Can that heart have ceased to beat? that cheek to glow? that eye to kindle and to shine? There were other statues in that saloon besides the one that supported her graceful head. There was the Apollo Belvidere—his lips quivering with the divine indignation of a God—and Diana, in all her virgin majesty; and there were pictures, on which the eye lingered, riveted by the magic spell of genius. On one side was a magnificent copy of Titian's adoration of the Magi; on the other, a landscape of Claude Loraine's—so calm,

so serene, it diffuses a kind of sunset tranquillity over the soul that gazes upon it. You can hardly turn the eye without beholding a picture or a statue—some embodied fable—some realization of the poet's dream. Yet almost all those paintings are the work of a daughter of the family, whose fine classic taste, cultivated by European masters, has embellished her paternal abode.

The owner of the mansion had passed nine years in Europe, during the youth of his children, where they had every opportunity of improvement in mind and manners which wealth could furnish. The court dresses, which were preserved as mementoes of this period, were magnificent, and in looking at the gorgeous folds of silk velvet, fringed with gold and bordered with ermine, one might forget for a moment their republican simplicity. Often, in an evening frolic, were those costly robes assumed, and the drawing-room converted into a mimic palace. Once, the handsome *white-locked* gentleman, on the occasion of a village ball, was persuaded to wear a court-dress of black silk velvet by a trio of gay young girls, who considered him their beau-ideal of perfection.

"You have made a fool of me," he said, laughingly; "but if I impart pleasure to you, I am satisfied—I am willing to be laughed at."

Laughed at! Who ever thought of associating the idea of ridicule with one, whose perfect simplicity and benignity of manners entirely eclipsed the splendour of his dress? for it did look splendid, with its crown of spotless ermine! He was the most unostentatious of human beings, and every one knew that it was to give innocent gratification to others, not to aggrandize himself, that he departed from his usual republican habits. He had the purest tastes in the world. He was remarkably fond of flowers—which grew in richest profusion in his garden—and he made a rule that all the young girls that were guests of the household (and there was usually a band of them) should wear a garland of flowers upon their heads before appearing at the dinner table. He would often come and sit beside them and assist them in weaving their fragrant wreaths, and they would almost quarrel for the privilege of twisting one of these floral crowns on the snow-flakes of his brow.

There was a rustic seat at the end of the garden, under a noble chestnut tree, where these chaplets were twined, and that tree was a cynosure, which attracted all that was lovely and

ght around it. Many a gallant knight would recline on the t grass, or tread the green sward, throwing the charm of valry over the rural scene.

)h! that garden! What clusters of roses—what wealth fruit adorned and enriched it! On one side was a circular ck wall, facing the south, against which peach and pear es were trained to clamber like vines, producing the richest l most delicious fruit. Such beds of strawberries—such lges of raspberries—and such arbours of grape vines, were ugh to tempt the taste of an anchorite. And yet, lovely the scenery was in the back-ground, it was still lovelier in front of the dwelling-house, for the sea was there; the y, the grand old sea, which, whether sparkling in sunlight silvering in moonlight, reposing in tranquillity or lashed billows, was still the most magnificent image of the ator's infinitude. There was Fort Independence, with its -spangled banner and revolving light-house, and, beyond, rocky promontory of Nahant, against whose rugged coast waves dash themselves into foam.

)h! thou beautiful picture! thou fair leaf from the Mag- ia tree of memory, unfolded by the hand of accident! how ny excursive thoughts have received an irresistible mo- ntum from thee? Our eyes glance upon the poem, and we tempted to transcribe it as explanatory of the painted tch. It was intended only for the glance of friendship; were it more studied, it might have less *heart* in it, and will attempt no corrections. As travellers often paused on brow of the hill, arrested by the beauty of the prospect lling on the view, the poet has endeavoured to describe the ressions of the stranger, and imagines the enthusiastic ad- ation that must fill his bosom.

CLIFTON HILL.

'Twas summer, and the western skies
Were gilt with sunset's gorgeous dyes,
While every beam of glory given
To gild the sultry brow of Heaven,
Reflected in the waves below,
Lent back a broader, deeper glow.
The traveller checked his onward way,
Amid the pomp of closing day—
The voice of Nature filled the air,
And bade him pause and worship there.

Before him the calm ocean rolled,
Now fringed with broad resplendent gold,
Where many an eagle of the sea
Spread its proud wings triumphantly,
And seemed to dash with conscious pride
The glittering foam from either side.
Almost beneath his eye, amid
Wild rocks and clustering foliage hid,
A village rose, with modest charms,
Enclosed in Nature's guardian arms.
Beyond, he saw the azure shade
Of hills, in robes of mist arrayed,
On whose dim blue the sunset beam
Had cast a rich empurpled gleam.

The stranger long admiring stood,
Gazing on mountain, sea, and wood—
On flowery field and sparkling rill,
And moss-crowned rock, till rapture's thrill
Confessed the charms of CLIFTON HILL—
Where all that's fair and wild and sweet,
In one harmonious union meet.

Stranger! behold that roof appearing
Through trees—their lofty branches rearing,
As if to brave the tempest's wrath,
Or dare the lightning in its path—
No gaudy pomp the eye repelling,
Is lavished on that lovely dwelling—
But classic elegance and taste
Have every fair proportion graced.
Those pure white columns meet the eye,
In Doric, chaste simplicity,
Around whose base, the fragrant vine
Frolics with many a graceful twine.
But look within. There art displays
Its fairest works to tempt thy praise—
The forms of ancient Gods behold
Imaged in each majestic mould—
The pale translucent marble lives,
And life to vanished glory gives.
Those breathing walls, where beauty beams,
Bright as in Fancy's brightest dreams;
Those walls no foreign hand adorned,
Its aid creative genius scorned.
A female artist, whose fair fame
Has thrown a halo round her name,
Has left her pencil's magic trace,
Her home, her parent's halls to grace.

But linger not, for fading light
Will melt ere long in shades of night;

And still, while day's last splendours burn,
Once more to Nature's beauties turn;
She calls thee to her bowers of balm,
More passing sweet in twilight's calm;
She calls thee, where her roses bloom,
Breathing their soft, divine perfume,
Twining their green and flowering stalks
Round yonder garden's ample walks.
She calls thee where her fruitage glows,
Hanging upon the weary boughs—
She calls thee to yon shaded seat,
Young love's and friendship's sweet retreat.
But vain the eloquence of song,
To paint these scenes beloved so long.
I've sat within those sheltered bowers,
I've woven in wreaths those blooming flowers;
I've stood for hours, as if my soul
The eternal ocean could control,
And, lost in awe, beheld the surge
Onward its restless waters urge.
But recollections dearer still
Than nature gives my bosom fill;
Here, oft my heart has found its home,
Nor felt one vagrant wish to roam;
For kind affection ever pressed
Its welcome on the grateful guest—
The hours in social pleasures past,
While each seemed happier than the last.
Here have I seen, in union sweet,
The charms of youth and manhood meet;
The smile of mirth and gladness move
O'er features I revere and love,
And rays of feeling warmly glow
On temples crowned with *living snow!*

How sweet, when moonlight had unfurled
Its silver banner o'er the world,
To sit, all bathed in heavenly beams,
And watch the beacon's fitful gleams!
But sweeter still when music's power
Gave holier charms to evening's hour.
The notes themselves were sweet to hear,
And might enchant a stranger's ear,
But 'twas a *friend*, whose minstrel art,
Woke the deep echoes of the heart,
And every warbling measure stole
More sweetly in the listening soul.

Fair Clifton Hill! the rays that sweep
In trembling brightness o'er the deep,
Are lovely—but o'er thee, the star
Of memory rises lovelier far.

Strains of harmonious music stealing
Along the viewless chords of feeling,
Thrill on the ear; but vanished joys
Speak to the heart with sweeter voice.
If, when released from bonds of clay,
This ardent spirit soars away,
'Tis e'er permitted to explore
This earth, its dwelling-place no more;
And round some favourite spot to hover
That fond remembrance may discover,
Its airy wings shall linger still
Around thy brow, fair Clifton Hill!

If all I loved shall then have passed,
Like leaves driven down by Autumn's blast,
And time's oblivious torrent dashed
O'er scenes where joy's bright sunbeams flashed;
Yet pensive echo, lingering still,
Shall softly whisper, "*Clifton Hill.*"

The following lines bear a later date, and are traced beneath a weeping willow, sketched on the leaf:

The gales of sorrow, damp and chill,
Have swept o'er thee, fair Clifton Hill—
And in the tomb, now darkly low,
Are laid those locks of *living snow.*
Still fair the breast of ocean shines,
Gilt by the moonbeams' trembling lines;
Still Nature, prodigal of bloom,
Undimmed, unmarred by man's sad doom,
Reigns in her wealth of beauty there;
But he, in age benignly fair,
Who owned a father's love for me,
The kind, the gentle—*where is he?*

QUINCY, Aug. 1, 1852.

No. IX.

IT is in vain to speak of other *leaves*, under the shadow of these kingly live-oaks—that give an air of grand solitude to the place, for they are so large, so far-spreading, appear so deep-rooted, so strong and enduring, they absorb every object around them. We have spoken of these trees before, but words

are insufficient to describe the impressions they make upon the mind. They do not surprise one so much by their immense height as their magnificent breadth—their amplitude, their glorious sweep of branches. Mighty eaglets of the forest, they stretch out their green, sinewy wings, almost to the river's edge, and wave their moss-covered plumes in the twilight breeze. We have a property in those trees—they are a part of our inheritance—and we would mourn for the stroke that defaced or maimed them, as a personal injury to ourselves. We feel enriched every time we gaze upon them, and pity the *poor* being who can pass them without a glowing tribute of praise and admiration.

This is a beautiful spot, on the banks of the Apalachicola, and beautiful is the shrubbery that adorns it on the opposite side. Last night, a blind negro stood very near the water, blowing through a long tin horn, and making some very melodious strains. After giving a long continuous blast, he would pause, apparently listening, when a strain, softer, fainter, sweeter, came responsive from the opposite bank, and died away under the boughs of the live-oaks. Again and again, he wound his shining horn, and again the echo answered with sweeter and more lingering melody. We wondered what the blind negro thought of the voice that sung so charming a second to the notes he played. He certainly never has heard of the maiden, who dwells among the rocks and the woods, 'the mournful victim of unrequited love;' he knows nothing of the science of Acoustics—yet he evidently listens with pleasure to the fairy Ritornella, and probably imagines himself a great musician.

When he quitted the bank, and all was again still, we turned to the old oaken Druids, clad in their moss-fringed robes, so gray and grand; and, remembering a tale connected with a *tree*, we will try to impress it more deeply on our own memory, by relating it to the ears of others. Though the tree to which we allude was fed by the dews of other climes, it was associated with feelings which, like the bugle blast of the blind negro, will find a responsive echo, that will reach the heart, however remote.

Not very far from the city of Boston, there is a country village, which owed its chief celebrity to an elm tree of stupendous growth, situated just at the foot of a small hill, at the entrance of the town. The road passed through the land of a gentleman, who dwelt on the brow of that hill, and conse-

quently the tree also was his property. It had been the property of several generations. Man had come forth "like a flower and been cut down." Yea, the scythe had fallen many a time on the blossoms of life, and still that tree stood unfallen and unblenched, unshorn of its branching honours or its leafy crown. Of all his possessions, Mr. Harrington most prized this old, time-honoured elm. It was a history in itself—every leaf was a page on which some family record was written. He loved to sit under its shade, and dwell in spirit with the souls of other generations. He was a benevolent man, and wanted others to enjoy, likewise, a shadow so liberally spread. He had a circular bench constructed all round the tree for the benefit of the weary traveller, and the task-worn school-child. In the warm summer season, that seat was seldom vacant. Travellers, children, and labourers occupied it by day, and lovers by the moonlight night. If that tree had a tongue, like Tennyson's talking oak, what wondrous tales it could have told! There would be no need of our pen, unless to record the fate of this noble patriarch of nature.

Mr. Harrington had one son of the name of William, who actually grew up beneath its branches. He had made himself a studying place up in one of the forks of the boughs, where he would perch for hours and look down on the world below and around—the world of waving grain, and golden corn, and blossoming buckwheat. The boy drank in inspiration from the scene, and he felt the wings of his spirit growing like the bird, whose nest he had stolen. There he would sit, pelted by the rain—and it was a driving rain that reached him in his sheltered nook—beaten by the wind, and it was a stormy wind that penetrated to his guarded hollow—till the poetry of nature stirred within his bosom. But he never felt so poetical or inspired as when a little fairy figure of a girl went tripping below, with her satchel on her arm and her sun-bonnet on her head (or rather on her shoulders, for she seldom suffered it to cover her face), or paused to rest awhile on the seat around the trunk. Her name was Mary Granite, and her father lived within the neighbourhood of Mr. Harrington. Mary was the little belle of the school-room, the juvenile star of the village, as her name carved on the bark of trees and the surface of rocks declared; and William, though he never carved her name in sight, had it written all over his heart. She was indeed one of the loveliest of the lovely tribe of gentle Marys. So light and airy of step, that

"The flower she trod on, dipped and rose,
Then turned to look at her."

Yet so firm in principle and so excellent in heart, that one might as well attempt to move the elm tree from its base, as to divert her from the path of duty. What made her loveliness and excellence more conspicuous, was the contrast between herself and her father, who was one of the most haughty, disagreeable, and hard-hearted men, that ever existed. Granite by name, and granite by nature, as was often said of him, he seemed to glory in those traits of character of which most men would be ashamed. He had quarrelled with almost everybody in town, Mr. Harrington among the number, because he refused to sell him the field through which the road passed.

As there was no intercourse between the families, William never met Mary at her father's house, but they were always meeting in their walks, *perhaps not always accidentally*, till their young hearts so grew together, nothing but death could separate them. It is a well known fact, that where there is a William, there must be a Mary near—the twin-born soul created for him. It is as certain that our William and Mary believed they were created for each other, and every one else believed so, but her *granite-hearted* father, who, as Mary grew into womanhood, forbade her having the slightest intercourse with the son of his enemy, as he called Mr. Harrington, because he presumed to keep his property in his own hands, in preference to selling it. Mary thought it her duty to obey her father's commands, and she no longer sat with William under the great elm tree, when the moonbeams beyond its circumference made the shadow which embosomed them almost impervious to the eye, but if she accidentally met him and he caught her trembling hand one moment in his, or gave her a glance of undying love, she could not help it, and it made her happy long days afterwards.

At length Mr. Harrington died, and to the astonishment of every one, left his widow and only son absolutely poor. His heart was too large for his purse, and its demands were always encroaching on his prudence. William was left with nothing but his own energies to depend upon, and they were strong enough for an anchor, sure and steadfast. His widowed mother resolved to sell the house which they occupied, and reside in a small cottage, better suited to the reduction of her fortunes. Mr Granite appeared among the purchasers, and

as his offers were the most liberal, she did not allow any past animosity on his part to interfere with the advantage of his proposal. William's pride chafed at what might seem like submission to an enemy, but he was the father of Mary, and he caught a golden gleam of reconciliation through the opening door of opportunity.

Having made arrangements for his departure to another State, where a broader field of enterprise was spread out before his young ambition, and having resolved upon what he considered the most honourable course of action, he called on Mr. Granite, and in the most respectful but independent terms declared his immutable love for Mary, his conviction that he was worthy of her, and his determination never to resign the hope of calling her his. Mr. Granite listened without the movement of a single muscle, or deigning the least reply. When William, waxing into warmth and indignation, again urged his suit, his words were clipped in two by this sarcastic, jeering remark:

"When you are a member of Congress, you may marry my daughter, and not till then."

"I will be a member of Congress, and then I shall call upon you to fulfil your promise," replied William, with emphasis.

"If she is not a wife before that time, her chances will be very poor afterwards."

"I should sooner expect yon tree to fall from its base, than Mary's constancy to waver," exclaimed William, pointing to the elm tree, whose summit seen from the brow of the hill, looked like an amphitheatre of verdure.

A cold sneer passed over the hard features of Mr. Granite, and withered away amid the wrinkles. "We shall see, we shall see," he muttered; "time will settle all these things."

William turned away to leave the apartment, when a sudden impulse drew him back. He could not help saying what he did, though a choking sensation in his throat impeded his utterance.

"I have one favour to ask, sir, before I quit my native village. That tree, sir, is a sacred thing—I pray you to guard it as such. Let it still be the shelter of weariness, innocence, and age. Some one said that you intended to have the seat removed, and a ban issued against the public use of its shade. But I do not believe it! I do not believe it possible for you *or any* man to give existence or utterance to such a decree."

"Why not?" exclaimed Mr. Granite. "Is not the tree mine? Have I not a right to do what I please with it?"

"No, sir! That tree was not my father's nor mine, nor is it yours. The mere accident of its growing on that soil did not, does not, make it ours or yours. Heaven never designed such wealth of shade for individual use. It was placed at the foot of that hill that the wayfaring man might rest thereunder, after panting under the burden of life. Sir, my father loved that tree, and blessed God for creating it. I love it; every leaf is sacred to my memory, and has a story of its own to tell. I trust you will hold it sacred also, and never allow a sacrilegious touch to deface its ancient majesty."

"I assure you, young man, I shall not forget that tree."

And so they parted. He went to mark out his destiny for himself. Mr. Granite remained at home, and, true to his words, *did not forget the tree.*

Two or three years passed away, and William, struggling upward all the time, was fast pressing on to the goal of fame and fortune. He had two of the most powerful motives in the world to urge him on—love, and—what shall we name it—that other strong, unsleeping principle, which wrought such wonders within him? If it was revenge, it was of a noble kind; the desire to triumph over prejudice and wrong, to attain a social height from which he could look down on his enemy and force him to capitulation on his own terms.

At length, after three years' absence, crowned with unprecedented success, he returned to his native town, assured of the constancy of Mary by the unwavering fidelity of his own nature.

His heart throbbed violently as he approached the shrine of his childhood and youth, the altar where the purest oblations of his spirit had been offered. He looked, but he beheld it not; he rubbed his eyes, thinking a sudden mist had obscured his vision; but where that princely tree had stood, making a grand pavilion, reaching from fence to fence on each side of the way, there was nothing but a dreary blank. Had the earth given way beneath his feet, he could not have felt more appalled. The sacred memories of years were uprooted, the glory of the past for ever defaced.

Dashing his spurs into his weary horse, he galloped to the spot and looked steadily on what seemed a grave, where the forest patriarch once stood. It had been cut down root and branch—the chasm it had left filled up with earth—not a leaf

remaining to tell of the rich garniture once woven there. How long he sat gazing on the desolation of the scene, he knew not, but seeing a man walking by the wayside, he accosted him:

"Who cut down this tree?" asked he, in a hoarse, agitated voice.

"Mr. Granite had it done, sir, two years ago," answered the stranger, "and brought down curses on his head, enough to wither his soul up. I wouldn't be in his place for millions."

"Does he still live on the brow of the hill?"

"Yes, sir."

"And his daughter?"

"She lives with him."

"Unmarried?"

"Yes, sir. And if it were not for that daughter, he would have had his house burned down over his head, and himself burned in effigy. But she is such an angel of goodness, she stands between her father and the curses of the poor whom he grinds into dust."

William scarcely waited to hear the concluding words of the man, but shot up the hill like an arrow. There was that burning within him which must find vent—a volcanic passion, in which judgment, and prudence, and self-consideration were all fused and merged in the lava of indignation. Mr. Granite was seated in a broad passage running through the house, reading a newspaper, when a young man, all on fire, suddenly stood before him. His face was embrowned by the rays of a warmer sun, and soiled by the dust of travel, but he recognised the noble brow and falcon glance of William Harrington.

"Sir," said the young man, "you are a murderer, a cold-blooded, deliberate murderer. You are worse than a murderer, for man in a moment of passion may lift his hand against his fellow man with unpremeditated violence, and remorse rushes in to weep out the stains which crimson his conscience. But you, in spilling the life-blood of that tree, cut into the heart of the living, who would have died to defend it. It was a base, cowardly act, for the victim could not lift up one of its hundred arms to parry the blow. It was a deed worthy of a Nero, more wanton than the burning of Rome. It rose again from its ashes, but the pride of centuries is laid low, and never, never can be revived again."

By this time, Mr. Granite had recovered from the paralysis

of amazement, and his wrath burst forth in torrents. He used language we would blush to record.

"Yes," added he, "I bought this place merely that I might lay the axe to the root of that tree, on which your ancestors have climbed to the height of popularity. I hated it as if it were a living being, and in every blow laid upon its trunk, I shouted as if an enemy had fallen. Leave my house, young man, and never dare to set foot in it again. Leave it, I say, and if ever my daughter——"

"Oh! father!" exclaimed a sweet, entreating voice, and a fair, fairy form stood in the door, with pale cheeks and tearful eyes, repeating the simple, pathetic adjuration, "Oh! father!"

William sprang forward and clasped her joined hands in his.

"Mary," said he, "has he laid the axe too to the root of your affection? Has it been destroyed like that noble tree?"

"Mary," cried Mr. Granite, "he has insulted me. He is an insolent wretch. I forbid your speaking to him. I forbid his ever darkening my door again. I forbid both, on the penalty of my everlasting curse."

Mary uttered a faint shriek, and would have fallen, had not William thrown one arm around her, and pressed her to his side.

"Let her go!" cried the exasperated father, "let her go, or by Heaven, I will level you to the ground."

"Strike me if you dare!" exclaimed William, "yea, cut off this right arm, if you dare, and I will sustain her with the other. I am not a passive tree, that you can hew down with impunity."

By this time the white railing in front of the house was darkened by human figures leaning over it. The man whom William had accosted, followed him, and others returning homeward from their daily work, attracted by the indignant tones of William, and the wrathful accents of Mr. Granite, gathered round the house, hoping that the day of vengeance was come. They only wanted some one to give them a momentum, to roll upon him the accumulated burden of their wrongs, and crush him beneath their weight.

William, as soon as he became aware of their vicinity, dreading some scene of violence, released his arm from Mary, whose strength was now partially restored, breathed into her ear a few low, emphatic words, and left the house. Thank Heaven!

there was one heart and home open to receive him, where the storms of passion were lulled to rest, and temptations entered not.

About a week after this incident, Mr. Granite left town on urgent business, and did not return till a late hour. It was nearly midnight, but as there was a full moon, the night was like another day, to the traveller. He rode leisurely along, in his one horse carriage, indulging in some very comfortable naps, while rolling over the smooth, safe road. There was a piece of woods, just before the entrance into town, where it was always twilight, in sunshine or moonlight. As he was passing the wood, luxuriating in a light, downy slumber, he was roused by a blast, as of a thousand furies; sounds so fierce and discordant, rushing pell-mell upon each other, were enough to chase the sleep of the dead. For a moment he thought he had awaked in a lower world, so hideous and unearthly was the noise, when a band of martial figures emerged from the thicket and surrounded the carriage, each one bearing some peculiar and original instrument. Horns, tin pans, drums, joints of stove-pipes, wooden tubes, all served as vehicles for their wrathful spirits. The horse, frightened by the tumult, reared and plunged; but one, who seemed to be the leader, seized him by the bridle and threw him back on his haunches.

"Come on," he cried, in a voice of thunder, "we are ready."

Two tall men, in masks like the rest, here rushed out of the woods, bearing a rail between them.

"We'll give you a better carriage to ride on," they cried; "make haste, and we'll help you to mount."

Mr. Granite saw himself at the mercy of an exasperated mob, exposed to the most degrading insult that can be inflicted on a gentleman, and he turned cold as ice. He knew of no means of escape, and gave himself up to despair. He had so long exercised supreme power in the village, by the despotism of an iron will, that he was terrified by this sudden and powerful insurgency, and cried out in the impotence of fear and rage.

"On with him," cried the leader; "let him ride by the light of the moon, and the way we'll serenade him shall put life into his wooden horse."

"William Harrington," cried the wretched man, "I know you; I am in your power; spare me, and my daughter is yours."

"I am not William Harrington," answered the man, in-

dignantly: "but I am his friend, and the man who insults and wrongs him, is my enemy, now and for ever. Yes! he *shall* have your daughter, but not until you are humbled and punished as you deserve to be. He knows nothing of this. It is for us to avenge his wrong and ours—and we will do it."

Struggling and calling aloud in frenzied accents for help, the victim was torn from the carriage, and another moment would have seen him elevated on the seat of disgrace, when there was a crashing among the branches, and a young man, without hat or coat, leaped into the road right before them.

"What is all this?" he cried imperatively. "What are you doing, waking the silence of midnight by such a horrible tumult?"

"We are going to give old Granite a moonlight ride—that is all," exclaimed a rough voice.

"Shame!" cried William, "to attack a defenceless man. It is cowardly—base. Let him go, my friends. Believe me, you will all blush for this by to-morrow's sun."

"Let him swear to give you Mary, then," said the leader, who was distinguished by a tall black plume, waving above his mask. "It is for your sake we have done this, not our own."

"Thank you," replied William, "but I desire no extorted promises. I have his word already, that as soon as I am a member of Congress she shall be mine. Will you give me your votes, my friends?"

Three hearty, vociferous cheers echoed through the woods, and then three times three.

"Will you release this man, unconditionally, for my sake?" he asked, with dignity, turning from one to the other of the masked figures. "For my father's sake?" he added, in a softer tone, "for my grandfather's? for the sake of the old elm tree?"

"Yes, we will," they answered; "but unless he gives you his daughter, he had better never go three yards from his own door again."

Thus saying, they blew another blast of deafening power, and disappeared in the thicket. William was left alone with his enemy, with the moonbeams playing brightly on his uncovered brow.

"Let mé assist you into your carriage, sir," said William, with more respect of manner than he had ever assumed before.

He pitied him for the degradation from which he had rescued him.

There is, in every nature, some traces of the original brightness left. However long it may be darkened and obscured, it will sometimes break forth like the sunbeam at the close of a fierce, stormy day. The sudden interposition of William in his behalf, his magnanimous appeal and respectful manner, touched the one place in his heart that was capable of feeling. It is true, he was afraid of the mob, and must have yielded through fear of future outrage; but for the first time a glimpse of William's noble qualities beamed on his vision—and a contrasted view of his own meanness and vindictiveness rose to enhance their beauty.

"Take my daughter, William," said he, extending his hand, "and let us forget the past."

William and Mary were wedded and were happy, but it was not possible to forget the past. It was not possible to forget the noble tree, associated with all the sweet memories of childhood and the springing aspirations of youth. "But though cast down, it was not destroyed." It lived in the energies of William's noble heart—lived in his pure and holy love of the beautiful and the good. The thoughts born and nurtured within its sheltering boughs were immortal, and could not die. They branched out, like the ramifications of its giant strength, and became protection to the weak, and shelter to the oppressed. They rose up to heaven like its topmost leaflets, and sunned themselves in a brighter sky and revelled in a purer atmosphere. No—the noble elm tree was not destroyed—it could not die, for its vitality was infused into another being, and through that being, imparted to a thousand others.

Mr. Granite lived to see his son-in-law a member of Congress, and his eloquence the pride of his native state. When he was elected, the citizens gave him a dinner in the shade of the thicket from which he had rushed to the rescue of Granite, and again three cheers rent the heavens.

May heaven spare these noble live-oaks from the axe of the tyrant and the hand of the *assassin;* and may some youth, with the spirit of William, be nurtured 'neath their shades, who shall make the banks of the Apalachicola immortal with his renown!

Ocnessse, August 10, 1852.

No. X.

REVERIES OF AN INVALID.

A PHILOSOPHER once resolved to commence with the morning's dawn, and devote the whole day to following the movements of a child, hoping to derive great assistance in the study of metaphysics during the process. When twilight came on, he was perfectly wearied and exhausted, and the only conclusion to which he had arrived was, that of all animals, man was the most restless and unreasonable. He had intended to take notes of all that occurred, but he found everything could be included in the compendious word, *motion*.

It is as exceedingly difficult to follow the movements of a feverish imagination, and yet there is something in the wild aberrations of mind, with its reins momentarily loosely floating, more interesting than a sober and connected train of reasoning. I will try to describe some of these vague and wandering thoughts, just as they originated, drifting me along here and there, without guide or compass, on the pathless ocean of incertitude.

Have you ever felt the throbbings of fever in your veins, in your temples, your brain, till every pulsation resolved itself into a prayer for coolness? Till there was but one vision of beauty in the whole, wide universe—and that was *ice?*

It was in just such a state as this, the other evening, that the vision passed over me, or rather held me, spell-bound, in its icy folds. Oh! it was such a lovely moonlight night! So icy pure—so silvery bright! The beams, as they floated on the face of the earth, looked like an ocean of quivering water, and I thought I was borne along on the current, without any volition of my own, a burning speck, which all that ocean flood of brightness could not quench. The waves seemed warmed around me, but far away, they glittered so cold, so pure, so clear, if I could only reach one of those sparkling ice islands, I would never more sigh for the forfeit bowers of Eden. Floating onward and ever onward, I could see figures, shaping themselves out of the bright, frosty atmosphere, so beautiful and tantalizing—so wooing, so mocking—now beckoning with transparent, glittering hands—now waving back the approach with forbidding, threatening gestures! They were the ice spirits abroad on their moonlight revels, and imagination cannot conceive of their resplendent beauty.

Ah! let poets rave about mermaids, sitting on the coral cliffs of ocean, braiding their sea-green ringlets—of maids enticing the River Gods with their strains of more than mortal melody; but they cannot compare with the ice spirits, the Aurora Borealis children of a feverish imagination. They rise in clusters above the foam-crested waves. Their hair flows in ringlets of diamonds; their eyes are the cold, bright northern stars, sparkling under lashes of frozen mist; their smile, the reflection of moonlight on the polar seas. They come nearer and nearer. I feel their pure, chill breath on my burning cheek; they stretch out their cold, glittering arms, and I feel myself slowly, lingeringly, closely clapsed to their bosom of ice.

The vision vanishes. The beautiful mocking spirits are gone. There is nothing but the still midnight moonbeams shining in through the lattice-work, silvering the large leaves of the vine, and making bright, gauzy festoons, looped up by beams and fastened by stars against the flower-twined frame-work. The night-breeze rustles through the long trailing tendrils, clambering over the bars, and shakes the crimson blossoms that enrich the deep green of the leaf-work. How like the whisper of invisible spirits it sounds! Another vision rises. It comes from an icy-cold world, and a feeling of inexpressible repose is diffused over the restless, panting spirit. It comes from the land of coolness and rest. It is not the breeze that sighs through the vine leaves—it is the breath of those who have mingled again with the elements from which they were originally created. They never speak *but in the silence of the night.* They never come forth *but in the moonlight hour.*

Thus the vision flows:

Oh! 'twas a dream—a sweet, a dewy dream—
Sent to refresh me in the feverish hour;
The cooling murmur of the forest stream,
The west-wind whispering to the fainting flower.

Oh! blessed mother! I, once more a child,
On thy dear bosom, in thy arms reclined—
Thy lips of love met mine and gently smiled,
Thy tender hand my burning one entwined.

I felt thy fingers on my throbbing brow,
Thy breath sighed softly on my glowing cheek;
Oh! angel ministrant, where art thou now?
Speak to me, mother, blessed mother, speak!

Thou hast no voice—thou turnest on my gaze
Eyes of immortal depth—my spirit quails
Beneath their still, unfathomable rays—
Lamps of the tomb! what mist your brightness veils?

Again I seem alone. My head is laid
On the damp grass, beneath the willow's boughs;
The pallid moonbeams glimmer through the shade,
And the night air in rippling coolness flows.

I see a marble stone gleam pure and white—
The dead, my soul, the dead are sleeping near—
My mother's name gleams in that ghostly light,
That blessed name! then, wherefore should I fear?

Oft, in my dreams, I've seen that sacred mound:
That gleaming marble in the churchyard's gloom:
There have I knelt and wept, while sweeping round,
I've felt the chilling shadows of the tomb.

Dear, sainted mother! in the languid hour
Of pain and sickness, how my heart has thrilled
O'er childhood's memories, and each bosom flower
With more than earthly redolence been filled!

It was not all a dream. There lingers yet
A life, a warmth—a deep, immortal glow—
My soul with thine in heavenly trance has met,
While dim and cold Time's billows roll below.

And we *shall meet again*, my spirit saith,
Where sorrow, pain, and death can never come:
Oh! for the wings of a triumphant Faith!
Oh! for that land of glory, light, and bloom!

With the soft lulling of the midnight gale, the holy vision passeth away, leaving behind a balmness, a coolness, a divine repose, that is not born of this world. If it were possible to describe fully and clearly a revery like this! There certainly are moments when the wall that separates us from the spirit land, which sometimes seems of iron darkness and thickness, is thin and clear and brittle as glass—when we fear to move, lest it shiver and break—and we find ourselves in the unveiled presence of the mystery of mysteries.

Byron says a change came o'er the spirit of his dream—and so there came o'er mine. Of all forms of existence, that of revery approaches nearest the heavenly. The body is but an accident. It might belong to any one else, for any interest

that we may feel in it. Only let it lie still and feel a breeze stealing over it, and it will trouble no one, unless the demon of fever gains possession of it. Oh! delightful revery! Oh! soothing, vague dream of existence! quietude succeeding painful excitement—subsidence of the stormy waves of thought!

There is more of the *earth, earthy*, in this phase of the dream-picture; but it is the flowers, the bloom, the sweetness of earth; nothing dark or subterranean about it. The ice spirits no longer come glittering, smiling, in their cold, unearthly beauty; the angel spirits no more glide between me and the moonbeams; there are earthly forms and earthly faces, all wearing the stamp of a heavenly mission—all mingling so with spiritual dreams, one cannot tell where the ideal and the real meet.

There is a sweet maiden, of a Saxon name, with blue, loving eyes, and a glad, affectionate smile, who seems formed to be the ministrant of peace and comfort to the suffering children of humanity. How quiet and gentle are her motions! How calm and tender the accents of her voice! She comes near—she bears in her hand a crystal dish, in which the most beautiful crimson blends with the purest white. A cool, refreshing dew gems the crystalline surface of the vessel. Angels of mercy and ministers of consolation! It is some of *Strupper's* delicious strawberry cream—the nectar, the ambrosia of the Gods! But alas! the dewy glass vanishes—the blushing cream melts into air—the loving, blue-eyed maiden disappears, and nothing is left to fill the aching void. Yes—another comes—another damsel, as kind, as gentle, and as good, with a gladder smile and a more joyous accent; and the perfume of *violets* embalms the air through which she moves; a crystal vase, in which the ice-*beams* sparkle, glitters in her hands. She administers the cooling draught, when, just as it is about to touch the thirsty lip, it dries up, leaving nothing but the empty cup of Tantalus—the fever of unsatisfied desire.

"*I* will not deceive you," exclaimed a mild, sympathizing voice; "for my office is to bind up the wounds of disappointment, and to heal the sorrows that man is born to feel. If there must be suffering, be it mine to relieve. If there must be a shadow, be it mine to gild and soften the edges."

Ah! I know that voice, and I know the expression of that gentle, sympathizing countenance, "that seems to love whate'er it looks upon." Often and often has it come, in the nighttime of care, and left an impression of hope and brightness

behind it. But it will not now remain long. Between it and me the Chattahoochee is now rolling: and it rolls between me and the fair-haired maiden, who wears the name a beauteous Saxon damsel once adorned: and it rolls between me and the maiden embalmed with the *violets'* sweet perfume, and many another angel spirit, too: and it rolls a watery barrier between me and that well-remembered saloon, where strawberries and ice-cream temper the sultriness of summer's burning heat. It is all a mirage. There is nothing but memory left. Nothing but *memory!* Ah! memory is a great deal. What would life be without it?

Reveries! Well, I suppose reveries are very foolish things; but Ike Marvel has written a whole book about reveries, which everybody loves to read, from the simple fact that they *are* idealities, and that there is not a word of truth in them—that is, of *reality.* But realities are sometimes very sweet, and make us cease to sigh for what is beyond our reach. What a delicious cloud of fragrance is floating near! What a charming bouquet comes, bearing the greetings of friendship, associated with the charms of refinement and taste! The rich breath of the glowing oleander—the sweet and graceful honeysuckle—the most beautiful of roses—the waxen petals of the cape jasmine—unite to grace this token of kindly sympathy. Nor is this all. Green and refreshing clusters of newly gathered grapes, show how beautiful the assemblage of fruit and flowers may be!

Yes! this is a beautiful world! It is full, overflowing with beauty and kindness, and yet we are often unconscious of it, from its very diffusiveness. Like the air we breathe, it is all round and about us, and we only know how happy it makes us from our wretchedness when it is withdrawn. There is so much to admire and love, we sigh for capacity to take in the full amount of blessedness. How can a single heart take in the boundless circumference of God's mercies?

Yet, there ar so many strange people in the world, one knows not what to think of them. They walk along through paths all strewn with flowers, with as much indifference as if they were wading through weeds.

"What is the use of this fading tinselry?" they say; "we have not time to gather it;" and so they hurry along and gather up handfuls of yellow dust instead; and they rush along the shore of life, picking up pebbles and sand, letting the pearls and diamonds go, as too much trouble to gather.

They must dive for the pearls and filter the sand for diamonds. The pebbles lie smooth on the surface, and they shine in the sunbeams almost as brightly.

Well, whether we gather pebbles or diamonds, pearls or sand-grains, the great ocean of truth keeps rolling on, and we are borne on with it. Whether we gather flowers or weeds, the great garden of Nature keeps blooming on, and the air of life is laden with the fragrance.

Life itself is a long, beautiful revery. In the fitful fever and unrest, the strife and turmoil of existence, we dream of the ice spirits that will come with their breath of frost and cool the veins, panting with excitement and throbbing with heat. We dream of the spirit ministrants, fanning us with their wings of love, and tempering with their cool celestial plumage the sultriness of a day of care. We dream of the loved ones, whom space severs and distance divides, but whose hearts are a part of our own identity, and make but one pulse with our own.

By and by, the fever will pass away—the reveries will pass away—and who can tell the brightness, the beauty, the glory of the awakening? "Eye hath not seen it, nor hath ear heard it, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive it." But God knows, and it is the office of Faith to *wait*, and *trust*, and *believe*.

QUINCY, August 31, 1852.

THE PARADISE OF THE DEAD.

No. I.

An intelligent traveller has observed, "that one could judge of the civilization and refinement of a people, by the appearance of that silent city, peopled by the dead." If the wild brier and long grass are suffered to grow over the neglected graves; if the beast of the wayside is suffered to desecrate the hallowed ground, and leave its defacing traces on the sinking mould—then we may believe that the hearts of the living are in the same neglected state, and that they are unworthy guardians of the most sacred trust committed to mankind.

The dead! how solemn, how awful the sound! We involuntarily pause and hold our breath as we utter it. We write the phrase, and it assumes a sad, sepulchral aspect. The living! the dead! write them side by side, and see how different they appear. Hues of beauty and bloom and grace glow around the first—pallor and chillness and immobility settle round the last. We shrink from the contemplation. We veil our eyes, we fold the mantle close around our hearts, as if its very pulsations could *see*, and endeavour to exclude the cold and dread reality. But in vain. The living and the dead are linked together by a chain which cannot be broken, and far better is it to wreathe that chain with flowers and suffer it to fall lightly round our spirits, than writhe under its pressure, till the gall and the wound bear witness to the bondage.

The dead! how dear, how sacred the sound! Where is the eye that does not involuntarily glisten at its utterance? Where is the ear that does not bend in earnest attention, as it comes slowly, sadly, like a deep-toned bell, on the hearing? In the moment of hilarity, the hour of happiness, the joys of social

intercourse, the deep and thrilling communion of kindred hearts, when life wears a glow so soft and bright that it seems coloured with the tints of heaven, suddenly the thought of the loved, the lost, the *dead*, flashes on the mind, and the *present* vanishes like a dream. The banquet of the heart is broken up — an invisible hand has written upon its walls, and a greater than Daniel has interpreted the mystic characters. We feel our own utter impotence, the uncertainty of every earthly blessing, the frail tenure by which we hold them, and clasping our hands over our aching bosoms, we raise our imploring eyes to heaven, wondering why we are born to love, only to mourn —to cherish the sweet flowers of affection, only to see them wither away and die upon the tomb.

The dead! how sublime, how glorious is the sound! If the living and the dead are linked together by a chain that cannot be broken, so are the dead and the immortal. There is but one passage to heaven—a dark, subterranean one, winding through sunless regions and mouldering relics and vestiges of corruption—through the vast Herculaneum of life—but a light gleams in the dim earth-gallery. It grows brighter and brighter and clearer and clearer—and when the gates open there is an exceeding blaze of glory. Yes, the gates of the grave are the portals of the skies—and the Lord of the skies came down and walked himself through the deep aisles of that subterranean gallery, and left a brightening light for the poor wanderers of earth to follow.

From earliest antiquity the memory of the dead has been hallowed.

Abraham, the aged patriarch, "stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Keth, saying,

"I am a stranger and a sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight."

The cave of the field of Machpelah became the burying-place of Sarah his wife — and when he was gathered to his fathers, he was laid by her side, in man's first purchased resting-place.

The Scriptures abound in allusions to the sacredness attached to the last home of man. The solid rock was hewn as a receptacle for his remains, and the running brook murmured mournfully by the place of his repose. The wild Indian cherishes, with superstitious reverence, the relics of his ancestors. If he raises his wigwam in newer hunting-grounds, he

bears with him their mouldering bones, that he may chase with them the deer and the buffalo, in the land where the Great Spirit dwells.

The Romans had a sublime custom of burning their dead, thus purifying them from corruption, and sparing them the sad and humiliating process of slow decay. They gathered the sacred dust in an urn, which they could bear with them, from clime to clime, and, clasping it to their yearning hearts, almost cheat themselves into the belief, that

"Even in their ashes lived the wonted fires."

"But where," methinks some voice exclaims, "is the Paradise of the Dead, to which our thoughts were directed at the commencement of these lines?"

Have you ever visited Greenwood Cemetery? If you have, you will realize the truth of the expression. If you have not, you should make a pilgrimage there at once, and wander amid its green paths and lovely enclosures, till you feel your spirit bathed in the divine repose of the scene, and you long to set up there your everlasting rest.

This beautiful burying-ground is in Brooklyn, several miles from the city of New York. As you pass along the road that leads to it, with the magnificent Bay on your right, its wide expanse of water glittering in the sunbeams, so calmly and majestically, your mind becomes gradually solemnized, for there is always something solemn in deep beauty combined with great extent. You approach the *Gate of Visiters.* The access to this entrance has an air of seclusion appropriate to the solemn resting-place of the dead. Graceful structures from the masterly designs of Upjohn, guarding this entrance, enhance with their exquisite decorations the beauty of the Cemetery.

Once admitted into this labyrinth of bloom and verdure, you feel bewildered at its prodigality of loveliness, and hardly know where to turn, in the midst of so many winding alleys. But after walking a short distance, your ear catches the faint murmur of waters,—faint and sweet as the echo of a dream. Directed by the sound, you approach the margin of *Sylvan Water,* a deep, perennial lake, covering at least three acres of ground. In the centre of this lake a fountain throws up its silvery spray, flashing and sparkling through the green shrubbery that shades, and the willows that sweep over its

banks. The birds make their nests in these marginal boughs, and make these funereal solitudes vocal with the melody of heaven.

Near the south-western corner of Sylvan Lake, there is a gently undulating mound, crowned by a monument, commemorative of the death of a beautiful daughter of the forest. Dohumme, the lovely Indian, was the child of a Sachem among the Sac Indians. When a delegation of the Sacs and the Iowas visited Washington and the principal Atlantic cities, the young Dohumme accompanied her father, and in the same band was a brave and youthful Iowa chief. Attracted by the congenial charms of youth and beauty, in the varying scenes of their long and interesting journey, thus constantly associated, these children of the wilderness learned to love each other (if love is ever learned), and in conformity to their own peculiar and simple rites, were united in marriage. In the city of New York this young and handsome couple excited the most unbounded admiration. The wild grace of their aboriginal costume, mingling with some of the peculiar fashions of the white race, the simplicity of their manners and the originality of their expressions, made them objects of curiosity and social interest. But the simple Indian maid languished amid the splendour of fashionable life. Accustomed to the freedom of her native forest, and the simple diet of the wigwam, she wilted like a mountain flower enclosed in the sultry atmosphere of a hot-house. Her constitution thus enfeebled, she soon became a victim to disease, and died, far from the home of her fathers. On the marble surface of the monument, the figure of her dusky bridegroom appears in bas-relief, mourning over this rose of the wilderness, thus untimely blighted.

As you continue your wanderings, many a stately obelisk arrests the gaze, but you naturally look for some name that will touch the chords of remembrance, or that is associated in your mind with something dear to the heart or inspiring to the mind. Ah! here is one—rising on a high bank in the sudden bend of the tour. We are familiar with the name of CATLIN (or at least we ought to be), the celebrated Indian painter, or rather painter of the Indian Gallery of Portraits, which has excited the admiration of the European world. *He* is not dead—he still lives, pursuing his career with all the enthusiasm of genius and all its confidence of success. But Clara, his gentle, lovely wife, rests in Greenwood's classic

shades. She died in Paris, but was brought home to sleep in her native soil. We knew her well, and it was with a thrill of mingled delight and pain we saw her memorial among so many stranger graves. Yes! strange as it may seem, there was an emotion of pleasure in gazing on that beauteous monument, and in recalling in the chiselled features of the angel that appears to guard the shrine, the outlines of a fair, remembered face. Inserted in a head-stone of gray Parisian limestone is a tablet of dazzling whiteness. Upon this the angel form is carved, with outspread wings, holding the stylus in her hand, and supporting the tablet, on which she appears to have written these words—

"Weep not for me, my friends, but strive through your only Redeemer to come to me."

This sentence was extracted from the last letter she ever addressed to her friends, and is worthy to be engraven there.

While lingering near this graceful shrine of female loveliness, we could not but compare the stillness and melancholy beauty of the scene with the one where we last beheld her. Her husband was exhibiting, with professional pride and enthusiasm, his magnificent picture-gallery, and exciting the most intense interest by his graphic description of Indian life and manners. She was behind the scenes, assisting him to arrange the portraits, and to twist his wampum belt with aboriginal grace. After the public exhibition was over, we saw her, with a deer-skin, wrought with brilliant dyes, thrown around her shoulders, and some badges of Indian royalty on her brow. She seemed proud, even in sport, to share the trophies of her gifted artist husband. And here she lies—so still, so cold, that even the terrible war-whoop, which that night sounded in imitative vengeance in our ears, could never awaken her more.

We pause before the tomb of Charlotte Candee, the most sumptuous and costly structure in the whole Cemetery. We have so often heard of this, that it seems like a familiar object when it first meets the eye. A more elaborate and exquisite piece of workmanship could scarcely be imagined, and if we were to judge of the depth and strength of the grief, by the costly tribute it has paid, mighty must have been the sorrow that embodied itself in this splendid mausoleum. It is, indeed, the expression of the most fervid parental love, bereaved of the sole object of its idolatry. The circumstances of this bereavement are so sad and awful, it will add interest to the monu-

ment to bring them before the minds of those who may, perchance, be strangers to the mournful tragedy.

Charlotte Candee was the only child of her parents, and if according testimony may be believed, of remarkable accomplishments, and rare moral excellence. She wrote and spoke, with accuracy and facility, the English, French, Spanish, Italian, and German, and had even acquired a competent knowledge of the Danish language. She excelled both in vocal and instrumental music, and her taste and skill in drawing were equally admirable. To these brilliant acquirements, she united a disposition of uncommon sweetness, a heart filled with pure and beautiful affections, and a spirit bearing the impress of its heavenly origin. This sweet disposition, pure heart, and heavenly spirit, diffused over her countenance an indescribable charm, and imparted to her manners that gentle courtesy, which is something than grace or "beauty dearer." She was in the flower of youth, at that charming age when the simplicity of the child and the intelligence of the woman begin to meet and melt in harmony and grace. It was on her seventeenth birthday that the sad event occurred, which gave birth to this magnificent demonstration of grief. At a festive entertainment, given in honour of this joyous era, she was a presiding star—alas! soon to set in a dark eclipse! On her return home, accompanied by her father and another young lady, he left her a few moments to attend her companion to her own door,—the driver in the mean time dropped the reins and the horses suddenly started off, throwing the young girl from the carriage to the pavement, causing instantaneous death. It seems that she had a kind of presentiment of her doom, for she shrank, with strange reluctance, from the evening festival, and nothing but the consciousness that it was a birthday fete, induced her to conquer her nameless misgivings. Certainly the coming event did "cast its shadow before," if we may judge by several touching incidents prior to the casualty.

In the portfolio which contains most of her drawings, there are two which excite peculiar interest. Every one who has read the life of Cromwell, must remember that awful, thrilling moment, when he gazed upon the shrouded and encoffined form of the unfortunate Charles. She had sketched the figure of the great usurper, but when about to delineate the coffin, the pencil seems to have dropped from her trembling fingers, for below is written very faintly—"Je n'ai pu faire le cercueil—

Il me glace d'effroi." *I could not draw the coffin! It freezes me with terror.*

The day but one before her death, she again took up the pencil and completed the design—or rather gave the whole on another sheet. The coffin was finished, and Cromwell was gazing sternly and sorrowfully on the face of his beheaded king. Below this sketch, these few faint pencilled lines were discovered after her death: "O mort! il faut apprendre t'envisager." *O Death! I must learn to look thee in the face!* Was not this prophetical of the doom that was even then rolling darkly behind her?

There is another interesting circumstance connected with this monument. A beloved aunt expired a few months previous to her own death, and she exercised her remarkable taste in drawing, in designing a mausoleum in all the refinement of taste and the lavishness of affection. This beloved relative sleeps by her side, protected by the same monumental temple. It is said that a relative in France bequeathed a legacy to this unfortunate young girl, which the parents received after death. This bequest of thirty-five thousand dollars, they have appropriated to the decoration of the spot hallowed by her remains,—to the composition of this poem of the affections, this elegy of the heart, written in enduring marble.

No. II.

We conducted you to the tomb of Charlotte Candee. Do you feel sufficient interest in her early doom, to linger near the spot, and examine at your leisure its exquisite workmanship and symbolical decorations?

This monument rises on a graceful mound, between three gently undulating hills, where Greenbough Avenue intersects the Tour. Six rows of marble steps entirely surround an oblong octagonal platform, whose granite slab forms the base of the magnificent temple of Death. There are two niches. The outer one formed with panels, ornamented with symbolic flowers, fleurs-de-lys, significant of her French extraction, and escutcheons, bearing her alliterative cipher, "C. C." The

other is formed by two pilasters,—their bases and capitals being adorned with roses, lilies and acanthus leaves. All these decorations constitute a splendid frame for the statue of the young girl, which stands in the alcove. It represents her as sinking under the burden of her destiny. Clouds are hovering over her head, ready to wrap her, as with a mantle, and a radiant star, piercing through their shade, directs the thoughts to the immortality of which it is the emblem.

We have said before that she expired on her seventeenth birth-day. This number, made sacred by her death, is preserved in all the emblems which surround her ashes. Seventeen marble vases are placed at regular intervals around the tomb. In every vase there are seventeen flowers. Seventeen rose-buds form the cipher of her name, which is surmounted by a crown composed of seventeen stars. On each side of the exterior niche rise two buttresses of the height of seventeen feet above the granite stylobate.

Upon either side of the platform are two lofty pedestals of granite, each supporting a figure with uplifted brow and prayerful eyes,—representing angels with outspread wings, guarding the sacred dust of innocence and youth, or waiting to bear the early-enfranchised spirit to its native heaven. It would be impossible to go into a minute detail of all the minor adornments of this tomb. We gaze upon it with admiration, as a costly work of art—with sympathy, as the memorial of parental love—with pity, as the last home of one young, lovely and beloved. But the pure taste turns sated from such prodigality of ornament and exuberance of expense, and rests upon some simple obelisk or broken shaft, as the eye, dazzled with a gorgeous display of colours, reposes on the soft and refreshing green. The moral sense is pained by the useless expenditure of a liberal legacy. In a few years, the disregarding elements will deface this spotless marble, these Corinthian ornaments will crumble away beneath the iron fingers of Time, and these cold and mocking flowers mingle with the ashes of their frail and lovely prototypes. We sigh at the thought of the coming ruin, and wish a grief so sacred had received a more enduring monument,—some asylum for orphan innocence or suffering indigence, whose blessings would have embalmed her memory, whose prayers hallowed the place of her repose.

There is a beautiful monument on Battle Hill, near Highland Avenue, erected to the memory of two brothers, who, "lovely in their lives, in death were not divided." George

and Albert Swan, natives of the West, and inheritors of its glowing energy and noble independence of character. George, the elder, on his way to the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was lost in the ill-fated Lexington, on that disastrous night when a sudden wave of woe drowned so many hearts in mourning. He went down into the dark water, in all the bright hopes of youth and aspirations of manhood, like a silver arrow shooting across a midnight sky, leaving no trace on the darkness. Albert, the younger, started for the same classic shades, but a deeper shade was waiting to envelope him. Arrived at New York, he was arrested by sudden disease, where he languished and died. A carved and massy base supports two graceful fluted columns, which are twined together with a marble garland of wreathing blossoms, a beautiful emblem of the fraternal love which bound them in life and seems still to unite them in death.

Do you see that stately obelisk, rising from the loftiest crown of Battle Hill, one of the most elevated positions in the Cemetry, flashing its sun-silvered summit towards the Bay, where the stately vessel and gallant boat are gliding, and the anchored ship is resting, with its sails furled and its ropes dangling around the mast?

It is the Pilot's monument—a beacon star, to which the wrecking mariners may turn their straining eyes, in the hope that another Freeborn, with generous heart and dauntless spirit, may wrestle with the elements in their behalf and endeavour to save them from a watery grave. The Pilots of New York reared this monumental structure in memory of Thomas Freeborn, a brave and noble comrade, who perished by the wreck of the John Minturn, which he had undertaken to conduct into port. Within sight of the Jersey shore, where she was driven by a tremendous gale—within sight and hail of a multitude powerless to shield it from the fury of the storm—the gallant bark went down. Chilled by the wet, benumbed by the cold, almost all on board perished before the final catastrophe.

The hardy and self forgetting Pilot stood, in this hour of mortal agony, in the midst of the blinding sleet and icy spray, a sheet anchor, round which feebler frames and weaker spirits clung. There he stood in his shirt sleeves, on which the sleet had hung its glittering but deadly wreathes, covering with his outer garments the shrinking, shivering, expiring, female forms he sought to save by the sacrifice of his own

life. But though his "home was on the mountain wave, his path upon the deep"—fearless and brave though he was—he could not cope with the strength of ocean's God.

> "The billows raged,
> The Pilot's art was vain—
> O'er the tall mast the circling surges closed,
> The vessel plunged within a watery plain."

Hero of the ocean! well dost thou merit this memorial of gratitude and admiration. When *thy* bark was tossing upon the waves of Jordan, a heavenly Pilot was at the helm, steering thee to the haven of everlasting repose. Thou art safe from the tempests of life,—no stormy winds sweep over the sea of glass that laves the shores of the eternal land. Peace to thee, gallant spirit! a crown for thee, warrior of the deep!

The monument is an embodiment of moral and emblematic ideas. From a massive base there rises a square sarcophagus, on which a ship's capstan is resting, with the cable which is wrapped in winding coils around it, rent in twain. A broken mast rises from the capstan. Hope, leaning on her anchor, points to the blue and smiling skies. On the front of the sarcophagus, the ocean, lashed into billows, bearing on its bosom a shattered and sinking vessel, is represented in bas-relief.

It is interesting to reflect, that the soil now hallowed by the ashes of the hero, the statesman, and the scholar, whose graves are clustering around us—this spot, so peaceful, so solemn, was once a battle-ground. In the valley, which extends from the spot we have just indicated northwestwardly to the Bay, the British forces under General Grant, and those of the Americans commanded by Lord Stirling, first came in contact on the 26th of August, 1776. Many a gallant soldier then moistened with his blood the green sward which pillowed his dying head and enriched the earth with the costliest libation that ever was poured at the altar of liberty. No marble shaft pointing to heaven commemorates their fate, but they have a monument in every American heart, round which the garland of memory blooms with undying verdure.

Do you observe that pyramidal, magnificent column towering near Tulip Hill? It is grand! it is majestic! worthy to be the representative of the mighty element, whose power caused its elevation. It is the Firemen's monument, and a statue of one of these daring sons of fire surmounts the massy pillar,

and looks down on ocean, hill, and plain. One arm encircles a child, just rescued from the flames, still curling behind it,—his right hand grasps a trumpet. Around him, the swinging engine-lantern, the wreath-crowned cap, the hook and ladder, may all be seen,—implements of relief, which the martyrs to humanity, who slumber below, will never more make subservient to their use. The Engineers of the New York Fire Department erected this mausoleum to the memory of several of their companions who perished in the flames, from which they were endeavouring to rescue their fellow beings. Earth hath its part, the sea hath its part, the fire hath its part—but the earth, the sea, and the fire, will one day give up their dead, and death and time be no more.

We would like to pause by every enclosure which the hand of affection has guarded, by every memorial which love, or memory, or gratitude has reared; but in this vast congregation of tombs—this cold and still, but eloquent and beautiful marble band, assembled on the green *battle-ground* of death, we can only select a few as companions and friends. There is a large space at the right of the entrance appropriated to the graves of the unambitious and lowly. These oblong hillocks, so green and symmetrical, with just the narrowest path between, seemed to me the footprints of death left on the heaving earth. Some simple and affecting memorials of love marked these velvet-covered beds of clay. A kneeling angel here—an innocent lamb there. On one side a dove with spreading pinions—on the other a sleeping cherub—all making the place of graves beautiful to the eye and touching to the heart.

How lovely is the morning! A few white, fleecy clouds are floating near the horizon, so softly, slowly, that even in their very motion there is rest. Blue and radiant as the heavens above, the broad, glorious Bay stretches yonder its voluminous waters, glassing the Empire City in its sparkling mirror. Wandering in this Paradise of the Dead, with its marble spires, heaving upwards their symbolic crowns—its luxuriant shrubbery, odoriferous flowers, silver lakes, weeping willows, softly murmuring fountains, melodious birds, and sweetly solemn shades—we feel oppressed by the deep loveliness, the sublime quietude of the scene, and sigh under the burden of unutterable thoughts. It seems sacrilege to speak where the genius of everlasting silence appears to have lifted up its marble throne. A gentle wind stirs the funereal foliage,

and wafts the fragrance of the grave-flowers in incense clouds over the dead. We imagine we can hear the faint rustling of invisible wings, mingling with the voice of the fountains and the sighs of the gale. We even fancy, as we look upward, that we can see the silver glimmer of angel wings above the white gliding vapours. The spirits of the dead *may* be hovering near, and it seems that the happiness of Heaven itself might be enhanced by the consciousness of the embalming memories of earth.

We are about to leave these quiet, winding paths, for the crowded thoroughfares of the great city; but, before the gates are closed, let us look around at that massy tomb on the right. It is called the Reception Tomb, where the bodies of strangers are deposited till their distant friends can claim their ashes and bear them to kindred dust. An incident was related to us, connected with this vault, which was thrillingly awful:

A gentleman brought his bride to this fashionable resort of the Metropolitans. They wandered together through its charming avenues and leafy bowers, and at length passed by the reception-tomb, whose marble doors were unfortunately open, —a stranger having just been deposited there. They stood on the threshold, and looked, with mingled curiosity and dread, into its dark and gloomy apartments. Laying his hand lightly on her shoulder, he threatened sportively to enclose her there, and thus rid himself of the new-made shackles that bound him. With childish terror, she sprang from him, caught hold of the door, which had a spring-lock, and which, obeying the impulse she had unconsciously given it, closed suddenly upon her, precipitating her into the vault where the coffined dead were laid. *We dare not follow her there.* By a strange fatality, the key had been carried away by a gentleman who left that morning for New York. It was hours before he was overtaken, or *she* liberated from her awful prison-house. What were the reflections of her husband during this interval may be imagined; but one who could indulge in a light jest on such solemn ground, and in the presence of such dread mementoes as that open tomb disclosed, could not have the depth of feeling necessary for the fulness of suffering. She was found as pallid and nearly as insensible as her ghastly companions; and a long and dangerous illness was the result of this act of conjugal levity on the threshold of the subterranean mansion of death. Whether she forgave her husband for her premature interment,

lo not know; but we should think the cold atmosphere of tality must have at least chilled the warmth of wedded love. arewell, ye beautiful and solemn shades! We look back more upon your sun-gilt monuments with glistening eyes. almost envy your tranquil inmates, silent city of the dead! shrink from returning to the noise and tumult of the world, restlessness and strife of human passion. Death, instead of ning the King of Terrors, wears the guise of an angel of t. We think it would be sweet to lie down in those green , near those still waters and flowering shrubs, after having omed the great mystery of life. We would wish no proud ument to mark the spot to the stranger's eye,—no pompous aph or studied elegy, mockeries of the grief that passeth r. Sufficient for us if some hearts that loved us in life ld throb with tenderer remembrances at the mention of name;—if some pure drops, not born of the earth-vapours, ld mingle with the twilight dews that glittered on our e. We would not presumptuously ask to be remembered he world,—that wide wilderness, where the single leaf falls garded to the ground;—but we would address to the few hose memory friendship is immortal, the words of one se lips are now closed with the hermetic seal of death: Oh! mes amis, rappelez-vous quelquefois mes vers; mon y est empreinte."

eautifully has Felicia Hemans breathed forth her yearnings remembrance in the hearts of her friends. Do not such ns as these find a world-wide echo?

"When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye,
At the sound of some olden melody,—
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,—
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream,—
Then let it be.

"Thus let my memory be with you, friends,
Thus ever think of me;
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone,—
As of a bird from a chain unbound,—
As of a wanderer whose home is found,—
So let it be."

THE SEX OF THE SOUL.

THE question respecting the relative intellectual powers of men and women, is one which has been often agitated, but never fully resolved. Nor can it be, till the laws which bind society together are changed, and *both* sexes are subject to the same mental discipline. In all ages of the world, there have been instances of women, whose expansive minds have burst through the shackles which prejudice and education have bound around them, and rising above the standard of their sex, have almost shamed by their rapid progress in knowledge, the slower attainments of man. These, however, are only luminous points, rendered more dazzling from the surrounding dimness. We have never read of a *nation* of women, transcending or equalling the masculine sex in intellectual vigour, for the general principles of education have never allowed this equality, and the first rules impressed on the female mind are those which bind it to a more limited and peculiar sphere.

Man is taught from his early boyhood, that he is the lord of creation, formed to rule and command, not by the exertion of brutal force, but by the powers of a godlike mind. The mighty principle of ambition is awakened within him. The great models of ancient days are placed before him. An undying thirst for fame, an unquenchable fire is lighted up in his breast. His eye waxes dim over the classic page, his cheek grows pale over the midnight lamp. Yet his spirit faints not. The dews of Castaly refresh his feverish lips, the gales that are wafted from the groves of Academus fan his burning brow. He comes forth from the shades of his closet, rich in the love of other days, to take his station amid the high places of the earth.

He becomes the healer of disease, and day and night he is called upon to mitigate the ills of suffering humanity, and to arrest the mission of the Angel of Death.

He is the avenger of wrong, and while guilt trembles as the breath of his eloquence sweeps over a listening throng, innocence lifts her fair brow and blesses the vindicator of her injured rights.

He is the minister of Almighty God:

> 'Through him the violated law speaks out its thunders,
> And through him, in strains as sweet as angels use,
> The gospel whispers peace.'

Surely, the mind engaged in such high pursuits, fixed on such noble aims, must have its best and greatest powers called into constant and powerful exercise. It has not *time* to indulge in vanity, or frivolity, or inglorious weakness. Its sphere is too vast, its objects too multiplied, its duties too lofty and too commanding.

But what are too often the teachings of woman, from the cradle of infancy to the bridal altar? What motives are presented as the springs of *her* actions, what goal pointed out as the boundary of *her* ambition? Is she not taught to shine and glitter, during the ephemeral season of youth and beauty —to devote her *irredeemable* time to the acquisition of the lightest accomplishments—to the costly adornment of her person—as if her frame were immortal rather than her mind, her body imperishable instead of her soul? Is she not educated to consider the admiration of the other sex as the Alpha and Omega of her existence, and that it is best obtained by the possession of those airy graces, which fit her for the halls of fashion, instead of the palaces of Eternity?

"If you chance to have any mental superiority," says a father, addressing his daughters, in a work devoted to the great principles of education, "be careful to conceal it from the other sex, for man seldom forgives the intellectual superiority of woman."

"The heart," says a celebrated writer, "is the empire of woman—to man belongs the kingdom of the mind."

Thus, so far from having the high faculties of her soul called into exercise, like man, she is even told to hold down the aspirations of her intellect, which would spurn the bondage of vanity and folly, rather than repel and alienate the being whom she was created to charm. With such a different system of

education, it is impossible to measure out the exact quantum of mind which belongs by the right of nature to either sex. It is in vain to bring it down to the strict rules of mathematical science. Mind, we verily believe, is of no sex. 'It is the inspiration of the Almighty, the burning breath of incarnate Deity.

Mind is strengthened by use. The finest steel wears away in time, under the hand of the artist, but mind is indestructible and defies the laws that govern material substances. It is inexhaustible. The more you draw from the fountain, the deeper and purer are the waters. Within its *lowest deep*, there is a deep still *lower*, which no sounding line of thought has ever fathomed. It is elastic, expansive, like the air we breathe. Confine it, in too narrow a compass, it loses its life-giving, life-sustaining principle. Remove the pressure, it rises above the loftiest mountains, and flies beyond the farthest seas.

Is not the mind of woman bounded by education, and compressed by circumstances? Let her overstep these limits, and see of what she is capable.

Catharine of Russia, the second imperial Catharine, whose overmastering ambition crushed every obstacle that opposed her path to absolute dominion, completed a work, which even Peter the Great had omitted in the scale of his mighty operations. It was a woman's hand which formed and presented a code of laws for the government of that immense Empire—laws celebrated for their wisdom and justice, and preserved in a golden vase, in the Imperial Academy at Petersburgh. While her weak, degraded husband remained plunged in inglorious excesses, this modern Semiramis held the reins of government with a firm, unshrinking hand, and devoted all her energies to her own aggrandizement and the glory of the nation. We speak not of the crimes that blackened, the shame that crimsoned, her character. The question is the intellectual power, not the moral purity of the sex: to the last, the very name of Catharine affixed a stain, which all the icy waters of the northern seas could never efface.

Woman was not born to be a warrior. But when has manly valour wrought more wonderous deeds, than were achieved by Boadicea, Queen of ancient Britain? Whether we see her standing on an elevated ground, in full view of her oppressed subjects, animating them by prospects of victory and vengeance, leaning on her spear, her long hair streaming like a

war banner on the gale, or driving her triumphal chariot over the bodies of the slain, we recognise the same warrior spirit, that directs the whirlwind and rules the storm of destiny.

Nature never formed woman for the rude scenes of political strife, but where in the bloody records of the French Revolution is there a name more illustrious than the undaunted Roland, who stood boldly at her husband's side, avowing and sustaining *his* sentiments at the hazard of her life, and when that life was forfeited, willingly poured out her blood at the shrine of that Liberty where she had worshipped with more than Eastern idolatry?

Woman was not formed to be the defender of the strong, yet how often has her bosom been the shield of him, who is called her guardian and her lord? The forests of America are hallowed by the memory of Pocohontas, who sheltered in her arms the gallant Smith, and confronted the death-blow that was destined to lay him low.

The mind of woman is thought incapable of grasping the mighty volume of the abstract sciences. Among those who might be cited as illustrious contradictions to this remark, the name of Gabrielle de Chatelet is presented to the memory. She was the fellow-student of Voltaire, and travelled with him through the sublime mazes of philosophy, "unwound the eternal dances of the sky," and wrote her name among the stars, in characters of light, by the side of a Newton and a Leibnitz. She studied the works of Newton, which are written in Latin, "and the study of an abstract science in a dead language," says her biographer, "requires no common powers of mind."

We have brought forward these few examples to prove the mental capabilities of woman, but we would not alter the course marked out by Him, who directs the planets in their brilliant paths, and preserves the eternal harmony of the spheres. "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon," but they are both glorious, and both derive their glory from the exhaustless fountain of uncreated light. Were woman to leave her own, for man's more sun-like sphere, what account can she render of her own neglected duties, her own deserted orbit? It is *her* hand which God appointed to trace the first characters on man's unwritten mind, and woe be to her, if there be imprinted there, aught that "is not lovely, venerable, or of good report," aught that angels may not read, or the eye of Infinite Purity survey.

The pilgrim, weary and panting beneath the rays of a sultry sun, seats himself under the shade of a majestic oak and rejoices in the shelter of its spreading branches, emblem of the strength of *man*. The soft gale refreshes his fervid brow, and he drinks of the dew from the flower-cup that blooms protected by that mighty tree. The gale and the dew are emblems of the gentleness and tenderness of *woman*. Yet in that gale and dew are the elements of the tempest and the ocean, of grandeur and power. But the strong wind and the beating wave would oppress and endanger the weary pilgrim, instead of refreshing and restoring him.

When the undeluged earth lay cold and still dripping from its awful baptism, God sent forth a wind to dry its surface and prepare it for a new vegetation. God sends forth his own missionaries, and blessed are those who perform the work allotted them by the Omniscient Taskmaster. The pilgrim rises and pursues his solitary way, blessing God for the shadow of the mighty oak, for the coolness of the gale and the sweet falling of the dew. They are all the missionaries of Heaven.

But the robber lurks in the solitary way, and the hand of violence is lifted against his life. The arm of the strong and the brave comes between him and destruction, and the wounded but protected is borne to the home of his preserver. There the gentle hand of woman binds up his wounds, her mild voice whispers comfort in his ear, and her soft steps linger around his couch.

"Oh! how beautiful," exclaims the pilgrim, "is the arrangement of the works of Providence. The same power that spread out the shadowing branches of the forest tree, gave to man the arm of strength to strike down the oppressor in his pride; and the same mercy that filled with dew the chalice of the forest flower, created woman with the pitying soul and the healing hand, to bind up the wounds of sorrow and of sin, and to smooth the path of the way-faring man through the wilderness of life."

Is not the way-faring man the emblem of him who is going on in his pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, and may we not exclaim with him—"Oh! how beautiful and harmonious is the arrangement of the works of Providence?"

A TRIP TO THE BAY.

Letter I.

Steamer Wynnton, April 10, 1852.

The bell is rung; the plunging, heavy sound of the engine is heard in the water; the boat begins to thrill and shiver like the hearts of parting friends, then, gliding out into the river, dashes the spray from its paddle-wheels; white handkerchiefs are seen waving from the shore; the sunbeams are reflected from faces turning with farewell glances toward the receding boat; then the sunbeams fade, the shadow steals over them, and the white gleam of the waving handkerchiefs disappears, like the wing of a bird, cutting the sky. Farewell to Columbus, Queen of the rushing Chattahoochee,—home of warm, generous hearts, of true and noble spirits. Strange paradox! we are leaving thee behind us, and yet bearing thee away with us, an ever present and beloved companion. Thou mayst be invisible to others, but thy image will ever rise before our mental vision.

With immortality of memory fraught,
Space cannot fetter the unshackled will;
High over forest, river, valley, still
Shall soar the free, untiring wings of thought.

Beautiful are the banks of the Chattahoochee, clothed in their vernal garniture. The high, gray bluffs, crowned with emerald diadems, with mantles of vine-work sweeping in the breeze,—the luxuriant clusters of ivy, giving here and there a bright, delicate glow to the dark green shrubbery,—the scarlet woodbine, twining its blossoms of fire round the gray old trunk of some blasted tree,—all flashed on the eye, as we hurried along, making us wish we had arms of India-rubber,

that they might be stretched to the shore, and gather the wild flowers that greeted us so lovingly with their fragrant breath. The magnolia, fair queen of blossom trees, peeped through the dense foliage, with its waxen white petals, and loaded the river-breeze with its rich, oppressive odours.

At night, when the boat stopped for a freightage of cotton, we sat on the boiler deck, and watched the massy bales as they came tumbling down the steep bank, like so many huge elephants without their trunks. The scene was wild and picturesque. A lantern of light-wood, fastened by a rod to the side of the boat, but appearing as if suspended from the overhanging pine boughs, threw a red, diffusive glare on the black faces and scarlet-red jackets of the negroes, who were escorting the cotton elephants down the banks, over the planks, and into the vessel, with a roll and a bound that made it pulsate and quake to its heart's core. It was astonishing to see with what mathematical precision all this was done, in the midst of the greatest apparent recklessness of motion, and disregard of distance and directness. Every bale leaped over the planks and sprang into its appointed place, as if anxious to make way for its successor, which was already tearing through the low boughs and raking over the ground, with another and another just above it. It was not till we missed the lurid reflection of the torch-light on the water, that we joined the party on the stern-deck, where sweet female voices, accompanied by the soft thrill of the guitar, floated over the dark river, and echoed from the bluffs, now scarcely discoverable through the moonless night. An occasional star flashed through the black smoke-wreath coiling overhead, as if listening to the music warbling below.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the little cascades which gush out from the rocky bluffs so suddenly and so mirthfully, like joyous children rushing to see a pageant sweeping by. There is one called the *Roaring Spring*, that, like a church choir, sings behind a curtain. The curtain is made of green leaves, all lace-work; and the water-fall glances its silver-bright eyes at the traveller, as it sings away, and the words of its song have a chorus that sounds like

"Cheerily O, cheerily O!"

Certainly, the party on board was not composed of ice or stone, incapable of perceiving or appreciating the beauties of nature. At every cascade that bounded forward to look at us, every cluster of wild flowers that sent out its perfume on the

gale, every wild duck that skimmed over the water, or dived sportively beneath it, ejaculations of admiration would pass from lip to lip, and glances of rapture flash from eye to eye. The gallant captain, too, who knows by heart every inch of Chattahoochee's banks, would not suffer any object of interest to pass without directing to it the attention of the admiring traveller. We wish we could remember the Indian names he told us, for they were so sweet and musical.

We passed one place, near Ochesee, which looked like storied ground. It seemed to be an Indian mound, on which were the ruins of an old hut, and a grave. But it was the grave of a white man, once the solitary dweller of that ruined hut. There was a wild-rose bush clambering round the old frame-work, casting a gleam of bloom and beauty on its desolation. That grave! how sad and lone it looked by the wayside! how mournfully the water gurgled against the burial-mound! and how imagination wrote the history of the hermit dead! Perhaps all romance would die away in the presence of reality, as it too often does.

The last bluff that beautifies the banks before you reach the Bay is called the Old Woman's Bluff:—why, it is difficult to imagine, for it is very beautiful and majestic. No! we are mistaken; the beautiful and majestic bluff is named Alum Bluff, and the one bearing the venerable feminine appellation is a low, insignificant kind of ledge, that goes shuffling into the level shore. As the shore flattens, the river widens, till it gradually swells into the beautiful glassy bay on which Apalachicola stands.

There is nothing in the appearance of the town to gratify the eye of the stranger. It never could have possessed much beauty; and the terrible gale of last August has given it a worn and somewhat dilapidated appearance. But as you walk into the town, and see some of the neat and tasteful habitations, and continue your course on the neat walk, made of planks, raised above the white, sparkling sand along the beach, catching glimpses all the time of the blue, serene water, the charm of repose is on you, and you forget the dry, business look which first greeted you. The hospitality and refinement of the Apalachicolians are proverbial; and, short as was our stay, we had abundant opportunity of proving the justice of the reputation. One might have imagined the little cabin of our boat a fashionable drawing-room, from the elegant guests that assembled there.

The next day, several young ladies and gentlemen from the Bay accompanied our party to *East Pass*, distant about thirty miles, where the British vessels lie at anchor, ready to discharge their freight. It was a bright, blue, cloudless morning; and a waveless calm slept upon the face of the waters. We, who had anticipated being tossed on the foaming billows, as we approached the great Gulf, were sadly disappointed at the deep tranquillity of the sea. We wanted to *feel* the majesty of the sea-green element. We wanted to *feel* the union of great strength with sublime beauty. But the sea-winds lay with their banners furled, and the Bay smiled in one broad, dazzling pomp of sunlight. A gay, happy party filled a barge, and departed for a sandy island, that looked, in the distance, like glistening silver,—the Island of St. John,—washed by the mingling waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Bay of Apalachicola. But alas! for those who were foolish enough to be made sick by gazing on the unrippling surface of the deep; they were forced to follow with wistful eyes the gracefully-receding boat through the green *jalousies* of their stateroom, consoling themselves with the thought that some kind voice might whisper to the listening ear, "I wish they were here."

Away, away, like a thing of life, the little boat flew over the smooth, glassy water, and the blue veils began to flutter, and a soft yet exhilarating breeze curled the azure face of the *lower heaven*. It was pleasant to hear the party, after their return, tell of their walk on the silver sands of the beach, of the stately, black pelicans, that looked so grand and *Byronian*, and the charming conversations that waked the echoes of the lonely isle.

In our next letter, we will endeavour to describe the crew of the good ship Portland, and how they charmed us with their jovial songs, while heaving their cargo into our rocking boat.

LETTER II.

QUINCY, April 16, 1852.

SEATED on the boiler-deck, and feeling the exhilarating influence of the rising sea-breeze, we watched the jolly tars

of the Portland, while they transferred the sacks of salt with which the ship was freighted to the charge of the Wynnton. One would imagine this must be a very uninteresting process, but music can lend enchantment to any scene—and then it was performed with real grace and spirit. There was one man who seemed to direct the operations, short in stature, with a broad, fat, good-natured face, who occupied a central position, and pulled a rope with *might and main*. He wore a white hat, and his white shirt sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, showing scarlet flannel undersleeves. The sailors, by two and two, departing from him, their common centre, tugged at their ropes, singing some wild melody with growing spirit, and by the time they had reached the end of their rope, a huge bag of salt emerged from the hull of the ship, then was swung by one man to receive a strong impulse from another, to pass from him to another, who stood on the very verge of the vessel, and unhooking the sack from the noose that encircled it, gave it a toss on the inclined plane, on which it slid down into the boat. This continued for hours, and all the time they kept up their wild minstrelsy, and all the time we gazed and listened with unabated interest, while the fresh breeze curled the water and blew inspiringly round us. As the boat departed, the sailors gave three loud, hearty cheers, to which waving handkerchiefs responded, and it was not long before Apalachicola appeared in sight, illuminated by the cloudless rays of the setting sun.

Another delightful evening there, and *homeward bound*, the Wynnton went on its course rejoicing. The next morning there were clouds and heavy falling rains, accompanied by the deep bass of the thunder and the vivid flash of the lightning. But bright and clear was the social spirit within, and music, poetry, and sentiment gave wings to passing hours. We stopped at Ochesee, in "thunder, lightning, and in rain." Ah! when "shall we all meet again?" we silently asked, as, after bidding adieu to the delightful party which had accompanied us on our *winding way*, we climbed up the steep, wet banks, not forgetting the magnolias and wild flowers which gallant hands had gathered from the fragrant shores, crossed a broad, grassy plain, and, ascending a long flight of steps in front of Mr. G.'s mansion, looked back towards the friends whose figures still lingered on deck, and whose countenances beamed through the clouds and rain, with that sunshine of the soul, brighter than the solar rays. We looked till the

black smoke no longer darkened the sky—the foaming wake no longer divided the water.

There is but one house at the Ochesee Landing, owned and occupied by Mr. G.—one of the most industrious, energetic, and thriving planters of Florida. The dwelling-house is lofty—raised so as to avoid the danger arising from an overflowing river—and its white walls look down commandingly on the beautiful water-view in front. The negro cabins are also white, as well as a noble gin-house on the right hand. A rich, grassy-green carpet covers a smooth lawn, stretching down to the river and spreading out on either side of the building. But the glory of the place consists of the grand old live-oaks, that stand side by side, gigantic twins, throwing their mighty shadows far and wide, and extending towards each other their hundred branching arms. What a history might be read in those majestic trees! Unchanging as the ocean in their perennial verdure, they have witnessed ten thousand mutations, themselves unchanged, and may witness ten thousand more.

Hail, prophets of nature—hail, beacons of time—
Proud kings of the forest, ye're reigning sublime,
'Mid beauty, luxuriance, and bloom;
The glories of nature have fled since your birth—
The mighty been swept from the face of the earth
And the sun of the conqueror gone down.

But that Power, to whom nature and empires have bowed,
Who has robbed of their glory the mighty and proud,
Will prostrate your grandeur in dust;
That power, who the changes of nature controls—
Who can stay the dark ocean of time as it rolls—
Eternal, Almighty, and Just.

As the ferry-boat at Aspalaga was out of order, we were compelled to cross at Chattahoochee, adding about thirteen miles to the distance between Ochesee and Quincy. Nothing can be more gorgeously beautiful than the scenery on the banks of the river which we followed for several miles. The foliage of the trees was so rich and luxuriant; such wild, wanton vines clambered round the trunks; the swamp-flowers bloomed with such superabundant life and fragrance; and then the bright, yellow weed, that made such a golden carpet for the trees,—and the river rolling and glistening, and softly murmuring along one side, with its sweet, glad smile of almost

human loveliness; oh! it was magnificent—charming,—and, to crown the whole, just over a gate which opened into a rich plantation, two lofty trees, bending down, as if burdened by their weight of leaves, interlaced their branches, and formed a graceful and triumphal arch overhead.

Near the ferry at Chattahoochee is the confluence of the Chattahoochee and the Flint, and you can plainly distinguish the darker, clearer waters of the latter, as they mingle with the more turbid waves of the former. After crossing the river, the ride through the pine woods is lonely and monotonous, only at long intervals interrupted by signs of human inhabitancy. At every step the ruins of the tremendous August gale are visible. *Les cadavres des arbres*, as Chateaubriand calls them—corpses of trees, of gigantic pine trees, lie piled upon each other, like fallen heroes on a battle plain—and the road is constantly making zigzag freaks, to avoid desecrating these forest remains.

Just as the twilight shadows were beginning to steal over the woods, we entered the beautiful and oak-embowered town of Quincy. We had been told that the summer storm had made fearful ravages here, but in the dense oaken groves and among the magnificent shade trees which adorn and embosom the place, we look in vain for the foot-prints of the angel of the whirlwind. We can see, however, many proofs of its visitation. Under the window by which we are seated, there is an orange tree nearly twenty feet in height. The topmost branches are all blighted and leafless; only the lower boughs retain their vitality. All the orange trees here are blasted in their bloom, and the cultivation of years destroyed.

THE END.